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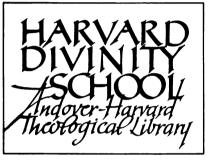
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MONTHLY 1847

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VOL. IV.

JANUARY, 1847.

NO. 1.

GRATITUDE IN THE SURVEY OF THE LAST YEAR.

BY THE EDITOR.

As we look back over the broad page of events recorded within the last twelve-month, on the field, whether of private or public transaction, we see reasons for gratitude start up in thronging multitudes to demand our praises. And what deserves especial notice is this, that whenever we find sins and wrongs mingled with the good and the right that have transpired in the world, those sins and wrongs we are to ascribe, not to the appointment of God's providence, but to the folly or wickedness of man. And while we lament, in humiliation, man's errors, we are to adore and thank not less the just counsels and the benevolent designs of Heaven.

In the survey of the last year that I just indicated, one of the great divisions of human effort and human thought that come up for our notice, is that of science, — science, in its various departments and the various degrees in which men are masters of it, the grandest possession and noblest product of the human intellect, and next to religion, the strongest support, and most substantial safeguard, and richest ornament, of character. What has science been doing in the last year for human happiness and human welfare? What that demands our gratitude? Like a daughter of the skies, like a handmaid of the divine mercy, it has been showering blessings on the family of man. It has been making useful discoveries, and prosecuting beneficial inventions, for the convenience and refinement of our social condition. It has been carrying the mechanic arts to greater and greater perfection. It has

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spread knowledge, through increased facilities of printing, to be the mental food of millions. It has built universities and schools, and is educating the masses. It has written books for the enlightening and amelioration of the race, and sent them abroad over land and sea as on the wings of the wind. It has brought new aids to navigation, new comforts to the mariner, laid down new shoals and reefs on his chart, and added to his experience of the perilous ocean. It has made difficult labors easier, and dangerous labors safer. It has constructed curious machinery for the production of fabrics, and multiplying and cheapening the implements and necessary furniture of civilized life. It has subjected the powers of nature more completely to the skill and energy of man. It has carried the traveller by swifter and swifter impulses of speed to the place of his destination, - across seas and through mountains, over valleys raised up and hills smoothed down. It has brought new territories of the unknown and the mysterious within the scope and limits of the known. It has traversed unvisited districts, explored untrodden regions, and redeemed broad tracts of solid ground and mines of wealth from the empire of the wilderness to the freehold of agriculture and the kingdom of industry. It has put distant cities within the neighborhood of an instantaneous communication, seating friends a thousand miles apart to tell each other their afflictions and their gains, their prosperity or loss, the news of the day or the fresh intelligence of another continent, as if they were side by side, and could grasp each other by the hand. So has it lengthened out man's arm till it reaches over States, and swelled his voice into notes louder than the thunder heard across a hundred rivers.

All this has science done; and more than this. It has brought to light, not new parts of this world alone, but a new world entire. Within the last year, science has wrought out, by her wonderful processes, that renowned and marvellous result, the discovery of a new planet. Note the sublimity of the process, and the majesty of the intellect that could grasp and conduct it. Certain aberrations, irregularities exceedingly minute and slight, had been observed by astronomers, in their telescopic examinations and measurements, in the orbit and motions of the planet Uranus. Employing these for his data, Le Verrier, a young French philosopher, with the acuteness and logical precision of a mathematical mind, by a subtle course of calculation, complicated to a most perplexing degree, proceeds to describe and tell the world, the size, the position, the movements, the distance from the sun, of an unknown planet, two hundred and thirty times as large as our earth, and thirty-six hundred millions of miles from us, - a star which neither his nor any other mortal eye had seen, but of which he knew to a certainty the existence, and could describe the attributes, by mathematics alone on paper lying upon his table, while the unseen star itself was away in the infinite distance and depth of heaven. Sublime achievement of a sublime power! How it expands the range of human contemplation! How it enlarges our conception, both of the boundless universe we inhabit, and the majestic capabilities of the no less illimitable soul that can grasp and solve these profound problems and aspire towards infinitude itself! How ought it to inspire us with adoration, trust, ay and thankfulness to Him, of whom it is written that He "bringeth out all the host of heaven," one by one, and that He "seal-eth up the stars."

Such things has science, only one of the agencies of our Heavenly Father, done for our advancement. And turning to the other side of the picture, as we are apt to do, for a darker shade, - what though some few attendant evils have accompanied all this good? What though some scientific men are skeptical and forget God, in their reverence for nature, - forget the Creator in their devotion to his works? What though dangers and accidents often follow new inventions; what though increased facilities of transportation and of labor increase the diffusion of falsehood as well as truth, vice as well as virtue? What though bickerings and disputes and mean quarrels and unprincipled speculations and ill-tempered accusations grow up out of magnetic telegraphs and steamboat misadventures? What though some of the small-souled scholars of Europe, in their national or private jealousies, seek to pilfer away the honor of Le Verrier's discovery, Germans and English denying that the credit can be a Frenchman's - what though all this and a thousand things beside, yet what man of sense does not see that these are all evils that come from man's imperfection, human error, human passions, human infirmity and sin, and none of them from the Almighty, who orders nothing but good? Some of them are evils necessarily incident to all progress and advancement in an imperfect world; and none of them are chargeable upon Providence. For whatever harvest of good, - knowledge, real happiness and virtue, - science has produced, we are to be thankful, - and to a gracious Providence. For whatever mistakes or abuses have intermingled themselves with the good, we must deplore the short-sightedness, or the corruptibility, of His earthly children.

Passing from science to the kindred department of literature; what has literature been permitted by Providence to do, during the past year, that we are to be thankful for? I answer, it has assisted science in diffusing valuable knowledge; it has written volumes of instruction; it has spoken many generous words for humanity, generous words for the

poor, for the slave, for peace, for justice and charity, purity and love, faith and hope, for Christ, his Gospel, his religion, his Church, and the immortal life he revealed. Literature, by its ten thousand volumes, has occupied the hours of many who might otherwise have lounged in idleness or ruined themselves in dissipation; it has cheered many desolate and troubled; it has relieved anxiety and consoled bereavement, and assisted upright virtue in its struggles against temptation. By the sacred and lofty poetry it has sung, by its stirring appeals, its pictures of virtuous life, its genial sympathies with the human heart, its ideal representations of the beautiful and its creative embodying of the pure and the good, it has lightened care, and encouraged rectitude, and restrained transgressions; it has not only quickened the intellect, but warmed the heart; it has sent a thrill of strange hope to the bosom of the poor African toiling at his task, by a voice speaking of liberty, of broken chains, of healed bruises, of the joyful restoration to rights, to selfrespect, - of wife to husband and husband to wife, of children to parents and parents to children, of the precious enjoyments of a regathered household and a home undefiled by a brutal master's lust, of self-supporting industry, and justly compensated labor, and a soul set free from bondage. Literature has visited with a ray of light even the bowed head of the condemned prisoner, in his damp, dark cell. It has helped to heal the insane, and restore them to their right minds. It has upheld every cause and institution of philanthropy; it has entered a plea for overtasked, ill-requited woman, and the neglected, vicious and poor in our cities and our country; it has put violence and bloodshed to shame, and shaded the cottage and the battle-field with the intertwining olive branches of peace. All this and more has literature accomplished for the welfare of our kind.

And now, what if evil has been mixed with all this good? What if bad books have got printed with useful ones? What if falsehood has been published? What if literature has afforded a vehicle for the utterance of polluted passions, contemptible sentiments and foul language? What if it has distributed foolish fictions and empty romances, turning the brains of youths so silly as to read them, and giving wrong notions of life, principle and duty? All this, I say, is the sin and crime of mortals; the sin and crime of reckless authors, unprincipled, selfish, gain-loving publishers, and weak-headed, heartless readers. It is their wickedness, to be repented of and forsaken by them, or else to stand as their awful condemnation,—to be resisted by all of us in sorrow and sincerity. But it is not, in one particle, to be charged on Providence; it is altogether human, and it ought not to abate or quench, in the least, the earnestness of our gratitude to that Being who gives us this beautiful

ministration to enlighten and to instruct our craving minds, to cheer and kindle our sometimes weary, half-discouraged and aching hearts.

Pass from the domain of science and art and learning, to political and national concerns. The last year has shown some signs of advancement in political wisdom, political integrity, and political generosity, - though perhaps less in this country than in some others. Great Britain has had the glory and happiness of witnessing, through the final co-operation of her ministry, her parliament and the crown, the enactment of her modified and much amended laws of protection, throwing off the corn law gripe of the government on the poor, and opening the ports to bread for the mouths of her starving thousands. A more liberal policy of legislation, and a more careful and humane administration of justice, is appearing in judicial tribunals, courts, senates, assemblies, in various parts of the world. One prominent subject for gratitude now is that there is a better pope at Rome, than has been there for a long time; - a more respectable, moral and every way commendable pope. He is not apparently, like many of his predecessors, either a profligate, or a tyrant, or a cheat. He seems to have some conception of what a Christian ruler should be, -doing justice and loving mercy. False and cumbrous as the immense ecclesiastical machinery is that he must operate with, he shows a disposition to do the best with it he possibly He has found at last, what the stupid prejudices of the preceding pontiffs blinded them from seeing, that railroads and other modern innovations are not fatal to the interests of a land lying under the shadow of the Vatican, and the immediate temporal and spiritual supervision of the successors to St. Peter. The Italian States are enjoying the fruits of the change, and the liberality of his present Holiness.

As to ourselves, in this our land, long so favored of Heaven, we have yet a great deal to be thankful for, amidst much that we cannot, much that conscience, and right reason, and all Christian convictions forbid us to be thankful for. It is matter of heartfelt gratitude that the negotiation respecting the uncertain boundary of our possessions in Oregon has been brought to a close,—that disputed question settled, settled amicably, settled without bloodshed. Considering the hostile aspect that affairs wore at one period, we ought to be grateful that the adjustment took place without a rupture. The cause for humiliation is that the probability even of an appeal to savage war, murder by wholesale between two nations foremost in the march of Christian cultivation—that this awful spectacle,—this disgraceful catastrophe, should have been seriously contemplated by either government at all. That is over; and we will thank God that it is. But elsewhere, all is not over. War

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is raging; its horrors are now being enacted by our army in a neighboring country too ignorant, too distracted and degraded to be treated by us otherwise than with compassion. War is raging there: its brazen throat is roaring, its blood flowing, its vices festering, its wounded groaning in fever and pain, its slain rotting in nameless graves, its outrageous and inhuman processes all going, - going heavily and slowly on - but not right cheerily as they once did, when real unadulterated barbarians peopled the earth, and the faith of the age was in fighting. No; the Mexican war does not prosper; and it does not prosper because the heart of the people is not in it. Evidently, by signs too plain to be mistaken, the heart of the people is not in this war. Their faith is not in it, but in peace rather; and the sooner that peace comes, the better, for all parties concerned. This is the very thing to be rejoiced in by all good men, and to be thankful for: that we clearly do not go to this war as if it were our chosen work, our lawful business. We go to it awkwardly, reluctantly, with many protestations and compunctions, - more than half ashamed of it, and shrinking back from it, as, if we must go at all, I am glad we do go. It speaks well for the moral sense of the citizens, and it is almost the only consolation amidst much cause for mourning. But it is a consolation, that this disastrous, unnecessary, inexcusable war, now confessed by southern men themselves to have had its origin, as any reader of history will see it did, in plots to extend the unrighteous sway of that system of slavery, which contradicts the whole spirit of our constitution, - a nineteenth century crusade in the cause of oppression, - that this war I say, calls forth reproach and condemnation on every side, that it furnishes such strong, indirect testimony in favor of peace. The American people as such, at heart will yet disown it, and refuse to have their garments stained by its blood. The government is justly embarrassed by it. Those of the nation who feel the solemnity of their responsibleness connect it with Christian penitence and sorrow, and others ridicule it. It was a significant observation made by a great statesman, that he had yet to meet the first intelligent and cordial advocate of this ill-starred, ill-advised, unblessed enterprise. As to the enormous evil itself, and the evil that comes from it, and as to all other discouraging and backward tendencies, political profligacy, misgovernment, confusion and despotism — these must be referred, as in the other cases, either to the honest misjudgment, and weak policy, or else to the cupidity, selfishness, cruelty, ambition of men. For all that is good and true, happy, orderly, peaceful, in the concerns of the countries of the globe, we are to bless and praise - as we cannot sufficiently bless and praise Him, who is the Father of nations, and who made of one blood all nations, to dwell on the face of the earth in brotherhood and love.

Looking into the community immediately around us, we find, it is true, some characters bad, but how many good; some deceitful and treacherous, but how many true and faithful; some dissolute, but how many pure; some inebriates, but how many temperate; some worldly, but how many devout; some dishonest, but how many blameless; some selfish, but how many benevolent; some recreant to home, and all its hallowed privileges and endearments, but how many loving its sanctity and cherishing its holy influences! For the one class, we must mourn in the depths of sorrowful and heavy hearts, and lift our earnest intercessions to Heaven, and be grateful that Heaven is their Friend, still the Friend of even the evil and the unthankful. But for the others, the noble and good, we must not fail to thank God.

Come out into the world of nature that lies around us, - bountiful, constant, peaceful, fruitful nature. It would ill become us, while we enjoy her bounty, to forget her providential regularity; the order of her seasons, her unfailing seed time and harvest, summer and winter; her showers and sunshine, and the kindly shadowing of her clouds; her fertile soil, and refreshing dew, and the steady process of her growths; her abundant harvests, her beautiful summer fields, and spring flowers; the brilliancy of her autumn skies and forests, and the splendor of her winter robe, under which she sleeps and recovers her exhausted energies, for a renovated life. Here, in nature, all is Providential; man cannot mar her divine method. And so here all demands gratitude; all is to be received with thanksgiving. Nothing is to be regretted or deplored, but everything praised, as wise and right and merciful, because ordained by Him, who makes every atom in the vast temple of nature to know its place and fulfil its office in the wonderful economy of the whole.

In religion, and the Church, in the progress of Christian holiness and liberty and light, what abundant reason have we for thanksgiving! Here again, man's fallibility has proved itself presumptuous. What God hath joined together he hath put asunder, morality and piety. He has followed the wicked devices of intolerance, bigotry, sectarian exclusiveness and animosity. But these are disappearing year by year before a better spirit, and these, be it never forgotten, are man's own sad failures, the miserable brood of pride, not smiled on by Him who sent His Son to teach the heavenly doctrines of love to His children, and who called his Church to be a band of brothers, and made its first law charity.

Bring the same train of reflection, into the last year's experience of your own private spheres. Take all the blame to yourselves, and withhold no due gratitude from God. Accuse yourself if you have reason, but praise and thank the Almighty. He has done you good, though you have done yourself harm and wrong. Bless Him that he has restrained you from doing worse wrong. In your business, whereby you live, if you have been prosperous, surely you cannot fail to be thankful. If you have met losses, by sea or land, or reverses from any cause, thank Him for the discipline the trial has brought you; bear it manfully and submissively; do not complain or despond, but press on to future duties and fresh endeavors. Innumerable unrecorded things you must have to be grateful for, in either event. In your domestic life, if your home has been without calamity, if health and life have been preserved to yourself and those you love, the first instinct of your nature must be unaffected thankfulness. If mournfully otherwise, and sad recollections throng about your new year's hopes, you have learned ere this that afflictions are among the truest blessings, and that tears and sorrow, grievous for a time, work out eternal joy. Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning. If sweet, contented peace has dwelt in your household, then God's peaceful spirit sent it to rest there, and He claims the praise. If discord has spoiled your satisfaction, then it was because some mortal passion interfered to drive that peace away.

Finally, in being thus thankful, think not you really discharge your obligation, if you only feel a vague and indefinite sort of quietude, a kind of satisfaction half animal in its nature. Christianity asks that we be consciously and livingly thankful; that we express our gratitude to Him to whom it is due; that we bring our souls, by a free and voluntary offering, into direct communion with our Father, a devout, reverential, thankful posture, towards that present and listening Friend. By no less spiritual a service, can the duty of this new year's day be done.

Persons whom we have seen but once, we remember for years with the impressions made in that interview, whether pleasant or unpleasant. So watch each hour that no chance passenger may bear away his solitary remembrance of you to your disadvantage. r

A CASE OF CONSCIENCE.

BY MRS. L. J. HALL.

A MAIDEN lady of excellent understanding, amiable disposition, and high Christian principle, is left fatherless and motherless, and is urged to come to a southern city, and reside with a married brother. His wife gives her a cordial welcome, and for a little while life holds out a promise of continued usefulness and happiness, to one whose desires are most reasonable. Her heart turns askingly at once to a fine boy of ten, her brother's only child. But he is passionate, selfish, spoiled. His mother is herself of a most unhappy temper, worldly, overbearing, jealous, and foolishly indulgent to this child. There seems no hope for him.

The wise aunt looks on sadly; she considers the case; she sounds his young heart, and finds it capable of strong affection. What a fountain of good! She rejoices over the spring in the wilderness. Cautiously she proceeds, and ere long she has so won upon him by her judicious and gentle course, that she has an actual influence on the hitherto self-willed, unmanageable boy, which she quietly goes on to exercise for his soul's good. She thinks not of herself, though her childless heart throbs with woman's natural craving for affection; she values his love chiefly because by its cords she hopes to draw him up, up to goodness. And now his eye hastily seeks hers when he has done wrong; and now he will let her talk with him about his faults; he will shed tears of penitence when she utters a short prayer for him at night by his bedside; he will even reveal to her his temptations and the struggles of his little heart. He loves to be with her. He is growing better.

The good aunt glows with gratitude to Heaven, and says devoutly, "My Father! I thank thee that I shall not live in vain. Spare my life now, if it please thee, till my brother's child shall love thee fervently, and be ready to do thy work."

Suddenly her holy joy is blighted. The boy's mother is miserable with jealousy. She knows not how to train her child for Heaven, and cares not that another should do it. She sees only that he loves another, that her own smiles or frowns are little to him, that she has no power over his passionate will, that it is not to her that he opens his soul. To another, alas! he does. It may be that conscience tells her why all this is so, but she will not listen. In grief and anger she dwells

on one thought only. "This woman has come between us; she has usurped my influence; I have brought this child into the world, and she takes him from me, before my eyes."

What shall the wise aunt do? She talks frankly and meekly with the unhappy mother, but she who is a Christian only in name, while at heart she is worldly, selfish, and unreasonable, can understand no argument, be touched by no expostulation. The husband, father, brother, remains silent. The misery continues, it spreads. The lover of peace is the cause of discord. She yearns towards the doomed boy, but must she not forsake him? Has she a right to come between those whom God has created mother and child? What shall the perplexed and conscientious Christian do?

To many there will seem no question on the subject. And yet it will be decided differently, according to the point from which it is viewed. To us the will of God seems indicated by the fact of parentage; and it appears to us that the burden of responsibility must lie where He has seen fit to place it. The mother must not throw it off; at all events no other can assume it unless it be thrown off. If in the wisdom of God it appeared better for a child to pass under new influences, He has means innumerable at His disposal. The unworthy parent may be summoned to her account and the stewardship left vacant; or the father may be moved to withdraw his offspring from evident injury, or the mother herself may acquiesce at last in the surrender of a child from a sad conviction that it is best. But unless some such change occurs, it cannot be that the end will justify the means. To become the direct cause of domestic discord, to inflict such agony as a mother must suffer who sees the instinctive affections of the child withdrawn from her, are no trifling proceedings. It is not right to apply the degrading appellation of "jealousy" to such an emotion. And if it be found impossible to benefit the child without estranging him from the parent, and cutting the bond which the Great Father has formed, we believe that the truly pious and conscientious will shudder at laying a profane hand on ties so mysterious and holy, and interfering with rights which may be called "natural," if any may be.

It is an extreme case, however; in most similar instances, a truly judicious, conscientious woman, free from all secret, selfish desire to come between parent and child, will find ways to help the one without interfering with the rights of the other; nay, may quietly and almost imperceptibly use each to aid and elevate the other. Then, indeed, a blessing will grow out of the courage of her who dares touch that exquisitely delicate fabric, the web of domestic life, woven of such strangely mingled threads, bright and dark, complicated and strong.

THE CONFERENCE MEETING.

BY MISS H. A. BOWEN.

I was asked by a friend, if I had ever attended a conference meeting. "No," I answered. "And why not?" continued my companion; "in the chapel opposite your house these meetings occur weekly; at the Bethel as often, and even in your own church I have heard them notified once a month. How is it that you have never joined with those who go up to these solemn seasons? It is strange that one to whom praise and prayer and confession have such significance should omit these opportunities for engaging in them."

"I have desired to attend these meetings, but have been kept away by the reports which have come to me concerning their character. I have heard that some were conducted without the guidance of enlightened minds; that they had become the resort for the sickly sentimentalist, or the boisterous religionist; that shoutings and exclamations, tears and groans, were expected from all present; that it was required of every person 'to give in his testimony to the occasion,' and as some had little beside to offer, this was brought and accepted. And of the conference held in our church, I can only say that its object is to discuss matters of opinion, points of doctrine, rules of church organization and discipline, and the various reforms of the day. As neither of these subjects, valuable as they may be in some connections, seemed to me to constitute the material out of which such meetings should be formed, I have delayed attending them, looking forward to the time when there should be established a conference based upon the true foundation. Though I do not think much of that reasoning on religion which holds one back from joining in a good object because of difference of opinion, or apparent imperfection, I have continued to stay away, - and so have others. There are many who would join most heartily in a social religious meeting, who absent themselves from these. We have an idea of what such seasons might be, but I fear the reality falls very far short Still we may exaggerate the distance between the two, and I will go with you to one of these meetings, that I may change my opinion if I am in error in my judgment of them. But it was only a few days ago that a religious friend asked me how you were able to attend them, and wondered what could be your object in throwing away one evening a week upon what could give you so little profit. But I will go with you on Thursday evening, and judge for myself.'

And I did go; but as I lingered along the green path which led to the Bethel, guided by the light of the harvest moon, I felt more inclined to remain without, beneath the blue dome of heaven, than to enter the temple made with hands; and though upon its portals were written the words, "This is none other than the house of God and the gate of heaven," I could not help casting a lingering look behind, as I passed through the door, and repeating these words, "Behold the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained." There is a temple of God "not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." As we drew near to the small room where the meeting was held, the assembled company was singing that beautiful hymn of Charles Wesley's, commencing,

"The saints on earth, and those above, But one communion make,"

and as I looked from face to face and listened to the earnest tones of their voices, I felt that this seemed indeed none other than the communion of saints. A season of silence followed the hymn, and then again I watched to see if the spirit rested upon their hearts. And with all my care and previous doubts, I could not discern anything which was not in harmony with the spirit of the hour. The thoughts seemed called in from all their wanderings and set upon things above. The stillness, not of indifference but of patience and reflection, seemed to pervade the place. There was a pause, but it was like that which comes over the penitent, the grateful and the thoughtful. As in the days of legendary lore and superstition it was thought that "when a sudden silence takes place in a company an angel at that moment makes a circuit around it, and the first person who breaks the silence is supposed to have been touched by the wing of the seraph," so here, there seemed to be a waiting for the visit and touch of the angel's wing.

The pause being ended, which was signified by the lifting of some heads and the general change of attitude, a young man rose, and repeated the fifteenth chapter of Luke, with great solemnity, and at its close slowly chanted the last verse, "It was meet that we should make merry and be glad, for this thy brother was dead, and is alive again, and was lost and is found." The words were caught up by voice after voice and repeated, and the strain gradually swelled, until it became a song of jubilee. While this service was going on, I observed in the corner of the room a large man, of rough stature, whose head was bent, and face covered with his hand. As the strain of exultation grew louder, he repeated ever and anon, "Praise be unto the Lord." And together they sang, until gradually their voices died away upon the hushed air of the solemn house of prayer.

The effect of these sounds as they had progressed is not easily described. The room was dimly lighted and cold and comfortless; but the joy which was kindled up in their hearts by the sight of a repentant sinner streamed over all, and cheered the desolate place. What can follow this? methought. I had been subdued by the opening hymn, solemnized by the expressive stillness which stole over my spirit, and been exalted by the rapturous strain sung over the penitent; and now, methought, let us ask the blessing of Heaven and depart in the spirit. I dreaded that anything more should be attempted, lest the impression which had been made upon my heart should be effaced; and I would fain have left at this moment, saying, "It was good for me to have been here." But it was evident that the spirit of God was still brooding over the hearts of those assembled, and calling upon them to give further utterance. One thing would have been left undone had the dismission hymn then been given out. There was the prodigal, seated in the corner, somewhat removed from the rest, that strong man, whose frame could contend with difficulties and endure hardships, who had now become as a little child, and had wept as a tender woman. He rose, and in a tremulous voice said, "I was a sinner, I was lost, I was dead; but, my beloved brethren, I am saved, I am found, I am alive again; thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ! Thanks be unto that Holy Spirit which watches over us in all our wanderings, convicts us of sin, entreats us to repent, takes us by the hand and leads us back, and points us to the full forgiveness of Heaven and the iovs which are laid up for those who repent and turn from their sins! We know that all men are included under sin, and that unless they repent, they must likewise perish. We should bewail our sinful state, and swell the great voice of confession which rises forever before the throne of God. And no repentance or amendment can place man beyond the need of lamentation and confession. The fear of death, and all despair and gloom of spirit can be taken from us, and the peace which comes from the assurance of God's acceptance be ours forever, but there will still be left with us the sense of imperfection and unworthiness. From this we can never escape, until mortality hath been swallowed up in victory. But, of this attendant, even as we walk by the side of the green pastures and still waters of Heaven's smile, we must not complain. It is a help to our way, for while it need not rob us of the peace and joy of believing, it wards off those enemies which threaten to destroy us, - our self-love and treacherous confidence. I come then before you as a sinner, but as a penitent and Christian believer. I claim no merit of my own; I only desire to show you a signal instance of the power and compassion of God. Listen to VOL. IV.

me that you may more and more rejoice with the angels in heaven over the lost, saved.

"The hymn says, 'The world, O Lord, confesses thee,' and I have heard ministers say, that God and even Christ were acknowledged by all men, however sinful and thoughtless. But of this universal confession of the existence of God and of the truth of Christianity, I have been led to doubt. There are many within the limits of the civilized world, and abroad in our communities, who have no faith in God and Christ. I have lived, not only without God in the world, so far as a righteous life was concerned, but as to any faith in his existence or superintendence. I felt all-sufficient within myself, and as to the world without, it seemed to me, as far as I questioned its operations, to be made up of dull and dumb matter out of which summer and winter, seed time and harvest, day and night, were evolving themselves, without, alas! the hand divine. I seldom looked upon their productions, or passed through their changes, except with the eye of gain, or with complaint. I was not happy, though I was in health and youth, and possessed the means of livelihood. My hand seemed against every man, and every man's hand against mine; not in anger always, but for the want of sympathy and fellowship. I seldom went to church. I laughed at those who did go, and turned away from their invitations and exhortations. The Bible I knew little about; it was not used in the counting-room or boardinghouse where I was brought up. The Sabbath I welcomed, and called it the best of all the seven, because it relieved me from labor and allowed me to walk or ride with the careless and profane. Thus did I stand affected towards things spiritual and divine, when by the failure of my employer I lost my business. Looking about, and finding nothing at hand to do, I determined to go to sea. An opportunity soon offered, and I embarked on board ship for a long and it might be perilous voyage. I had often listened to long stories spun by the sailors; and had read the accounts of 'dangers at sea;' but I thought little of either, and without a tear for aught on land, I lest its scenes and labor 'to go down to the sea, to do business in the great waters.' All went on smoothly for a while. I felt more at ease than I remember ever to have felt before. There was work enough, but there were many hands to do it. The winds were light, and the officers were easy, and I began to be merry. Thus we passed on, stretching across the ocean, bound to the whaling ground. With scarcely the loss of a day's sailing we came within sight of our fishing place, when a threatening cloud arose in the east. We were alone upon the waste of waters when it met us, and it shook the ship as a leaf, and tore up the waves beneath it, and tossed it up and down, to and fro, and every beam cracked, and the main topmast shivered and bent and for a moment seemed lost in the spray. All hands were in motion and yet nothing could be done by them. As well might they have lashed themselves to the plank, and awaited the decision of the awful hour. I had often heard of being at the mercy of the winds and waves, but then only had I understood what the terms meant. Man was nothing; the finger of the compass was not obeyed; the strength of timber and iron seemed weakness; the victory was about being given to the winds and waves, and the noble ship with its wonderful power and beauty, its freighted treasures and its precious human souls were to be swallowed up in the devouring sea, when a voice suddenly rebuked the storm, and said to it, 'Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther.'

"And this voice came not to the angry sea alone, but it reached my turbulent spirit. The storm raged only one short hour, but in that time it shook my whole being. One moment I was overcome with the fear of death, and the next I was speechless in despair. No tongue can tell the agony of such an hour to the impenitent sinner. The worm that never dieth seemed already gnawing upon my vitals, and the floods of death were overshadowing me. I prayed that I might be saved, and yet I felt no assurance that my prayer would be heard and answered. But I knew not then the mighty power of God, and the tender compassion of our God and Father. The wind had lulled, and the clouds lifted up and the sun shone out again upon our way, and we all returned to our posts, and the vessel sailed on, showing no signs of the dark hour, except from the scattered boards and the wet decks, and the swollen waves. But not so with my mind; it could not so soon pass into smooth seas, and lose all trace of the storm, save a few scattered and agitated thoughts and feelings. I could not get away from myself. worked harder than I had ever done before, hoping I might lose my thoughts, but wherever I was, and however employed, by night and by day, the same fears and trembling haunted me, from which I had suffered in that hour of danger. I prayed that I might be delivered from them, and soon felt somewhat relieved. I took the Bible from the table, and read these words, 'There is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth.' I pondered their meaning. I was soon convinced of my sinful state, and saw that I could neither become a source of joy to myself, or to angels above, until I had repented. Then came before me the sad train of misspent seasons, the broken Sabbaths, the profane jests, the evil example, and I was miserable. But I prayed still that I might be saved, and a hope sprung up in my soul. O, these were solemn times to me! At night, during the watches, I was greatly exercised with fears, and sad memories of the abused past. I paced the

deck, and looked out upon the great ocean, and up into the stars, and listened if I could hear any answer to my cries for safety and peace. But I was not left long in my sins and bitterness. The hope that had visited my mind for a moment, returned and abode within me, and brought me fully to rely upon the promises of the blessed Jesus. And here I stand, as a sinner, not as a happy Christian believer. And now my desire is to overcome the evil in my heart and life, so that I may dwell upon the holiness of God, as well as his mercy and geodness. I had for sometime a dread to look upon this attribute of his character. I was afraid of it, and I would hide myself beneath the wings of mercy and hope to escape its searchings. But I desire to look up and see the beauty of that holiness; and I can only do it by purifying my own sight. Let us then, my brethren, join with our song of rejoicing this night, the prayer that unto the heart of the penitent may be given 'that holiness without which no man shall see the Lord.' Let us pray."

After this earnest prayer, the meeting was closed with the hymn,

"Attend, ye children of your God, Ye heirs of glory, hear; Let accents so divine as these Engage the attentive ear.

Baptized into your Saviour's death,
Your soul to sin must die:
With Christ your Lord ye live anew,
With Christ ascend on high."

I retired to my home, feeling that I had been in error, in regard to the character and effect of these meetings, and finding myself determined to embrace every opportunity of enjoying them. "Can this one have been unlike all others?" I asked myself. Was it the presence of a penitent sinner, that gave it its character and interest? And are not there always some such present? But I decided that though the experience of the intelligent man gave an interest and importance to the meeting which might not be able to be gained from common subjects, yet with the material of devout feeling which was carried in the breasts of those assembled, such could not wholly fail of being profitable seasons. And with this, though other attendants might vary, there must be life and interest. And I thought too, that there had been nothing here, which might not be given and enjoyed by all denominations of Christians. It has been said that a strictly religious conference meeting, as it originated, so it must continue, the exclusive possession of those sects which abound in the public expression of religious emotion and experience. But I see no reason why any religious person or body

should not contribute to the support of such as I had attended. There is nothing in the organization or genius of such, which could preclude any person or sect. The conference meeting needs the sympathy of the most enlightened and refined. Such ought to bear them upon their hearts, as individuals and denominations. Such should attend them, and give them the power which culture and taste and refinement add to the graces of the spirit. And it is easy to see how in this world of sympathy and expression, the devotional element of a congregation may be encouraged and strengthened by these occasions. Every society requires such a meeting; let it occur weekly or monthly. stated ministrations of the Sabbath, with the grace of God, answer the great purpose of instructing, convincing and converting the people; but the conference meeting is required for the quickening of the devotional sentiment. In the public congregation, each individual sits alone in the secrecy of his own thoughts and feelings; in the conference, heart beats against heart, and souls stretch upwards at the touch of the spirit.

But these meetings, valuable and necessary as they may be, are not for the sceptical and undevout. To such, they of all others are most worthless and insignificant. To such, they would afford peculiar material for doubts and aversion to religion and her administrations. It is for the humble believer and disciple of Jesus that they are to be instituted, and by their redeeming and refreshing power over such, to reach and subdue all objectors. It is unto these sincere minds, who have already been gathered within the fold of the Great Shepherd, that they will come as refreshing springs along the desert places of their earthly toil and pleasures, and will send them on their way rejoicing.

May God speed the day when Christians of all classes and grades of culture may meet together on these hallowed occasions, and by uniting their hands and hearts, may serve to make these seasons a time when God shall delight to dwell with his people, and cause his face to shine upon them!

[&]quot;During the year looked back upon, all the days, and most of the hours, have had their portion of pain. Where are these pains now? Not only gone but annihilated. They are destroyed so utterly that memory can lay no hold upon them. The fact of their occurrence is all that memory can preserve. Thus are all the pains of the year-annihilated. What remains? All the good remains. Because the good is indissolubly connected with ideas, — with the unseen realities which are indestructible. Every new idea is mine forever."—Miss MARTINEAU.

FREE CHURCHES.

BY REV. SAMUEL OSGOOD.

THERE is a growing sentiment in the Christian community in favor of houses of worship that are less under financial control than has generally been our custom. The sentiment is cherished by classes of persons, the very antipodes of each other in position - alike by the reformers who resist the encroachments of wealth and advocate the claims of the poor, and by a respectable and increasing class of conservatives who refer to ancient precedent in behalf of an authoritative priesthood and in opposition to the whole modern system of church pews. Whilst Liberal Christians are establishing ministries at large with chapels open without price to the poor, the hierarchists of our land are busily erecting free churches which offer gratuitous accommodation to all who desire it. From a variety of causes a growing prejudice is rising against the custom of selling pews at all, and nothing can be more certain than that whilst the attendance upon public worship is by no means decreasing, pews even in the most desirable churches are not purchased as readily, or at such prices, as formerly.

The question arises and must be met, how far is the present system evil, and how can a change for the better be effected. It is not enough to rail against the prevalent custom, with a few common-place flings at the purse pride that builds churches and fences them up into small lots to guard aristocrats from the common herd. There are serious difficulties in the case that demand a candid examination.

It is obvious that somebody must pay for the erection of churches and the support of public worship. Aladdin's lamp never builds Christian temples, nor can an intelligent ministry be sustained without books and bread. The question then is, how shall the expense be met.

Some beardless traveller fresh from Italy or France may immediately refer to the custom of Catholic countries where cathedrals hallowed by a thousand years' service and adorned with paintings and sculptures that an emperor might covet, are open daily alike to noble and beggar. This is well. But before we call these churches free, remember the system of taxation by which they were erected and are supported;—remember that nothing is exacted of the worshipper for entering the church, because the connection between church and state is so close and powerful, that the ruler can wring from the people by coercive taxes all that he needs alike for palace and cathedral. We can have such free

churches in plenty, if we choose to pay for them in such an indirect mode. But from this we shrink. We like neither the arbitrary system that unites church and state, nor that which enables the priesthood to assess tithes upon the people, either by force of law or through the terrors of the confessional.

Who then shall pay the cost of maintaining public worship? Oh, it will be answered, let the rich pay for the poor. If by the rich we mean the wealthy, we reply that they are neither willing to pay the whole cost, nor ought they to pay it, nor do the less favored in fortune desire to have them pay it, nor would the interests of religion be favored by their so doing. If by the rich we mean to indicate those who can afford to pay the expenses of religious institutions, we reply that such persons now actually pay the cost, and the question then is, whether what is thus bestowed is ample in amount and judiciously applied.

No greater evil can be done to a religious society than to rest the burden of expense upon a few rich men, for by this course an undue influence is given to a few, and the interest of the many is lessened. Nor are we in favor of setting apart churches expressly for the poor, the expenses of which are to be met entirely by persons who do not frequent them. Aid may and should be given towards building and sustaining churches among the comparatively destitute of our cities, but harm is always done by confining the use of such places expressly to the poor. The Gospel cannot be preached in its whole compass either to the rich or the poor. The rich and poor should meet together, for the Lord is Maker of them all. Preaching becomes meagre and one-sided when limited to any one class of persons.

Moreover it is not well to favor a system, which discourages the poorest man from doing something for piety and charity. The mite from the laborer's wages for the church offering does him more good, as he gives it, than it does the poorer or sick man who receives it. We like the custom of a weekly contribution in free churches, so that all who come thither, although freed from the necessity of pew rents, may have an opportunity to give something at least towards the charities of the church. The man of property who happens to be present can bestow his bounty in due largeness thus, and the widow may without shame for its smallness give her mite. So long as the worshippers are put upon the ground of dependents upon others' bounty, they are apt to fail of due self-respect. As some free churches are conducted, a valuable class of people are kept away by proper self-respect.

By erecting chapels upon true principles and by correcting prevalent abuses in our regular churches, the existing evils may be removed

without resorting to any radical changes. It is not necessary to abandon the convenient custom of assigning families permanent seats, nor to throw open all the seats indiscriminately to the crowd. Some humble worshippers might indeed thus be encouraged and edified, but at the same time not a few penurious persons who can and ought to pay a part of the church expenses will sneak among the throng, and avoid that obvious debt of honor which is placed upon them by holding a permanent seat. Let families have their pews as now, where young and old may sit together, and hallowed remembrances may gather around them. At the same time let the house of worship be so constructed as to offer free accommodations to the poor and the stranger. Moreover, in the best sense of the word, let all the pews be free. Let every man instead of churlishly shutting himself up in his little domain, as if entrenched within an impregnable fortress, feel himself remiss in duty if his pew is not fully occupied by his family or guests or strangers. If he is able and disposed to favor still larger freedom, let him purchase a pew as good as his own, and put it on the free list, and pay its taxes without any claim upon its occupancy.

We are not disposed to think the present system organically wrong to such an extent as to demand an entire revolution. A functional change is all that is demanded. The experiments which have been made upon an entirely new basis have not been satisfactory to us. We know of churches nominally free, where a few of the regular worshippers are burdened beyond endurance by subscriptions without end, where in addition a contribution box is put in the pews of all the worshippers twice each Sunday, and where moreover the floating and irresponsible audience leave upon and around the seats such marks of their feet, penknives, diet and expectoration, as afford no very inspiring aids in devotion to those who come after them with less active bodies and more craving minds.

As to churches for the comparatively destitute of our cities, we have high hope of seeing a wiser mode of providing them than has yet appeared. We believe little in providing religion or education or anything else without exertion on the part of the receiver. What we need is neat and substantial edifices that shall accommodate people in comparatively humble circumstances without detriment either to their pockets or their self-respect. Let the expense be met by shares of such amount as to come within the means of the more prosperous of the worshippers, and let the remainder of the shares be taken by Christian people who are desirous of extending Christian privileges among the destitute. If, in the end, the congregation should so prosper as finally to hold all or nearly all the church property within their own hands, the

better for its prosperity, the better too for the prospects of new societies started upon a similar basis. Two hundred shares at fifty dollars each will provide ten thousand dollars. With that sum a commodious chapel can be erected of brick or stone in a city, and for one fourth the amount a neat chapel of wood with sufficient land may be provided in the country.

We might go further and speak of pastoral affairs in free churches; especially upon the importance of giving dignity to all the operations of the society by recognizing the sanctions of religion over them all. That there is a way of secularizing Christianity without adding to its attractiveness or cogency, experience as well as the nature of the case proves. Of this perhaps more anon.

We say in closing that it should be our constant study now to devise the most efficient means to give Christianity diffusion and power without taking aught from its elevation or purity. We owe the poor far more than pity or almsgiving.

THE CATECHISM AND THE BIBLE.

BY REV. J. N. BELLOWS.

THERE is an honest difference of opinion about the use of manuals in Sunday schools. Where the manual is used, it is relied upon, and the Bible is disused. This is the practical result. Of course, the manual aims to embrace those parts or passages of the Bible which are deemed essential. It is nothing, more nor less, than a catechism; teaching, or aiming to teach, tenets, orthodox or liberal. It is a lamentable failure at the best. It purports to do what cannot be done.

The Westminster Catechism is said to be perfect in its kind; the result of long deliberation by many men, esteemed learned and wise. It teaches doctrines, tenets, dogmas. Does it teach religion? Does it inspire reverence for God and his laws? It gives answers to questions—the most difficult questions—answers all cut and dried. All difficulty is removed; all thought superseded. Here is a system of theology, like the rules for casting interest or extracting the square root. One seems to make great proficiency—to be very learned in arithmetic; but what does he know of the principles by merely following the rule? He thinks he knows arithmetic, when he only knows a rule in arithmetic. The Catechism seems put like the old fashioned

arithmetic. It gives a formula of faith, but the essence, the spirit of religion, is not there. There is vastly more opinion in the world than piety; more form than fact.

The Catechism is admirably adapted to its object, to teach a form of faith, but it outrages the principle "The Bible our Creed." It takes that out of a man's hands which he ought to do for himself; indeed, which he can only do for himself. Let us illustrate our meaning.

God's existence, the idea of Providence over us! How do we arrive at this great idea? Do we learn it from a book? Can any man give in words his complete idea of God? When the child asks, Who is God, can any one tell him, in a way to satisfy his own mind, even if he do satisfy the curiosity that prompted the question? Whenever we begin to think of God's Being in any circumscribed way; to define it and reduce our idea to words, the mind begins to be clouded, as it does when we try to embrace the idea of eternity; to fix upon a point which has no existence; to go back to the beginning of that which has no beginning; to think of the conclusion of that which has no end.

Who by searching can find out God unto perfection; in any degree, so as to define his nature? It is not for mind, even immortal mind, in a mortal body, to know this perfectly. God is above, below, around, within us; in the bottom of the sea, in the depths of the air; as far as thought can reach on the wings of imagination, and yet nearer to us than any earthly parent can be, because he made us and loves us and knows us perfectly.

We apprehend God's Being the best, we come the nearest to a clear thought upon the subject, when we feel or do something that is Godlike. When we forgive; when we are merciful; when we are pure in heart; when we do the will of God, we see God. Can you teach a blind man, one born blind, the idea of color? A blind man was once asked what he thought scarlet must be like. He answered, It is like the sound of a trumpet. Can one born deaf have any idea of sound? Can he who never felt a virtuous emotion have any idea of virtue? Must there not be in the mind something which the question of color or sound or virtue may address? Must there not be a soil in which the seed may lodge?

He can have no idea of God who has nothing Godlike in his nature; and he will have the clearest and highest idea of His Being who approaches most nearly to his pure and holy character. Jesus Christ was called the Son of God. He was without sin. He was pure and spotless. Hence he said, "As the Father knoweth me, even so know I the Father." Jesus knew the most of God because he was most like Him. The condition then of knowing, of having a correct idea of the Supreme Being, is to do the will of Him that made us.

Now the Bible is this will of God. There are laid down the laws of God, his commands to man, as our laws, State laws, are laid down, in a form of expression, adapted to the comprehension of the people who are expected to obey them. The publisher of the State laws cannot legally alter a letter or a comma. He must give them to the people just as they were enacted and put upon the record, or the law is null, never having been published. Thus we contend is the law of God to be given to the world. We have no right to make a new book and call it the will of God in a condensed form, for convenience, or any motive; any more than the publisher of the State laws may alter the phraseology of the statute book and condense the law, for convenience or any other motive. One may say, Here is a part not essential. How do you know so? You may feel it is not essential to you. May it not be so to somebody? You may call the Old Testament not essential - God's dealings with the Jews especially; and yet we have known men whose minds were wrought upon by that old history and filled with reverence and wonder - a preparation to an understanding of the New Testament. The Bible, the whole Bible, is the religious educator of our race. What right has any one to say it is not all needed? Will you cut down the Word of God to save ink and paper? Will you become a utilitarian and see how much can be left out without hurting the rest? The Bible, the whole Bible reveals God to man.

Jesus Christ revealed God to man by showing us, not the Father, but the way in which we might find Him and might see Him. He taught us how to live, what we must do to be saved. But the Bible is a revelation of God to man by its laws and commands. By obeying the law, we apprehend the law-giver. No book then can tell us of God which does not conform us to his will. The Bible does this. The catechism, the creed does not do this. The last attempts to do what is impossible to be done. It attempts to tell man what God is, before it has instructed him in the laws of God.

Suppose you wish to give your son a knowledge of arithmetic. He has as yet no knowledge of it. Can you tell him what it is? No, you cannot. What do you do? You teach him how to solve a simple question, and explain to him the simplest relations of numbers. You show him how calculations are made; and, to gather any idea of what you are saying, the child must follow you step by step and make the calculation with you. When you say 2 and 2 make 4, he must indeed see that two ones and two ones added together make four ones. It will not do for you to tell him that the figure 2 added to the figure 2 makes the figure 4: (This is like the Catechism.) No, you must insist that

be know that the figure 2 stands for two ones and the figure 4 for four ones: (This is like the Bible.)

Many a child has been whipped at school for not doing his sums in Addition when he had never learned that the figures 1, 2, 3, &c. stand for so many units. This is no imaginary supposition. A very bright boy was in this difficulty for weeks, (none but a bright boy, one who asked for reasons, could have been,) and at last when the teacher made the explanation, it seemed almost to remove the need of another question from him to the end of the book.

To give your son the idea of arithmetic — what it is — you must teach him to do a sum in arithmetic. This is the way, the only way he can apprehend it. He apprehends arithmetic by doing arithmetic, as a man apprehends virtue by practising virtue, as he knows God by doing the will of God.

No knowledge, of whatever kind, is poured into the mind. The teacher can only prepare the mind of the pupil to work. There are powers within him that work and appropriate knowledge. Every man, every mind, must work out its own salvation from ignorance—its own salvation from sin. You cannot tell your child what God is, any more than you can tell him what arithmetic is. You cannot pour the knowledge of God into his soul any more than you can pour the knowledge of arithmetic into his mind. You can show him how to find out what arithmetic is. The Bible shows us how to find out what God is.

We would show that the doctrines of the Bible are not taught as doctrines; i. e., a set of principles a man may embrace without the corresponding action. The Christian religion does not esteem it possible for a man to have religious principles without religious practice. And yet there is a good deal of talk about belief and life as if they could be separated. Once killing a bird on the wing does not prove a sportsman a good shot, but always or generally hitting does. One failure does not condemn. One good act proves not a man a good man, but a life does. One bad act or twenty does not prove him a bad man, but a life of bad acts does. He only believes Christianity who lives it. A man's principles are what he does, not what he says. Hence the Bible makes no effort to separate faith and life; they are inseparable there. But men undertake to make a set of religious principles and call it a catechism. They would undertake to do, in fifty pages, what it takes the Bible five hundred to do. If catechisms were called "Sectarianism made easy" they would bear a more appropriate title.

But let us go on and show what we mean. How is regeneration taught? "Except ye be converted and become as little children, ye

shall not enter into the kingdom of Heaven." Is this condition given alone by the Saviour? No, for he says immediately after, "Wherefore if thy hand or thy foot offend thee, cut them off and cast them from thee." This is the way to be converted, to do the will of God; cut off the hand or the foot, pluck out the eye rather than sin. There is an example that follows the rule, which would be dead letter without it, like the example which follows the rule of arithmetic. But suppose the man or child finds this doctrine in a catechism for the first time; will he be likely to understand what it means? Will it not come more naturally and vividly into his mind if he infers it himself from the teaching of Christ in the New Testament?

Why should the teacher say, You will find this and you will find that, in the Bible? Where is freedom of inquiry when before there has been any study the result is all marked out and learned by heart? Men have become religious or moral just in proportion as they have been let alone to make their own opinions—as they have felt the responsibility of studying the word of God for themselves, as they have embraced the right of private judgment.

If space allowed, we think we might go over the whole ground of Christian doctrine and find this accommodation of teaching the method with the principle. Let us not omit one—Immortality. We hope this, we learn this, rather we know it by no abstract rule. There are the words, we know, "I am the resurrection and the life. He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die." And do you ask for the example? It is given. The Saviour rose from the dead and was seen by many. He gives not the words without the fact also. Thus are we made sure of our hope, and if he lives, we shall live with him.

For these reasons we are in favor of teaching the New Testament, especially the Gospels in the Sunday school and disusing manuals, even those of devotion. Written prayers do better for men than for children. In the form the Saviour gives, he says, "After this manner," (not in these words) "pray ye."

One remark more. Our denomination is reproved for teaching morality so much. This is the only kind of teaching and preaching. It is the surest, the easiest way of teaching the doctrines—the only way. Doctrinal preaching, so called, has made men irreligious. Necessarily failing in its avowed object, it hangs up a veil of words between man and his Maker; darkens counsel; puzzles the simple and disgusts the thoughtful.

The question we have discussed is purely one of teaching. An answer to the question, What is the best method?

VOL. IV.

RESERVED POWER.

A SERMON, BY REV. GEORGE PUTNAM, D. D.

MATTHEW XXV. 8. And the foolish said unto the wise, Give us of your oil; for our lamps are gone out.

I SCARCELY need recur to the familiar incidents of the parable from which this text is taken. According to the customs of a Jewish wedding, a troop of maidens went out to meet the bridegroom and escort him gaily by torch-light, to the place of the marriage, and to go in with him. A part of them had made inadequate provision for the occasion. There was more delay, probably, than they anticipated. Their lamps went out. It would not have been seemly or allowable to meet and accompany the bridegroom without their lamps burning. They had to go and seek a further supply of oil, and in the meantime the bridegroom came, and when they returned, the procession had passed in, and they were excluded.

It was a small matter — the mortification and disappointment of those foolish maidens, — but our Lord designed it to suggest and illustrate very serious and weighty matters.

Their lamps went out at the critical moment. Their preparation was superficial and short-sighted. They had filled their shallow lamps, had trimmed them, and they burned brightly enough for a while, no doubt; but they had provided no further supply of oil. It was too late to remedy their neglect, and they lost all they desired of the festivity.

Let this little incident lead us to contemplate a far greater matter; I mean, the necessity of making ample provision in the soul, for the moral exigencies of life, and death and eternity. We need a supply of moral resources, beyond what, from a careless and short-sighted view of things, may seem to be necessary. Occasions are sure to arise, when more force and elevation of character will be required to meet them, than appears to be requisite for the common tenor of every day life. Just now our lamps may be burning bright enough, and there may seem to be no lack of oil; but time, and trial, and unanticipated temptations may one day disclose the fatal shallowness of the supply, and the ruinous folly of those who take no oil in their vessels with their lamps. The fact is, a man needs to be, as to his moral and spiritual provision and resources, a great deal more of a man, than he is likely to think, if he looks only to the present hour and the immediate demand upon those resources. He needs to provide promptly and largely for

the protracted trials and the harder times of the soul, for the delays, and surprises, and manifold exigencies, which will come in some shape and at some time, and put the extent of his preparation to the utmost test. He must do more, provide more, than seems necessary, and he will not find he has done too much. I wish to illustrate this truth.

God in his natural Providence, and man in the exercise of his worldly wisdom, give us a lesson, if we will learn it, as to this moral wisdom. When God plants an oak to endure for a century, he provides roots, four-fold more than enough in number and strength to nourish and uphold the tree in its first years and in fair weather. He spreads them far and strikes them deep, and interweaves them, and gnarls and knots them. Man or nature may make great havoc among them, and yet enough will be left. He provides against the storm and the tornado, and only once or twice in the century, will the entire strength of that underground provision be required to sustain the structure above.

When the wise man builds a ship, you see by the number and size of the timbers and bolts, planks, beams and cables, that he is not providing for smooth water and ordinary navigation, but for the extremest violence of wind and waves, such as is not likely to be experienced but one day in the longest voyage, —nay, but once in the ship's lifetime; —nay, he means that if the fiercest storm that ever swept the ocean should assail her, she shall weather it, and still have spare strength in her sides, not called forth in the struggle.

The prudent manufacturer will erect his mills where he can calculate that the water power, at the lowest ebb of the summer drought, shall be a little more than sufficient to carry on his operations.

I have seen along a country road, a bridge of the stoutest masonry, with massive piers, and arches and abutments, as if designed to withstand the cannonade of a navy; and under it crept along a purling, lazy stream, just covering the smooth pebbles that rippled its surface. Why such a cumbrous structure, and such superfluous strength, to cover the passage of a petty brook, for which a few planks would have sufficed? The builder looked to the spring freshet, the accumulating ice, and the angry flood from the hills; he reckoned the force requisite to withstand such assault, and then doubled that, so that no emergency might be apprehended as too severe for this work to resist.

Nothing will pass for good management in this world's affairs, unless provision be made to meet the heaviest draft and hardest strain that is ever likely to come, and something more. We should never consent to live in a house, of which we are assured that the foundations are just sufficient to support it, exactly, and no more. We want them to be

more than sufficient. We want no such nice adjustment of resources to the demand ordinarily made on them.

And the same principle is observed in all good intellectual training for the business of life. We do not consider a youth well educated for trade, who is just able to write and read his correspondence and keep the usual accounts. He needs, in order to take high rank, even as a merchant, to have a great deal of knowledge in reserve, such as is not called out in every day's common transactions of bargain and sale.

A good professional education, consists not merely of the facts, the principles, and the reading that pertain directly to the daily exercise of one's profession, but includes a vast amount of general knowledge and liberal culture underlying and outreaching the particular professional training—such as is not often used directly in the common details of of his calling, but without which a man will be frequently reminded of deficiencies and short-comings, impeding, at least, if not fatal to, success.

Now do we recognize distinctly the same principle in our moral training, our provision of inward strength and resources, whereby to meet and be more than prepared for, the tug of great temptation, the assaults of fiery trial, and the occasions for heroic duty and exalted virtue? The principle I have been illustrating holds good here.

It requires some moral strength, and spiritual provision, to walk uprightly, and maintain innocence, amid the common scenes of daily life. Indeed, as the world goes, it requires a good deal merely to do this. But we cannot look upon the man as a strong and thoroughly reliable man, the fully armed Christian, who is so poorly supplied and fortified in righteous principle, that his strength and resources seem to be tested and strained to the utmost, in just passing through a common easy day's affairs without falling or faltering. While he is doing this we want to see something about him that shows that he could do a great deal more.

I was once struck with a friend's remark on one of the most distinguished and effective orators of the age. You could not resist that man's oratory, he said. You were obliged to give in to his views and purposes. He could turn you almost whither he would. But it was not so much by any thing remarkable in his words or tones, not by dazzling language, or impassioned eloquence or overpowering thunder; but it was on account of the impression you could not but have, that there was great power held back in quiet reserve, and which no ordinary occasion could exhaust, or call into full exercise. You felt that there was a vast, indefinite background of character. The oratory was but a little jet out of a great reservoir, from which it was hardly missed. You felt, in hearing him, that the weight of his character, the power and

resources of his intellect, in a word, that the man, was immeasurably greater than his speech — that there was more of him than could be put into a speech. And if he would now and then throw himself wholly with all his weight upon an important point, so as to overwhelm you, he would draw himself back again, before you recovered your self-possession; so that the man never seemed to be used up in the orator. The orator was but a fraction of the man. And it was this idea of the man — the man standing indefinitely great behind the mere orator, — it was this idea that made his eloquence so effective upon you. If the man were all swallowed up in the orator, if he seemed to explode into the thoughts and words which he put forth, so that there was nothing left of him, he would not influence you by what he said.

So it is reserved power that makes the great orator. It is the impression of reserved power that makes any thing seem great and noble. When we read, hear or see any work, or performance of real and superior genius, do we not feel that it is but a scintillation from the mind of the author or performer,—that more power and unfathemed resources lie behind in the soul, quietly reposing there, or struggling in vain to give themselves an adequate expression? Who feels, may I not ask without irreverence in this connexion, who, that has a reverent and exalted conception of Deity, feels that He has exhausted his attributes in the creation and care of this world, or any known and definite number of worlds? But I would speak only of human things.

In Christian morality, which is a higher sphere than that of oratory, or poetry, or the fine arts, higher, yet marked by some of the same laws and characteristics, - in Christian morality, any excellence that approaches to the Gospel standard, is always accompanied by and based upon a reserved power, resources that seem indefinite and more than enough for ordinary exigencies. There must be more than enough, or there is not enough. It is a matter for thankfulness to see a man keep out of overt sin, by any means and in any degree. But if we look from a high and Christian point of view, we want to see a moral provision. a store of moral resources, a reserved moral power, corresponding to what we see in other departments of human activity and production, in the ship, the bridge, the house, in the supply of food, in oratory, literature and the arts. We want to see, and the Christian ought to exhibit in like manner, a moral thoroughness, a moral greatness, a moral superabundance of resources, a moral reserved power, not required to be all put forth and used up in maintaining a decent deportment in daily affairs and discharging the little duties of the hour.

It is pleasant to see that a man fulfils the little round of his daily duties, that he controls his passions amid all the little crosses of comvol. 17.

mon life, that he can deal with his neighbor in the familiar courses of trade, without falsehood and fraud - it is pleasant to see this under any circumstances; - but if his motives for this correctness seem so low, and his moral energies so feeble, that it requires his utmost strength, exhausts the whole soul of him to do barely this, and to resist the little temptations that would prevent him, we cannot look up to him as having been with Christ, or tasted the power of the world to come, or in any way come up to the measure of a large and healthy, and well propor-We cannot rely on his integrity. There is no deep well of the living water in him, no massy foundations of impregnable principle in him, no touch of Christian earnestness in him; - he is not the righteous man of the Gospel import. He has trimmed his lamp, but has taken no oil in his vessel, and it will go out. We would see a man do so much as easily as the great musician plays a lullaby to a child, as easily and with as little draft upon his resources as the great poet writes a morning hymn. We would see him resist such temptations as easily as the ship fends off the ripples of a summer sea, as easily as the rooted oak withstands the gentle zephyr, - with all the indefinite energy of his being left unused, undrained, for the severer struggles of duty, and the larger opportunities of magnanimous virtue, such as come now and then, a few times in every man's life-time, to try him, whether he be a man or a mask, whether there be in him the true metal of soulfed principle, or only the base alloy of paltering expediencies and outside seemings.

Ah, when real trial comes, stern temptation, or sharp affliction, or noble opportunity, then many a shining lamp has gone out in darkness, then many a shallow pool, that had passed for a deep sea before, is sounded, and exposed, and drained, and dried up; and many a man that had walked upright and firm before, in his smooth and easy path, has stumbled and fallen in the rough passes of the mountains, having no reserved strength wherewith to gird himself for the sterner encounter.

I have seen the young man who had stored himself with the intellectual qualifications necessary for a reputable life, with good intentions, generous impulses, honorable sentiments, with intelligence, and agreeable manners and an active spirit; he thought himself prepared for all that lay before him, equipped for a creditable, successful, self-governing career, and for as much virtue as would be requisite for safety and good repute in the world. So he stepped forth with confidence and alacrity upon the theatre of life. By and bye, of course, there came a stress upon his principles, a draft upon his moral resources, that he had not anticipated. Dangerous associates drew their wily and invisible nets

- about him. Pleasure plied him first gently and then stormily with its enchantments. New influences drew him by degrees from his industry, his fidelity, his probity. Confidence slipped mysteriously away from him. Evil predictions were whispered of him by the sagacious. The aims of life became gradually lowered in him, and the flame of good aspirations burned lower and lower. A reckless aspect stealthily came over him, that indescribable but unmistakable look. He fell away from his good endeavors, and his lamp went out, in a prodigal and worthless life, in the slough of indolence, and sensuality and moral enervation. There was a fatal deficiency at the outset, and it was sure to go out.
 - I have seen the maiden, who resembled her foolish prototypes in the parable. She entered upon life gaily. Her confidence was in her beauty, her taste, her accomplishments, her intellectual quickness, her social attractiveness, her social position and connexions, and in such store of romantic sentiments and fine toned sensibilities as might easily pass, for a time, for religious affinities and a semi-moral enthusiasm. By and bye the real cares and duties of life came. The illusions of youth passed away as they must. Accomplishments lost their charm, and beauty its lustre. The realities of life grew commonplace, as they always do. Life is not what it seemed in her young dream. Romance flies from the domestic hearth. Suffering and sorrow come, and the stern trial of her strength and patience. Emotion, sweet before, grows acrid now. Sentiment turns into fretfulness, and enthusiasm to discontent and disappointment. Duty is burdensome, and home is insipid, and its ties a bondage, and society a mockery. All this bitter falling off is cloaked to the common eye under the show of good appearances, but the feeling of it is the more intense for that. Her life is a failure - her lamp has gone out; and well it might go out - well it might - every page of Scripture and every lesson of human experience predicted that it would.

I have seen a man, who at the outset designed to be only prudent, industrious and enterprising, turn at length into a sordid miser, his soul smothered under his gains, his heart eaten up by the cankerous touch of his own gold, and the whole man, body and soul, bound hand and foot, a helpless slave to the goods of this world; no, not its goods, but the mocking shadow of its goods. His lamp has gone out; and how could it but go out, with such shallow outfit as he started with?

I have seen the man who had too much conscience to set out with the purpose to deceive and swindle, — he meant only to be shrewder, more vigilant than others. But in the drive of business, and amid growing excitements and larger baits, honesty faltered, and conscience grew accommodating, and opportunity more inviting. Integrity slipped away little by little, he knows not when or how, and now his whole heart is false, his whole character unstrung and demoralized. His lamp has gone out, and no wonder; as well might a pasteboard ship breast the surging waves of the sea.

So all around us, in every sphere of life, lamp after lamp goes out in moral stench and darkness. And why? of necessity and of course, for lack of oil, upon the same principle that any human purposes fail, that depend on forethought and accumulated resources and reserved power, as character does, more essentially, more universally than any thing else.

And now one inquiry more and I have done. Whence shall we derive those needful resources and that reserved strength, which are sure to be wanted? I answer, from among the moral elements of the soul and the spiritual influences of religion,—in early and vigorous self-culture, and that uplifting, sanctifying spirit that comes from God through Christ.

Brethren, in your worldly self-sufficiency, your sense of prudence and sagacity, and far-seeing policy, in your respect for an orderly and decent life, in your confidence in your intellectual and providential resources of a worldly nature and accidental origin, you may imagine that the influences of religion are superfluous, - well to talk about, proper to be recommended, and very good for some persons to attend to, but superfluous for you. You know what you are about! Your character is in your own safe keeping! Your morality is provided for, in your own wisdom and right impulses and good judgment! Those higher influences are superfluous to you! you say. But I tell you No. God provides no superfluous resources for his creatures. It is not for an idle and unintelligible purpose that He calls on us and all of us, to drink from that living fountain which He has opened; to draw nigh to Him, and bind ourselves to Him, in firm faith and filial piety and earnest prayer and steadfast allegiance; to catch the solemn and inspiring airs that breathe upon the soul from the eternal world; to take hold of the Saviour's hand, and be lifted up to see what true righteousness is, how great and lofty and commanding a thing it is; - to stock the conscience and the heart with those great motives that are of a spiritual origin; - it is not for a vain or unmeaning purpose; but to give strength, to furnish principles, to inspire high aims; to sustain the fainting wings of the soul, to multiply its resources, to prepare you for emergencies, for the freshet and the storm, and the invisible wear of small daily trial and temptation; - and when those opportunities come, of which every man has now and them one, to act nobly, to practise shining virtues, to make heroic sacrifices and reveal the treasures of goodness that a soul can hold,—when these come, to make you seize them eagerly and use them fully. Yes, we want those influences in all their abundance, and with their utmost power,—we, the highest and the lowest, the wisest and the foolishest of us—to put oil in our vessels. In the heyday of youth, or the pride of manhood, when we seem to want them least, then we want them most. Self-confidence and self-satisfaction are the signs of a growing weakness and a coming destitution.

O, believe it, there is not one religious capability in the soul, there is not one truth or sentiment or precept, or subject of faith or ground of hope or fear expressed in the Gospel of Christ, but we need to take it in, and feel the whole force and compass of it, and all the enlargement and elevation and moral impulse and moral power that it can give. In these lie our resources and our reserved power—the oil in our vessels, that we must have,—and all experience and all analogy show we must, or the lamp of virtue and of hope go out, when the bridegroom cometh.

THE ADVANTAGES OF SICKNESS.

"The advantages of sickness," what a preposterous idea, says the bright young girl as she bends over the page a face glowing with health, and the cheerful animation with which health decks the young. "The advantages of sickness, who can have chosen such a theme? The very title is enough for me; I have no desire to read more of it;" and she turns away with a merry laugh to something more in accordance with her gay mood. But a day is coming, bright being, when you may repeat again those words, from a sincere heart, taught by experience that there is meaning in them. For the kind Father has ordained that to all shall the hour of sickness come, and blessed are those whose hearts are ready to receive its holy teachings.

To the Jews, sickness, with its hours of agony and of weakness, seemed a messenger of punishment for sin, a sign of the anger of God. But by the light of Christianity, we see in sickness and sorrow the hand of a kind parent who "chasteneth those whom he *loveth*." We know that sometimes, with the sinking and exhaustion of the frail body, the soul is purified and gloriously elevated; that often the sick man seems surrounded with a halo of light, and the frail being lying there filled with a more than earthly peace and joy.

Truly, often, too often, do we see in sickness the stern law of retribution, which says to man, "As thou sowest, so shalt thou reap,"—when, disregarding all the laws of health and temperance, he plunges into excesses which leave him with a worn-out frame to toss upon the bed of pain. God's laws cannot be slighted with impunity. It should be a duty to attend to the health of the body, for it is closely connected with the health of the soul. But sickness cannot be wholly guarded against. It sometimes visits every one, and sad indeed is it for him who despises the lessons which it brings, and whose soul is not made stronger by its discipline.

Even the most thoughtless must rise from the bed of pain and exhaustion, with a more vivid sense of the privilege of health. Something like gratitude must fill the heart even of him who has through his former life received God's gifts, unmindful of the source from whence they came. He must feel, for the time at least, that a more than mortal hand has laid him on that couch of pain, a more than mortal hand has raised him up. Who that has ever passed many weeks of sickness and exhaustion, can ever forget the joy of feeling well? Shut up in the darkened room, each day the world seems to grow narrower. We can hardly believe, that in the street people are rushing to and fro, intent on business or pleasure, good or ill, - so still and quiet is that little spot to which we are bound. No one who has not himself felt it can tell the joy that comes with the return of strength. Each motion brings pleasure. The consciousness of living in health again, free to move about once more in the open air, to revel in the sunshine, again to feel one's limbs grow strong and elastic, and the weight removed with which ill health so often cumbers the spirit; - such a pleasure as this even the dullest, the most callous heart must feel. And many will then be ready, if not before, to look upon sickness as a friend, for having taught them that, which, but for its teachings, they might have been long regardless of, the great blessing of health and strength.

How often too, when sickness comes, do we find with it a kindness and sympathy which we have yearned for in health, but which was hidden from us until sickness called it forth! How universal is the sympathy for sickness. How it arouses, even in hearts that are strangers to the invalid, a glow of pity, and a desire to render to the sick one all possible assistance. How constant are the inquiries until the danger is passed. How often is it said, "I did not know that I had so many friends until I was sick!"

And what a tide of affection is poured out upon us by the loved ones whose hearts are racked with anxiety because we are in pain. What touching pictures of self-forgetfulness and devoted love does the sick

chamber summon up; of a love never wearied with watching "the last star out" by the side of the sufferer, knowing no fatigue while danger is there. Surely sickness is a blessed revelation to us of the affection which makes life so precious.

But more even than this can sickness do for us, if our hearts are ready to receive its lessons; for it weighs us in a balance, and then can we see in what are our spirits wanting. In those quiet hours when weakness and exhaustion have cramped and bound every bodily energy, it holds up a glass before our soul and we can see ourselves as we really are. In health we are in the midst of business or pleasure, and a thousand things continually absord our attention. We find but little time to look within, and we are too apt to be deceived.

We have thought ourselves well schooled in patience, perhaps; but we find, when the trial comes, our patience soon exhausted. We have heard of suffering borne without a murmur, of long years of languishing passed in cheerfulness, and we have been so thrilled with admiration, we have felt so deeply the greatness of such fortitude that we have earnestly determined that we too would be girded and ready to bear, when our hour should come; and we find ourselves broken down, our energy and cheerfulness gone, after a few days only of suffering. We have seen repining too in sickness. We have heard the sick one murmuring that God should make his lot so hard, that he was deprived of the free air, when so many around him were rejoicing in it, in health and strength; and this too, when surrounded with comforts; and we have hoped and prayed that our faith would be stronger than his; and now we find our faith too failing us. A few days of sickness have shown us much yet to do, where we thought much already accomplished. It has shown the spirit to be weak as well as the body. Shall we not be thankful for this knowledge of ourselves, which this dread sickness has brought us?

Is not sickness too often made an excuse for indulging ourselves in our faults and weaknesses? How often it is said in the presence of children, "You must not mind if he is cross to-day, for he is sick." Would it not be better to teach a child that he is always to use self-control?—to teach him as he goes on in life, that the trial of sickness is sent by an All-kind Father, not to annoy him, but to be borne patiently and thoughtfully and willingly, and that by its means his character may be strengthened and improved?

We must all prefer health to sickness. We may look back upon sickness as upon a friend who may have done us much good, and we may not regret that we have gone through the experience of those days and hours of pain; but we must naturally look forward to it with dread.

None can desire to lose the vigor and strength of health. No one can part with it without sadness. But God sends it in kindness and because He loves us. He sends it because He would show us at last that He has made us in His own likeness. Because by it He would lead us to the "green pastures and the still waters" of the true spiritual life. He would have us feel that though health and strength are gone, and every avenue to earthly pleasure shut up, yet that none of these things are essential to the spirit's life. We are to be independent of all these. He would have us feel that we are to live in the body, and yet out of it, and above it. For all these pains and pleasures belong to the body, and that is soon to be laid aside; but that higher life still goes on into eternity, and here on earth must it have its beginning.

This earthly life may be filled with pain and sorrow, as to some among us it is; and terrible to many a one would be the rising of the sun that brought but a new day of suffering, if it were not for that blessed example of him who bore his sufferings so gloriously; who knew not where to lay his head, and yet was so peaceful; who said to his friends, when the hour of mortal agony was drawing near, "In the world ye shall have tribulation, but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world."

Health and prosperity seem so essential to us when we are in possession of them, and it is so difficult then, to feel that they are transitory, should we not find ourselves too much absorbed in the business and pleasures of mortal life, too thoughtless of the life beyond, if sickness did not come with its solemn warning, to tell us that life is more than the enjoying of this world?

"Is pain an evil? yet large spirits have made it the platform for the development of the greatest virtue;" and though it must ever be dreaded, shall we not receive it when it comes, willingly, because it is God-sent, and meekly take to our hearts the teachings and the warnings it brings with it? striving to say, in the spirit of those beautiful lines,

"My God, I thank thee; may no thought E'er deem thy chastenment severe; But may this heart, by sorrow taught, Calm each wild wish, each idle fear."

And if, through it, our spirits are strengthened and elevated and weaned from earthliness, shall we not call it a friend and a blessing?

8.

THE CHRISTMAS BELL.

Love ages it hath been ringing,\
Since the angels sung by night,
And the star bent over the manger,
With its benison of light.

I hear the stream of its music
Flow down the distance past,—
A lullaby breathed to the present,—
A requiem knelled to the past.

It comes on the wind of winter; And the air is filled with snow, So that the sound is deadened, Till the music is deep and low.

But every ear that will listen
May catch its wavering tone;
And every heart find a meaning,
Meant for itself alone.

To some it comes as a warning
Of trial's turbulent tide,
That will strengthen the feeble spirit,
Or humble its erring pride.

While to many, — the young and happy,
Who have little pain to bear,
It peals like the bell for a bridal,
That plays with the summer air.

And to others — the pale and weary,

Who have garnered up their sheaves,
It falls with a heavenly summons,
Like the dropping of autumn leaves.

To the wretched, the sorely tempted, To the bow'd, subdued by sorrow, It comes with the voice of blessing, And whispers hope for the morrow.

4

But to all of us, wandering pilgrims,
O, may this varied chime
Ring as a beautiful prelude
To another march of time!

Bringing us sweet assurance
Of the love of earthly friends,
And the care of the dear departed,
And the peace that Heaven sends.

And so will the angel music,
This midnight dark and deep,
As it floats around our pillows,
Hush every care to sleep.

And our dreams of untroubled slumber, Like shepherds, will watch on high The star of joy and of promise, As it shone in Bethlehem's sky.

R. P. R.

MINISTRY AT LARGE IN BIRMINGHAM, ENGLAND.

BY REV. C. F. BARNARD.

WE have lately read with great pleasure the second annual report of Rev. J. G. Brooks, Minister at large in Birmingham, England. The report is replete with the tokens of the sound judgment, good feelings, untiring industry of Mr. Brooks, and indicates most clearly that in his appointment our friends of the Unitarian faith in that city have laid our whole denomination, if not the world, under new obligations. We may well rejoice that so excellent a fellow-laborer is added to the distinguished corps of ministers at large in Great Britain. We know, both through the reports of enlightened Americans, and still better from the admission of intelligent Englishmen of the Established Church, that Liberal Christianity is nowhere producing better, greater, or more generally acknowledged results than in the ministries of this class in London, Liverpool, Manchester, etc. Who does not feel thankful that Birmingham has entered into the race with her sister cities? Who will not offer an earnest prayer for her and their equal and continued success? We should be happy to quote very fully from Mr. Brooks's report. The plan pursued in his ministry is similar to that familiar with our ministers at large, embracing a Sunday school and chapel service, sewing and evening schools, reading rooms and libraries, lectures and social gatherings. There is but one opinion in regard to the expediency and efficiency of these agencies for our own large towns and cities; but let it be remembered that our brethren abroad are maintaining such things in the land of Oliver Twist and Little Nell, and who can question for a moment the effects of the enterprise?

We must content ourselves at this time with a single extract from the Report in question. It shall be upon a point of great interest and importance, to which no little attention has been called by the press of our own country, and upon which no pains should be spared in guarding against every tendency to perversion or abuse. We mean "the Ragged Schools." We have been told of the establishment of one in Boston; but trust, for the credit of our city, that it is not so. We are sure that hopes are entertained, if steps are not already taken, in many places, for the opening of such schools; and we beg every one to listen to Mr. Brooks before proceeding any further in a course that does not appear to be founded in reason, justice, or humanity.

"I might multiply instances; but these are sufficient to show our great difficulties and the importance of these schools in such localities. Still I most strongly object to their receiving the degrading name of Ragged,' though this is now becoming so fashionable. Brand these children as Pariahs, accustom them to the name, and the great danger is, that as such they will always be content to remain; they are too low already, and we ought not to multiply difficulties in the way of their self-elevation; if we do our duty to them the children will improve and become fitting objects of our Christian sympathy and aid.

"We must, as far as possible, bring them in contact with higher classes than their own, accustom them to more improving influence, and thus destroy the isolated feelings and habits which mark them as a separate and despised caste. When this is done, the character of the school is changed, and consequently the name becomes a degrading misnomer.

"During my visit to London, last April, I paid a visit to one of the Ragged Schools, and there the above thoughts were deeply impressed on my mind. I was surprised to find the police in attendance to preserve order among the pupils; thus giving the strongest assurance that the teachers felt little or no confidence in their scholars; but little love and no respect: how is it possible that love can exist without confidence on both sides? And how is it to be expected that moral power, the true element of success, in these and all other schools, should exert its true influence when allied in such close union with the constable's staff? I could not help contrasting the singular disorder and want of respect with our own orderly and busy schools."

Dr. Tuckerman maintained this principle through the whole of his ministry. All his coadjutors or successors in this country and Great

Britain, we are glad to say, have virtually coincided with him. We are confident that, with Mr. Brooks, they may trace no small portion of their success to this single but all-important feature of the Ministry at Large.

HYMNS AND A BOOK OF HYMNS.*

BY REV. E. E. HALE.

This very attractive book has not been published until a few weeks since. A small edition, however, was printed some months ago, and it is already used in some of our churches. It is now for sale in the bookstores. It gives us the greatest pleasure to commend it to our readers, as a volume of sacred poetry, full of that which will move the heart and awaken true life. We commend it to the churches, as a book of hymns, of which no one need be passed by in the conduct of their worship. It is not merely a book from which you can pick out good hymns, while half or a quarter or a tenth part of the contents are such as you cannot think of using. It is, on the other hand, a selection so carefully made that the compilers have omitted, one would suppose, all those hymns which might have been passed by or condemned by one or another preacher.

Is it not worth remark, that if any one should note, for a series of years, the hymns read by different preachers from one or another of the hymn books in general use, he would find that a quarter part of the hymns published there are perhaps never read at all? And is not this a decided fault in a hymn book? In the use of many hymn books, a preacher would never think of selecting a hymn from its index of subjects merely, because he would know that there is a decided chance that a hymn on any given subject may be wholly unfit for the sanctuary. In this view we suppose that the true test of one's opinion of a hymn book is this: "How many of the hymns in it would you refuse to read, were you officiating in religious worship?"

A compiler does not, we suppose, meet the exact demand in the case, who makes merely a large collection of hymns, although that

^{*} A Book of Hymns, for Public and Private Devotion. Cambridge, July, 1846.

happen to embrace a considerable proportion of good hymns. We do not want a great deal of good poetry joined with a great deal of bad. No! nor together with a smaller share of bad. We do not want any bad poetry at all. Nor do we want, if we can help it, hymns which are of doubtful character, — which displease five men as much as they please five others. This is a matter where a majority even must not rule. United worship requires, as far as human skill can effect it, an approach to unanimity of feeling.

Let the compiler of a new hymn book, then, not trust his own taste alone. Let him reject bravely all hymns which will fill up his book without adding to it first-rate poetry. He has no right to print poor poetry, (which is no poetry,) unless the subject is one, which absolutely requires illustration, and for which he has no hymns of the first class. In this case even, we can excuse him only; we never think of praising him.

The compilers of the new "Book of Hymns" seem to have used this sedulous critical care. The first consequence is that their book is the smallest hymn book used in the Unitarian churches. And the second is that it is the best. It is, that is to say, the best in our opinion, formed in the use of it for some months in public devotion and in private.

If the test we have suggested were universally admitted as a true test of the merit of such a volume, this volume would, of itself, take at once the position we claim for it. For it is not a book which one glances over, selecting a good hymn here, and another there, while he omits or reads with an inattentive eye a number of unattractive hymns between. The reader is surprised perhaps to find himself reading hymn after hymn in succession, without occasion to turn hastily over any which he has dreaded to meet, for years. In many instances, we have found the first impression made on a reader, by the volume, to be surprise that he knew so little of the devotional poetry of our time. Here are hymns of Furness, Whittier, Gaskell, Miss Barrett, Miss Bremer, Bulfinch, Sarah Adams, and other living writers which ought to have been, before now, in thousands of hearts and memories, which yet are welcomed as new friends by many readers, who have kept too, a good acquaintance with the literature of the day. Here is the great advantage indeed of the occasional introduction of a new hymn book. It is not right that the finest language of devotion should be unused in the sanctuary because it has not been hallowed by the passage of ten or twenty years. And this fulness of modern hymns has made this collection the interesting collection which we call it. And when we occasionally regret the absence from it of an old favorite, we are compelled to own that there are

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very few in it which we could willingly spare to make room for one or two others. In a word, the very large proportion of its hymns will be used, and with pleasure. There are very few which will be sentenced, even by a fastidious taste, to a silent obscurity. We claim this merit for it, as one which will be appreciated by every reader of a hymn book, — who keeps it at his side as a meet companion for his Bible: and by every preacher who dreads painfully turning over the leaves of a poor collection, to meet at every page wooden verses, with whose dead accents he will not insult the ears of a congregation, and, indeed, which he dares not, perhaps, address to the Most High.

Thus this book is interesting. But its chief positive merit seems to us this, that it is strictly speaking a hymn book. It is not a manual of theology. There is not a creed in it. Nor should we call it a complete manual of worship, adapted for all the objects of public worship. It is a manual adapted to those parts of worship only, which are rightly conducted in singing.

There are many hymns written which are short argumentative sermons. Those are inappropriate to the object for which we introduce hymns into worship. There are hymns again which are mere paraphrases of Gospel history,—or of passages of Old Testament history. Such, if they are nothing more, are also unfit for our purposes in singing. Singing, music, and the parts of a religious service connected with singing and music, are peculiarly devoted to the expression of the deepest, the most enthusiastic, or perhaps the most pensive emotion. The feelings, rather than the memory or reasoning, express themselves most naturally in hymns.

Farther yet; unless we mistake the natural history of the emotions, those which express themselves in hymns in which multitudes are to join, are most usually the cheerful, happy and hopeful emotions. There are indeed some striking exceptions. But usually the deepest grief, that which is dreading God's displeasure, that which regrets a load of sin in past life, makes solitary confession, if it makes any audible confession. A true man grieves for his own sins, and for no others. The true poet will express such contrition only. And perhaps the truest heart, except in peculiar circumstances, will not express at all such deepfelt contrition in measured verse, or to the public eye. But in hopeful, cheerful mood, the true poet will call upon others to join him. They will press upward together, in their aspirations to God. And he will sing a hymn then, in which a congregation of Christian worshippers may join cheerfully.

We venture to suggest that here is a guide, of a certain value, in the conduct of our public worship. The confessions of sinfulness and

repentance of a united congregation are fitly made in the silence of their united prayer,—where, with all the solemnity of prayer, a hundred hearts commune silently with God,—joining with the single voice which asks his forgiveness and acknowledges the need of it. The triumphant tones of music,—the feeling of artifice which is, at the best, connected with it,—the union of voices, and the loud expression given with all the powers of musical combination to our hymns, seem rather to befit the expressions of hope and good cheer which Jesus encourages us to bring into every service of our God.

But without dwelling longer on this suggestion, which does not apply precisely to our present subject, we cannot doubt but we have given the reason why, with a single notable exception, the great body of the best hymns at the disposal of our congregations are not taken from the sad experiences of a religious life, but from the hopeful hours of it. Apart from the great Christian truth, that, as Christian life advances, the rejoicing moments all but overwhelm the sadder ones, there is the lesser artistical fact, that while a person in joyful excitement is tempted again and again to express his enthusiasm in lyric poetry, such expression is comparatively rare to a man in the gloom of self-distrust and despondency. When such a man makes such expression, it is almost always the expression of his single heart, and multitudes cannot join with him.

We conceive that here are the reasons why this new book of hymns strikes every reader as a signally cheerful book. If we are right, every collection of the very best hymns must prove such, unless special effort has been made to sadden it. If we are right, no such effort should be made. Let, however, a hymn book never fail to contain, as this contains, its hymns of the saddest mournful confession, of acknowledgment of weakness, failure and sin. The language of Mr. Furness's hymn in in this volume,

"Unworthy to be called thy son, I come with shame to thee,"

is not truer to Scripture than to every man's personal emotion at times. To meet this deepest, saddest personal emotion, the compilers here have brought together hymns of grave and solemn feeling, which will rise to thousand lips at moments of the soul's deepest spiritual anguish. The chapter entitled "Inward Struggle" has to us peculiar interest. There, perhaps, the remarks we have made on the silence of deep depression do not fully apply. With such hymns we are confident that the book meets fully the wants,—for this part of worship,—of the most devoted,—the least confident church or preacher. But, if the

views we have ventured are well founded, a large number of good hymns on such themes can never be collected, - because they have never been written. And, indeed, they will not be wanted. For, such a preacher and congregation have always at hand, beside their hymn book, the Psalms, which contain indeed the penitential poetry of the Here is the notable exception to which we just now alluded. Among the Psalms, - interspersed with their tones of triumph, there are the sincere expressions of the saddened heart, to which the saddened heart, - in sorrow or in sin, always returns. The compilers of the "Book of Hymns" have purposely left the Psalms to be chanted by choirs in all the simple beauty of the Bible version. In our time, any well instructed choir can well perform this acceptable service. And we are sure that the most devoted admirer of Tate and Brady or Sternhold and Hopkins will admit that the prose version of the Psalms. as chanted under the excellent arrangements now widely circulated for that purpose, has a far truer devotional effect than any of the common metre or long metre of the worthy but ungifted men who did them into English rhyme. David wrote to glorify God. Tate and Brady and the other versifiers have had the additional object of making rhymes. And the different motives have led to results proportional. So that we cannot regret that almost all versions of the Psalms are excluded from the new hymn book. But let the Psalms still be used, when needed in our churches. Doubtless this omission, for so good a reason, of the best penitential poems which the world will ever see, is one reason why the book has the cheerful, hopeful tone to which we have alluded. But we need hardly have made this suggestion, - for, thank God! a truly Christian hymn book will always be glad and hopeful and cheerful.

This digression has led us far, and we must bring to a close our acknowledgment of the value of a book, to which we owe many godly thoughts and many happy hours. We have said just now, that the pensive mood of the religious life seems one of those moods peculiarly willing to express itself in poetry, fitted for the sympathies of large congregations; — in such poems, that is, as we call hymns. To such moods we owe the grand hymns of Sterling, of Very, of Keble for instance, in this volume. It is sometimes said of such poetry, that, delightful though it be to read, it is not fitted to sing. We doubt if the distinction is applicable, now that we have so much good church music, God forbid that one of Sterling's hymns ever be rattled off to a skipping, hopping tune of the older New England fashion. But if it be wedded to one of the grand dignified compositions of calmer taste which truly befit the spirit of this too early lost, great English poet, we can con-

ceive of no poetry more fitted for the sanctuary. We do not think these pensive hymns peculiarly characteristic of this book. It is rather sanguine than pensive, if we may apply a single word to a collection from so many authors.

The arrangement and division of subjects seems to us excellent. The profusion of hymns relating to Christ, to the Christian kingdom, the Christian life, and the communion — with the fervor of almost every hymn—give to the book an excellent directness of tone. There is hardly a cold hymn in it. It has rather the kind of spirit which is often styled Methodistical. Our Methodist friends have best understood the fervor of sacred music, — and we are willing to accept such a name as an index of the high aspiring feeling which the book embodies. The Wesleys and other writers of their faith, have of course furnished some of its best hymns.

The only regret which we experience in reading the book is from the occasional omission of a verse, or change of an expression which is dear to us. We find, it is true, that we cannot lay down any rule, as to a collector's rights, or the desirable degree of alteration. Probably the only rule which would meet our tastes, would be one of many heads, providing separately for each particular case. And since such is the tyranny of taste, we must submit with a good grace to the occasional changes on the faces of old favorites. We have heard the variety of metres of a small portion, say forty of the hymns, objected to. This is not a fault. A good choir will find, perhaps make, and adapt its tunes to all the hymns. And no hymn book is prepared for the use of a bad choir. At least, a bad choir will here have no small inducement to improve.

A large number of the hymns are the old favorites, in all the collections. As large a number are from the English collections, and very little known here. As many more are from the various published works of modern writers, but have never before appeared in a hymn book. And yet a fourth class, embraces many very beautiful hymns, now published for the first time. It would be idle of course to attempt by extracts to give any idea of a book of selections. Here is one of the new hymns, from the division marked "Prayer" of the "Hymns of Worship."

PRAYER FOR GUIDANCE.

To thine eternal arms, O God,
Take us thine erring children in,
From dangerous paths too boldly trod,
From wandering thoughts and dreams of sin.

Those arms were round our childish ways, A guard through helpless years to be; O, leave not our maturer days, We still are helpless without thee!

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We trusted hope and pride and strength:
Our strength proved false, our pride was vain,
Our dreams have faded all at length,
We come to thee, O Lord, again!

A guide to trembling steps yet be! Give us of thine eternal powers! So shall our paths all lead to thee, And life smile on like childhood's hours.

The book is destined to a wide sale and very extensive use, unless we mistake the general appreciation of the best poetry.

NOTE EDITORIAL.

The question is sometimes put to us whether we agree with opinions expressed in articles that we publish in this journal. We reply, that we do not regard ourselves as at all responsible for doctrines advanced by our contributors, whether in matters of theology, politics, or social customs, nor for their literary taste, or criticisms. Immorality we hope to keep out of our pages. But we are not of that class of journalists who pare down the productions of their correspondents to their own - possibly narrow - standard. We have too much confidence in other men's judgment on some points, to suppress the utterance of their convictions, even when they happen to clash with our own. We have not the courage to offer the public a Magazine in which our own fallible understanding shall be arbiter in all great and open questions, proscribing all that conflicts with our conclusions. We value freedom, freshness, vivacity, and the variety that comes from the frank expression of individual minds, too much to sacrifice them so readily. And if some feeble trace of error should possibly creep some time into our "Monthly," we have faith enough in Truth to believe that her empire will not be permanently disturbed by it, - satisfied, with John Milton, that " we do injuriously to misdoubt her strength."

INTELLIGENCE.

Installation at Cambridgeport, Mass.—Rev. John F. W. Ware, recently of Fall River, was installed, November 29, 1846, as Pastor of the Unitarian Society in Cambridgeport, lately under the ministerial charge of Rev. A. B. Muzzey. Mr. Muzzey is now minister of the new society in Cambridge, to be called the Lee Street Church. The services of Mr. Ware's installation were held on the morning of the Sabbath, in place of the customary exercises of worship. The Sermon was preached by Rev. Dr. Putnam of Roxbury. The Rev. Dr. Walker offered the Installing Prayer.

In the afternoon the services were conducted by the Pastor. In the evening an appropriate discourse was delivered by Rev. Dr. Gannett of Boston.

DEDICATION OF A FREE CHAPEL AT PORTSMOUTH, N. H. — A chapel erected for the religious instruction of the poor and neglected, in Portsmouth, was dedicated November 26, 1846. A discourse adapted to the occasion was delivered by Rev. Mr. Stone of Beverly, Mass.

DEDICATION AT WINDSOR, Vt. — The Unitarian Church in Windsor, Vt., was dedicated to the service of God on December 9, 1846. Rev. A. A. Livermore of Keene, N. H., preached the Sermon, from 1 Timothy ii. 5, and offered the Prayer of Dedication; the other services were performed by Rev. Mr. Newell of Pomfret, Vt.

The church is of the Gothic order, and combines simplicity with use. The society feel a renewed courage and hope, and their only want now is a devoted and able minister of the Gospel. The State of Vermont opens a fine field for the diffusion of Unitarian Christianity, but the laborers are few.

MINISTRY AT LARGE IN BOSTON.—Owing to the success which attends this pure and noble institution, it is steadily enlarging the sphere of its operations. The Executive Board have lately determined to open a room in a central part of the city, as a kind of head-quarters, where an officer may be constantly found, where communications relating to the whole subject may be received, applications made, and information given, so as to secure a greater efficiency to the efforts of the Fraternity and its ministers. The room is to be over Tickner & Co.'s bookstore, corner of Washington and School Streets.

FAIR FOR THE UNITARIAN SOCIETY IN ALBANY, N. Y.—The recent Fair for the benefit of the society under the ministerial charge of Rev. H. F. Harrington was highly successful. Contributions were made from liberal friends in several States; the Albany ladies were most zealous and indefatigable in their own exertions; the preparations were on an elegant scale; the whole scene was spirited and attractive; and the proceeds amounted to about eight hundred dollars.

UNITARIAN SOCIETY AT MONTREAL.—We take the following paragraph, showing a most encouraging condition of things in Montreal, from a late number of the "Bible Christian," a paper conducted by Rev. Mr. Cordner, Pastor of the Unitarian Society.

"The Lord's Supper. — The usual semi-annual communion was held in the Unitarian church of this city, on Sunday morning, the 8th ult. For the information of our friends at a distance, we may state that there were eighty communicants. Sixteen of these, on that occasion, joined the Unitarian communion for the first time, most of them having been formerly in communion with Trinitarian churches. The morning service was devoted wholly to the ordinance. It was a sacred and deeply interesting occasion, and we have every reason to hope that those who sat down to commemorate the death of their Lord, rose with their souls refreshed, and their love to him strengthened. May the divine influences of the occasion constantly abide in our hearts."

ITEMS.

REV. E. S. GANNETT, D. D., is delivering a course of Sunday Evening Lectures, at the Federal Street Church, on the "Character and Contents of the Scriptures."

An eminent architect in New York city, Mr. Upjohn, has added to his celebrity as an artist the notoriety of having refused to draw a plan for a Unitarian church in Boston, — having previously consented to do so, — on the ground that his convictions of duty would not allow him to assist, in any way, in diffusing the doctrines of Unitarian theology. So that Unitarianism must get along without Mr. Upjohn, or not at all.

A MEETING has been held in St. Louis for the purpose of counteracting Abolition movements, and propping up the kingdom of slavery and darkness, against the advancing light and liberty of the age. It is proposed to do this by shutting up the slaves after dark, arresting runaways and their abettors, and preventing the instruction of the negroes in things human and divine. Rather a formidable enterprise the poor slaveholders have taken in hand!

MONTHLY RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE.

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NO. 2.

PRESENT CONDITION OF THE RELIGIOUS WORLD.

BY REV. G. W. BURNAP.

[Concluded from the December No.]

We now come to Christianity, and in doing so, we emerge from regions of darkness and the shadow of death, and dwell on the condition of those nations which are most prosperous, powerful, civilized and refined, nations which have long possessed a perfect religion, and which owe to that religion all that they are, socially, morally and intellectually. In Christendom however, though we see much for which we ought to thank God when we contrast it with the rest of the world, yet we are compelled to confess that the Gospel, even there, has only begun its work. The light still shines in darkness, and the darkness comprehendeth it not.

In the view which we are to take of it, the Christian church universal divides itself into the Roman and Greek communions, and Protestantism. There was an external union in the church universal, until the building of Constantinople as the rival of Rome, and the establishment of the eastern empire. Constantinople, becoming the metropolis of a new empire, naturally became the metropolis of a new church; and it was this circumstance undoubtedly, and not any irreconcilable differences of faith or practice, which led to the schism between the Greek and Roman churches. Power and territory were for some time nearly equally divided between them, till the conquests of the Saracens and Turks stripped the see of Constantinople of its fairest provinces. Egypt, Palestine, Syria, Asia Minor and Greece have long been lost,

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not only to the Greek church, but in a great measure to Christianity itself. The Greek church would have sunk into utter insignificance, had it not been for the new acquisition she made in the wide dominions of the Russian empire. Here she has won a territory almost as large as the rest of Europe.

Viewed with the eye of a Protestant, there is much in the creed, the liturgy, and the usages of this church which seems superstitious and superfluous. But those who have travelled in the countries where it is the prevailing religion, represent the influence which it exerts upon the people to be benignant and salutary. They are a simple, rural population, for the most part, whose faith is not shocked nor staggered by the legends which have been added to the few plain facts of the Christian history, nor by the dogmas which have been mingled with the pure faith of the Gospel. The Russian peasant keeps the image of the virgin in the innermost recess of his cabin; he observes certain fasts which belong to Judaism rather than Christianity; he professes a creed, which it is altogether impossible that he should understand, yet his faith in the great doctrines of the Bible is unwavering, and in his daily life he is honest, laborious, patient, contented, cheerful; and however imperfect his intellectual conceptions, it is to be hoped that he has that purity of heart, without which no man shall see God.

Nor is there much hope that his mind will become more enlightened, until his political condition is improved. Civil liberty seems indispensable to the full emancipation of the mind from the bondage of superstition. When this will take place, particularly in those vast countries which border on the despotisms of Asia, it seems vain to conjecture.

The Roman church presents itself, at the present moment, in a most anomalous condition, — vigorous in the extremities, but paralytic at the heart. Three hundred years ago, the pope was the most powerful personage in Europe. Now, the very province in which he reigns as a temporal prince, is in the last stage of decay. He, who once drew into his treasury the riches of kingdoms, now, it is said, lives in a mortgaged palace, and feels happy when he can prevent his public debt from increasing upon him at the rate of less than a million in a year; and did not his dominions contain the greatest curiosities in the world, and draw strangers from every part of the globe, not a few of his subjects would every year be reduced to a state of starvation.

If the truth must be spoken, in those countries where that religion reigns alone, humanity withers under the influence of the Catholic faith and institutions. Their innumerable holidays are enough to ruin the industry of any nation. Their monasteries and convents, besides being the nurseries of superstition, train up a class of persons who are next to

useless in the body politic, while they are drawing their own support from the laboring classes in one shape or another. The very fact of withholding the Bible from the common people, is almost equivalent to shutting out from them the light of heaven, or preventing them from breathing the common air. There is no teaching like that of the Saviour in his own words. No gorgeous temples, nor splendid processions, nor exquisite painting, can affect the mind like the scenes which are drawn before the intellectual eye, in the narratives of the Evange-The confessional is but a poor substitute for the pulpit, as a means of moral influence. The advice of an imperfect, short-sighted mortal, however sincere, can never penetrate and control the heart, like "the word of God, which is quick and powerful, sharper than any twoedged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit. and of the joints and marrow, and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart." The Catholic church is thrown entirely behind the age by the simple fact, that its public services are conducted in a dead language. The very idea of social worship supposes the language in which it is conducted to be understood by those who unite in it. them, it is not worship, if their minds and feelings cannot go along with it. They are merely spectators of the worship of others. So far as they are concerned, the prayer becomes a charm, or an incantation, efficacious because composed of consecrated words, and not because it expresses the emotions of devout and penitent hearts. In this respect, the Catholic church is in the same condition with that of the Jews. either through superstition, or an exaggerated idea of the importance of uniformity, adhering to a language which was spoken indeed, when the church was established, but has long since been laid aside. intellectual wants of men are not met in the Catholic church. stead of being enlightened, the people come together to waste the precious hours of public instruction, in gazing upon a dumb show. Christ and his Gospel were given to be the light of the world. The usages of the Catholic church are too many of them calculated, at the present day, to intercept, rather than transmit that light. The people come and ask for bread, and their teachers give them a stone. come hungering for the word of life, which quickeneth and sanctifieth the soul, and they hear the syllables of a language, which conveys to them no more meaning than the hieroglyphics of Egypt.

It is altogether impossible that a community subjected to such influences can prosper, can become intelligent, enterprising, progressive. It will either become stationary, or decline. What its influences are, let Italy, Spain, Ireland bear witness. The Catholic church received its last modification at the Council of Trent, about three hundred years

ago. Since that time, it has become a fixture. It has derived many and great advantages from its unity and uniformity. But the world did not become fixed, when the Roman Catholic church did. That has changed, more than it ever did in any three centuries that have ever elapsed. The consequence is, that this unchanging institution is left every day farther and farther in the rear. Its incapacity of change and adaptation have now become its greatest disadvantage. It can continue to exist in its present form, only by producing and preserving a dead stagnation of mind upon religious subjects. This cannot be done, even among the members of her own communion. Already, it is said that there is a large number of the leading minds in Europe, who profess that faith, growing dissatisfied with things as they are. They see that neither the dogmas nor the ceremonies of that church can stand the test of the intelligence of this age. They contend therefore that some change is necessary, to maintain its influence and respectability. But the days of church-making are past. Henceforward, no more creeds will ever be manufactured for the human mind. The dwellers in that ancient structure must be content to remain in it as it is, as long as it will hold together. Once begin to repair it, and it will fall in ruins.

We now come to Protestantism. As a Protestant, it is to be expected that I should give it the preference over any other development of the religious principle that the world has ever exhibited. But I ask no man to take my opinions on trust. I only ask him to consider my facts and weigh my reasons. My proofs of its superiority are plain and palpable, known and read of all the world. They are England and the United States, in their religious, moral, social and physical condition. What England now is, in the eyes of all nations, she owes to the fact, that of all the countries in Europe, in her, the Reformation earliest and most completely took effect. Much has been said of the influence of the Anglo-Saxon blood which flows in her veins. At the time of the discovery of this continent by Columbus, Spain was a much more important country in the balance of European power than England. But with the Reformation, the scale began to turn, and from that day to this, England has been going up and Spain going down, and the main cause which has produced this wide difference is not the difference of blood, but the difference of religion.

Religion is not one of those causes which work on the surface, of at the circumference of things. It is situated at the very centre, and exerts the most controlling influence in forming the characters of individuals and nations. Protestantism is a religion of living, personal conviction, not of traditional and mechanical assent. It takes off the seals from the word of God, whose lessons are for the healing of the nations.

It aims to enlighten the understanding, at the same time that it refines the feelings. It makes man his own agent in his transactions with beaven, and therefore brings his conscience in direct contact with the Teacher of hearts. It is the friend of universal education. It is the friend of learning, in its widest sense. It has no list of prohibited books, which it is dangerous for the people to read. It creates, therefore, a bold, original, vigorous, wholesome literature. Above all things, it encourages preaching, the great instrument which Christianity has provided, for enlightening and saving the world. Preaching, under the Protestant conception of it, becomes one of the highest offices committed to man. It is an office which affords scope for the greatest talents and the most extensive acquirements. There is no branch of human knowledge, and scarcely any accomplishment, which does not widen and deepen the influence which the Christian preacher exerts for the benefit of his species. The themes are the noblest and most interesting that can occupy the human mind, God and man, time and eternity, the beginning and the end of all things, the human soul, its nature and its laws, society in all its developments, natural science in all its parts, in which the Divine attributes are displayed. These are the great subjects of which the Christian preacher is to discourse, and he who studies them well will be listened to with untold profit and delight. Such have been, in no inconsiderable degree, the Protestant clergy of England, since the Reformation. Her two universities have sent forth from year to year, a supply of able, and for the most part, faithful teachers. England has felt their influences to her obscurest hamlet. by so noble an example, the Dissenters have not lagged far behind, in providing an enlightened ministry. The records of piety, learning and eloquence have been enriched by a long succession of able and devoted men, who have sustained the Dissenting cause in England. In both bodies, literature, as well as piety, has found some of her brightest ornaments. In short, under the auspices of Protestantism, England has formed a literature capable of revolutionizing and regenerating the world. She has acquired an intelligence which has perfected the arts, and made her the richest nation on the globe, in spite of the disadvantage of the unspeakable abuses of her civil and social institutions. Shehas cultivated and maintained a morality capable of sustaining such a degree of prosperity, and her flag is the symbol of her power, wherever the ocean rolls its waves. I want no other demonstration of the superiority of Protestantism over every other form of religion which has ever appeared on earth.

If England does not demonstrate the superiority of Protestantism, our own country may be permitted to complete the proof. North vol. 17.

America was colonized from Protestant England, South America from Catholic Spain. Where are they now? The advantages of soil, climate and productions, are all in favor of the Southern division of this continent. Yet the states of South America are now following at humble distance, those social institutions which we have long enjoyed. Our very constitution is the daughter of Protestantism. Had there been no Reformation, there would have been no such nation as the United States of America. The acquisition of civil liberty was an unforeseen result of the Reformation. When it commenced, both Protestant and Catholic imagined that they might use the civil power to uphold their own doctrines, and suppress those of their opponents. Calvin had no scruples in resorting to the civil power to burn Servetus. The Reformers in England persecuted the Catholics, when they got possession of the government, and even the Puritans of Boston stained their hands with the blood of the Quakers. But mutual persecution at length sought the different branches of the great Protestant family that church and state ought to be severed forever. Their separation has here been decreed, and both church and state are more prosperous for being independent of each other. Protestantism deserves the gratitude of mankind for this result, if for nothing else.

But we are told, that Protestantism is receding in England, that there is in that country a movement which is carrying back a large body of the Established Church to Romanism. Does not this demonstrate, either that the world is not progressive, or that Protestantism is not an advance upon the institution of Rome? We answer, that England is not consistently Protestant in her religious institutions. She did not fully carry out the principles of the Reformation. Those principles are, "The sufficiency of the Scriptures, and the right of private judgment;" and they cannot be carried out without the establishment of absolute religious freedom, such as we enjoy in this country. The Church of England says, as Protestant, "The Scriptures are sufficient," but, as the Church of England, she says, "You must subscribe the thirty-nine articles." She says, as Protestant, "You have a right to exercise your own judgment in the adoption of rites and ceremonies," but then, as the religion of the state, she says, "You must conform to the Church of England." The consequence is, that her clergy are drawn by two forces, in two opposite directions, one toward Rome, and the other toward consistent Protestantism; and some of them go one way and some the other. It is the natural tendency of the human mind to carry out principles, to advance, and not to become stagmant at any point of its progress.

But Protestantism lies open to the reproach of endless schism and division. It is already divided into countless sects, and may still go on to divide, till every man shall have a church for himself. Protestantism, it is said, contains in itself the seeds of its own destruction. We answer, that perfect unity and uniformity of opinion can exist only in a state of entire ignorance, or in a state of perfect knowledge. cannot differ in opinion upon a subject which they know nothing about, for they then can have no opinion at all. What passes for an opinion is not an opinion. It is mere authority and tradition. That unity and uniformity is worth very little, which is maintained by total ignorance. Unity and uniformity of opinion will be produced by perfect knowledge. No two persons can differ about a thing of which both possess a perfect knowledge. At all intermediate stages between total ignorance and perfect knowledge, there will be differences of opinion, because there will be different degrees of knowledge. A man who has seen but half the ground will probably have a different opinion from what he will have, when he sees the whole. The Protestant church is in a state of progress, from no knowledge, towards a perfect knowledge of the meaning of the Scriptures. Their inquiries were instituted about three hundred years ago, when no such thing as a Bible was seen in the hands of the common people. Within the last forty years more copies of the Bible have been created by the means of printing, than ever existed before. All Protestantism is at work with these newly acquired Bibles, to find out what they teach. They are not to blame for their imperfect knowledge and consequent differences of opinion. They are doing the work which aught to have been done in the thousand years which elapsed when the church was in a profound sleep. Their differences of opinion are the sign of life, activity, energy, independence. From the principles I have indicated, this evil has a tendency to cure itself. The more real knowledge of the Bible there is, the less difference of opinion will there be, as to what it teaches; the more the mind is enlightened, the less stress is it disposed to put on things about which there can be any difference.

But we are told that Protestantism is the half-way house to infidelity. Protestants analyze the Bible till it comes to nothing under their hands, and they become Neologists, Deists, Transcendentalists. We are pointed to Germany, where Protestantism originated, as exhibiting its last results, and those results are a system of negations. We answer, that we feel no alarm at any of the legitimate consequences of Protestantism, which is only another name for free inquiry. In Germany, we deny that the principles of Protestantism are carried out. All chusch

establishments are there fixed as much by law, as in Catholic countries. There is no opportunity for theories to work themselves out, to prove or disprove themselves. Speculation is the wilder from this very cir-Here, in this country, Protestantism is carried out. Transcendentalism has appeared here, and so it did in England, immediately after the Reformation. Here, it will be tried as a practical system. We are willing, for ourselves, to abide the result. So far, it has miserably failed. If the Transcendentalists can discard the supernatural in the Bible, and still return to it as the basis of a religion, we say, let them do it. If they can establish a church upon the authority of Jesus the Philosopher, instead of Jesus the only Mediator between God and man, let them do it. There would indeed seem to be some incongruity in their using Christian places of worship to try the experiment in, and in their availing themselves of the usages and associations of the first day of the week, which commemorates Christ's resurrection from the dead. But let them make a fair experiment. If there be nothing supernatural in the Bible, if it were produced by unaided humanity, then unaided humanity may produce another, equal, if not superior to it. And the only proof of such a possibility that the world will ever admit, will be the production of another Bible, which will meet its wants as well or better than the one they have now. What humanity has done, humanity may do again. This modern school of the prophets of intuition must produce a revelation as consistent and consentaneous as that which was formed by the unstudied agreement of that long succession of prophets who professed to speak as they were moved by the Holy Ghost. But in this point they already fail. They agree in nothing but in pulling down, in starting doubts and raising objections. Until they can agree to build up, they can accomplish nothing. Already there are as many tongues among them as there were in Babel, and even in their objections to the Bible, they have this in common with the false witnesses who attempted to destroy the Saviour, that their witness agreeth not together. Until some one shall appear, who shall bear as much of heaven about him as Jesus of Nazareth, as he has the same unerring wisdom, connected with the same perfect character, - until some one shall arise and utter a discourse like the Sermon on the Mount, as well as still the tempest and raise the dead, Christ will sit where he now does, "above all principality and power," enthroned in the reverence and affection of mankind.

ALONE.

BY MRS. M. G. SLEEPER.

MANY years ago a man of high descent and regal fortune was driven from Paris for his adherence to the Protestant faith. He was deprived of his offices, his property was confiscated, and, with his wife and child, he took refuge in a secluded dell among the mountains of northern Italy. It was in early spring, and the surface of the gleaming snow was smooth and unsoiled, save where the fleet foot of the chamois had left its impress. The axe of the woodman had never rung in the old forests. and no cottage smoke had ever curled upward toward the blue sky. Night closed upon their tenth day's wandering, the clouds parted, and the cold moonbeams disclosed to their eager eyes the opening of a cavern, scarcely distinguished in the dense shadow of the tall firs. It had once been occupied by a holy man, who, in the overflowing of his generous heart, had labored with trembling hands to fit it for other dwellers, and had prayed with his last breath for those who might fly thither, as he had done, from the fury of tyrant kings. In its recesses the wanderers found shelter and repose. They kindled a light, divided their last food, and, crouching on the bed of leaves, drew closely over them their scanty covering. In answer to the old man's pleadings hope once again sprang up in their bosoms, and they called it home.

A few weeks effected great changes in that Alpine glen; closely following them, came the sights and sounds of the beautiful summer. A fountain welled up beneath the branches of a gnarled oak, and its waters lay like liquid light in their mossy basin. A huge grape-vine wreathed itself thickly over the rough rocks, and, in masses of living drapery, shut out the wind and rain. The mother and son sat in the sunshine, and labored diligently for the coming winter. They wove mats for seats, for beds, for a door and lining to their cavern. made baskets and moccasins, and fashioned rude wooden utensils, and gathered for fuel the broken boughs with which the tempests had kindly strewn the earth. Patient and all-enduring were they, and thus cheered the father, who toiled even more industriously than they. With the rising sun he went abroad, and returned at night-fall with fish and game and berries, which he often risked life to gather. He sought for herbs and roots, too, and, when his wife had dried them, descended to the valley, and sold them to the bigoted Catholics, whose anathemas only moved him to pity. Three summers passed thus away, three times was the harvest gethered, three winters heaped their snows high over the retreat of the exiles. Yet clear and warm, and brighter, even, than in the walls of the capital lunked the flame of inextinguishable love,

establishments are there fixed as much by law, as in Catholic countries. There is no opportunity for theories to work themselves out, to prove or disprove themselves. Speculation is the wilder from this very cir-Here, in this country, Protestantism is carried out. Transcendentalism has appeared here, and so it did in England, immediately after the Reformation. Here, it will be tried as a practical system. We are willing, for ourselves, to abide the result. So far, it has miserably failed. If the Transcendentalists can discard the supernatural in the Bible, and still return to it as the basis of a religion, we say, let them do it. If they can establish a church upon the authority of Jesus the Philosopher, instead of Jesus the only Mediator between God and man, let them do it. There would indeed seem to be some incongruity in their using Christian places of worship to try the experiment in, and in their availing themselves of the usages and associations of the first day of the week, which commemorates Christ's resurrection from the dead. But let them make a fair experiment. If there be nothing supernatural in the Bible, if it were produced by unaided humanity, then unaided humanity may produce another, equal, if not superior to it. And the only proof of such a possibility that the world will ever admit, will be the production of another Bible, which will meet its wants as well or better than the one they have now. What humanity has done, humanity may do again. This modern school of the prophets of intuition must produce a revelation as consistent and consentaneous as that which was formed by the unstudied agreement of that long succession of prophets who professed to speak as they were moved by the Holy Ghost. But in this point they already fail. They agree in nothing but in pulling down, in starting doubts and raising objections. Until they can agree to build up, they can accomplish nothing. Already there are as many tongues among them as there were in Babel, and even in their objections to the Bible, they have this in common with the false witnesses who attempted to destroy the Saviour, that their witness agreeth not together. Until some one shall appear, who shall bear as much of heaven about him as Jesus of Nazareth, as he has the same unerring wisdom, connected with the same perfect character, - until some one shall arise and utter a discourse like the Sermon on the Mount, as well as still the tempest and raise the dead, Christ will sit where he now does, "above all principality and power," enthroped in the reverence and affection of mankind.

ALONE.

BY MRS. M. G. SLEEPER.

MANY years ago a man of high descent and regal fortune was driven from Paris for his adherence to the Protestant faith. He was deprived of his offices, his property was confiscated, and, with his wife and child, he took refuge in a secluded dell among the mountains of northern Italy. It was in early spring, and the surface of the gleaming snow was amooth and unsoiled, save where the fleet foot of the chamois had left its impress. The axe of the woodman had never rung in the old forests, and no cottage smoke had ever curled upward toward the blue sky. Night closed upon their tenth day's wandering, the clouds parted, and the cold moonbeams disclosed to their eager eyes the opening of a cavern, scarcely distinguished in the dense shadow of the tall firs. It had once been occupied by a holy man, who, in the overflowing of his generous heart, had labored with trembling hands to fit it for other dwellers, and had prayed with his last breath for those who might fly thither, as he had done, from the fury of tyrant kings. In its recesses the wanderers found shelter and repose. They kindled a light, divided their last food, and, crouching on the bed of leaves, drew closely over them their scanty covering. In answer to the old man's pleadings hope once again sprang up in their bosoms, and they called it home.

A few weeks effected great changes in that Alpine glen; closely following them, came the sights and sounds of the beautiful summer. A fountain welled up beneath the branches of a gnarled oak, and its waters lay like liquid light in their mossy basin. A huge grape-vine wreathed itself thickly over the rough rocks, and, in masses of living drapery, shut out the wind and rain. The mother and son sat in the sunshine, and labored diligently for the coming winter. They wove mats for seats, for beds, for a door and lining to their cavern. They made baskets and moccasins, and fashioned rude wooden utensils, and gathered for fuel the broken boughs with which the tempests had kindly strewn the earth. Patient and all-enduring were they, and thus cheered the father, who toiled even more industriously than they. With the rising sun he went abroad, and returned at night-fall with fish and game and berries, which he often risked life to gather. He sought for herbs and roots, too, and, when his wife had dried them, descended to the valley, and sold them to the bigoted Catholics, whose anathemas only moved him to pity. Three summers passed thus away, three times was the harvest gethered, three winters heaped their snows high over the retreat of the exiles. Yet clear and warm, and brighter, even, than in the walls of the capital lusked the flame of inextinguishable love.

"Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth," said the father, meekly, as he kissed the brow of his wife, and knew not that the words were prophetic. On he went with his boy, his Lelen, by his side. Their search was less successful than usual, and he proceeded farther than was his wont, although his eye could scarcely penetrate the thick mist which rolled itself into columns in the hollows and ravines. They reached a chasm, and, waving back his son, the father sprang forward. Scarcely had he made the effort when a breeze dispersed the vapor, revealing the abyss in its depth and blackness. Terror seized him. His limbs became powerless, and, with a cry of agony, he was dashed upon the rocks a hundred feet below.

Lelen looked down, but could distinguish nothing in the profound gloom. He called, but received no answer; louder, but there was no reply; again, but echo alone gave back a voice. He covered his face, and grew sick at heart. All day long watched he in grief and fear, sometimes half hoping, and then almost phrenzied with disappointment. When the sun went down he bent his steps homeward. "My mother! my poor mother!" he exclaimed, when he came in sight of their dwelling, and he threw himself on the ground and wept bitterly again.

"Why are you so late?" called his mother, as he approached. "The air is cold at this hour, and it is not well to breathe it." She lighted a taper, and saw the tears bathing his pale cheeks. "What has happened, my boy?" she exclaimed. "And thy father, why comes he not? Has any evil befallen him? Speak! answer, my son!"

Lelen turned from her anxious glance, and, pointing to a lofty summit, just visible in the dim moonlight, murmured, "He is there."

"And why did he not return? You weep! You shudder! Ay! I know it! Your father is——" her eyes grew fixed and glassy, animation fled, and she fell heavily on the rocky floor of the cavern.

For an hour she lay still and death-like, while Lelen bent frantically over her, kissing her white lips, and wildly uttering her name. Consciousness returned, and, with the early light, she resumed her usual tasks. Then she took a basket, and motioned her son to follow. Diligently she sought such herbs as her husband had procured, and carefully she dried them. But the transition from her in-door life to the cold of frosty heights, the sweeping night winds, and the morning dew, soon shattered a constitution already impaired by sorrow.

She knew that her last hour must soon come, yet she shrunk from communicating this knowledge to her boy. More rapidly than she was herself aware the disease progressed, and, one afternoon, she lay on her hard bed dying, and her son stood not by her side. More and more troubled grew her glance, more and more restlessly she turned toward the open door; again, and again she listened. At length she heard his

rapid foot-fall. He bounded forward, and knelt, breathlessly, at her side. She smiled as usual, extended her hand feebly toward him, and, rallying all her failing powers, said, "Never, my son, deny the faith of thy parents. O! would to God we had taught thee more diligently, for—" and her voice grew thrilling in her agony, "I must leave thee alone." Her head drooped, and when Lelen laid her back upon the pillow she was dead.

"Alone!" shricked the boy. "Alone! alone!" and through the whole of that long, dreary night the cavern echoed from its flinty sides the terrible word "Alone!"

He told his melancholy story to those with whom he had trafficked, and a few peasants hurriedly laid his mother in unconsecrated earth. But no one would receive him. No one would permit a heretic to sit by his hearth, and, as they withdrew, he lay down on the grave, and seemed to give to the wind a portion of his own soul in the fearfully uttered word "Alone!"

It was very chilly, and the rain fell in torrents, but he felt it not for the pain in his breaking heart. Slowly he returned to the cavern, crept with a shiver to his little bed, and, when the day dawned, he set out for Paris. "Surely," he said, "there are there some of my father's faith."

Gathering information from the travellers he chanced to meet, living upon fruit and roots, and drinking from the streams beside the way, he toiled on and on till he reached the city. But his applications for work were repulsed. His tattered garments, emaciated figure and wild eye inspired fear rather than compassion. He made no complaints, yet at each refusal he murmured, with the wailing accent so infinitely sad from the lips of childhood, "Alone."

He sat down upon some steps, and a man answered with kind words the mute appeal of his suffering face. They were the first which had met his ear since his mother's death, and the tears, which had been checked by the very intensity of his grief, flowed, lessening the torture of his heart. He entered the service of the good man, but, though promptly and meekly obedient, he seemed a being apart from his race. His replenished wardrobe, his comfortable room, the gifts lavished upon him for his fidelity, were received with thanks, but the faint smile had in it no warmth, betokened no joy. It soon faded, and that dirge-like tone filled the chamber.

Six months passed thus when he was, one Sabbath, attracted toward a pretty church in the suburbs of the city. He did not enter the inner door, but he permitted no word to escape him. The preacher was of middle age, with a face and figure that indicated profound repose. The eyes which looked out from beneath the clear and somewhat massive

brow beamed mildly on his people, his attitude and air breathed only peace. His theme was Jesus Christ; his rich, flexible voice heightened the effect of the harmonious truths he uttered. He exhibited Him in each of his offices, but he dwelt longest and most feelingly upon His infinite love. His emotion became excessive when he spoke of His acquaintance with every form of human woe, and the adaptation of His blessings, not only to the outward and tangible, but to the more wearing griefs of which the world can know nothing, and for which it can provide no remedy. He described the soul thirsting for a resting place, pluming her pinions for flight, then sinking faint and exhausted back again to earth. He drew touching pictures of desolated homes, of extinguished hearth-fires, of hearts whose hopes were buried beneath the sod. Earnest, and full of entreaty grew his words when he besought his people to trust the all-embracing love of a risen Saviour; and it seemed less the voice of the preacher than the unutterable melody of the truth, which floated over the audience, when he exclaimed, "He who has Jesus Christ is not alone!"

The boy's heart beat with a new-born hope. He forgot the place, felt not the jostling of the crowd passing from the building, saw only the preacher, and moving forward, he said, with a supplicating gaze, "O! tell me where I may find Jesus Christ, for I am all alone."

The pastor looked tenderly into the young man's face eagerly upturned, pressed the hand that lay on his, and answered, "Come with me, my child, for I, too, have been alone."

Hastily they trod the street, and entered the pastor's study. Pleasant books covered the walls, and pictures and memorials of far-off lands, but the voices of his kindred were never heard there. A chord which he had thought would remain silent through his whole life responded in mournful music to the boy's touch, and he drew closer and closer to him, then clasped him to his bosom. It was long ere he could speak, but, his emotion once subdued, he reverted to his ever welcome theme. Tenderly as a mother he talked to him of Jesus Christ, told him how He had won children to His side, taken them to His arms, laid His hand among their curls and blessed them as He only could bless. And the homeless one drank in the beautiful truths. Doubt and fear vanished, and he breathed softly in the pastor's ear, for his new found happiness seemed almost too sacred for speech, "I also am not alone." The two knelt in the moonlight, and their thanksgiving went up to the Father blended with the songs of angels over the lost one found.

Seventeen years afterwards there stood an imposing building upon the site of the little church. Every part of the vast edifice was full to overflowing. Beneath, around, above, even among the carved and

gilded decorations crowded the representatives of all ages and either sex. From the palaces of her nobles, the dwellings of her merchants, the abodes of poverty, the dens of pollution and of crime, Paris poured forth its multitudes.

A younger preacher occupied the same desk, and his matchless eloquence had filled France with his name. A wild expression, it was said, embodying fearful and protracted suffering, gave to his address strange earnestness and power. His glance sought the depths of the human heart. With rare skill he brought to light the hidden things of its inmost recesses. When repress was needed the very pulses of his hushed audience seemed stilled with the terror of his words; when he offered consolation they fell upon the spirit like dew on the early blossom. His style, exquisitely clear and simple, was intelligible to the most illiterate, and they who went restless and sad returned with better and higher hopes.

A white haired man sat in a cushioned chair and looked with love on the preacher. Their souls mingled even when no words were spoken. The childless and the homeless were joined in a union which time might indeed strengthen, but otternity alone could perfect.

MEMORIES.

Husa, hush! I would remember
A scene left long ago,
When the skies were soft and brilliant
With a deep September glow.

Hush, hush! bleak wind of winter!

I would recall the air

Breathed from the lips of summer

Upon my forehead there.

Bright, beautiful, guy morning! I wander with thee now; The dew-drops in the sunlight, Like jewels on thy brow:

Thy arm in mine is recting,

Like that of a pleasant friend:

And thy words are kind and gentle

As thine eyes that on me bend.

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We leave the dusty village: —
We take the grassy lane,
Winding along the pastures
And the golden fields of grain:

We track the tangled woodland:
We mount the breezy hill,
Whence far the prospect stretches
To the mountains dim and still.

But stay, through yonder branches, Beyond the next ploughed field, Lo! bright the water glimmers Like the sheen of a silver shield.

We reached the glistening water,—
We strolled along the shore,
And thought, in the perfect stillness,
Of the days to come no more.

But few short years had faded, Since one most dearly prized Had stood on the same green margin, With aims unrealized.

He had dreamt as I was dreaming While gazing on that wave, And laid up hopes for the future: They are buried in his grave.

But his voice was in the music Sweeping my saddened ear; In the murmuring wind and the water He spoke to the wanderer here.

And the hour of thoughtful beauty, Spent by that tranquil lake, Has been often and fondly dwelt on For that friend's beloved sake.

The heart may well remember; Whatever brings it bliss: But let it also ponder A mournful page like this; Whereon is writ some record
Of nobleness and worth,
And of warm, unsullied feelings
Once numbered on the earth.

For it gives a better impulse

To the rushing waves of life,
And may check to unwonted quiet

Their whirling current of strife,

To be sometimes reminded

How near is the daily love,

And how precious the example

Of friends who have gone above.

R. P. R.

CHILDHOOD'S MISSION.

BY REV. S. D. ROBBINS.

BEAUTIFUL children, everywhere, - floral apostles, they gladden our life in every pathway. Numberless as stars they rise and shine and set in the universal firmament. Fresh and heaven-freighted, they arrive every day on the shore of time, and every day they are engulphed in the dark sea that rolls round the world. Every home has its own joys. Every father's and mother's heart is full of tenderest anxieties drawn forth by their beloved infants, or, with serene peace, looks beyond the grassy grave for them in safe mansions of eternal rest. And memory, to every man that lives, discovers, hidden deep and sacred in the shadow of the past, the faithful picture, sad or joyful, of his early days. It cannot be that the lessons so universally taught us by the record and the experience of every heart, should be without significance, without deepest instructions. The scripture picture of Jesus and the child has a perennial beauty, a perpetual pertinency. Let us gaze upon it lovingly now, that in the spirit of the Son of God we may understand the mysterious and magnificent mission of childhood. To his reverent soul the spirit of a little child was regarded as a solemn and beautiful type of his religion. And if we will study its deep and hidden meaning, it may do much to reveal to us the highest wisdom of the spiritual world.

Perhaps the first lesson taught us by childhood, is the nearness in which God stands to the human soul, — his direct personal regard, I

might almost say, his pure family affection for man; for never can the Divine Mind be revealed as so closely united to our souls as when first we fold to our glad hearts the new born immortals which we call our children. God sends us then, as from his own bosom, our parental spirit, - a new inspiration, an added tie to heaven, a new spiritual element before unfelt, and altogether beyond description or even conception. Though often unrecognised, and rarely appreciated, yet does this new bond to heaven move the very lowest depths of our Godlike nature, and would, if closely studied and carefully nurtured, lead man from whatever stage of previous indifference, from whatever depths of former degradation, upwards to purest faith and holiest religion; would surely bring to the soul the highest spiritual wisdom. Not more certainly does the instinct of the lower orders of creation, increased by fondness for their young, lead them to the outer limits of their nature to provide for and defend their offspring, although at the sacrifice of their own lives, than would the parental spirit in the human bosom lead man to seek the highest good of his own child, bearing him on from one stage of truth and holiness to another, till, for his infant's sake, he had entered the kingdom of heaven. The spirit of God dwelling in us awakens all the loftiest energies of our active nature; it first teaches us the great necessity of true life; it extends the intellect, it exalts the heart, it gives a new zest and meaning to our being; it calls on us to throw our whole souls into action, and was implanted in us that it might bring out into their full play, and exert, to their highest degree, all the powers of our humanity.

The second great lesson that childhood teaches, is that of love, selfsacrificing, pure, long-suffering love. In utter helplessness, cast into our life, with what supplicating eyes full of unlimited faith they rest cradled upon our hearts. They feel safe with us. They cling to our being with serenest peace, and how does the new love they bring with them touch and move and glorify our souls! Would we could so rest on God, as they repose on our unworthy bosoms! How many spirits have been purified and upborne by the presence of infant innocence, and the ties which childhood binds round the soul, which love less exalting could never teach! Pictures of this love, - who has not seen them adorning every home, and making light those burdens which the world only binds, never lifts off from human destiny? I stood one day before the door of a low, dark home, across which the gilded spire of one of our metropolitan churches flung its chilling shadow, and as I mused in thoughtful sadness over the mystery of the penury and impurity that stain our Christian streets, I saw a mother clothed in rags seize from the reeking pavement her infant son; upward she bore him

to her breast, with a glow of joy that even poverty could not quench, and suddenly she was transfigured there before my face; her countenance was as of the sun; her raiment bright as the light; she stood forth a Madonna in her misery; and my doubts were put to flight, my questions were all answered. Thus does God's love overshadow us all, and no home, however sad, wants his presence, where childhood smiles as a summer.

The love we bear our children, too, is ever leading us out of ourselves, leading us to make sacrifices for them, which before we never believed ourselves capable of making. We watch by their couch of pain with angel tenderness, we live over our lives in their sunshine; we suffer in their sorrows; and in their sins we become regenerated. We feel that their wrongs grow out of our own transgressions, and, with deepest anxiety we plead with them to seek and pursue the right. We stand lowly and convicted before them, and repent in their failures sins for which we found no tears before. Indeed, the knowledge we gain from their teachings, the spiritual life and peace we reap from their guidance, are among the chief blessings which they confer on us, pouring back again, with a fuller love than the Roman daughter, the tide of life into our hearts. They are, indeed, our teachers. Here, as life rolls on, and they press up the dangerous steeps of manhood, do we gather new power to solve the great mysteries of our life, and gain new truths, and fortify our souls with new power. For them. our obedience of the right grows more perfect; for them we learn to be all that we would seek to make them. And their fidelity to us. springing from love, their willing obedience, their joy in our smiles, their sorrow at our rebukes, - how well do these symbolize the great principles of the religion of Jesus, who binds us to God as unto a Father! If we will only look into our own hearts, we shall find one by one, every great precept of Christianity revealed in the life of a true and tenderparent. As those whom we so love rely on our affections, so should we lean on God. As we would do all things for their sakes, so should we feel that God will do all for us. As they are never out of our thoughts, so are we never out of his thoughts. As they need not ask us any thing, so is he more ready to give than we are to ask or think. And so, every pang they bear is a teacher to us, calling forth our deepest tenderness, leading us to bow with unknown earnestness in prayerfor their succor, and to feel that there must be a God to take care of them, when beyond the limits of our farthest reaching affections.

Beautiful indeed is the religion that shines out in the life of a true childhood. These are no marvels, for God, to the child, is all in all, and everywhere. There is no breakage in the golden chain of his you. IV.

trusting thought. All are brothers and sisters here to his large and unselfish heart. The highest truths of Jesus are all simple to his confiding thoughts. The shadows of life we watch with fear, to them are only as the clouds that fly away before the sun. Time has no limit to their thought; knowledge is as plain as the thought of the coming spring; while death is only as winter,—the winding sheet of flowers which will only blossom in greater beauty.

Indeed, we are deeply indebted to them all, for the sweet light they shed on our way; for the new truths they bring with them; for our burdens lightened by their love; for our faith enkindled and confirmed by their reliance; for the joy they pour out along their life; for the heaven they prepare us to reach when they go away. As in the high Alpine mountains there are beautiful pasture-grounds in almost inaccessible summits, whither the shepherds bear their lambs in their bosoms, that the sheep may be tempted up where before they had not strength to go, so the Good Shepherd bears our children to the sunny fields of heaven that we may gain new fortitude to follow up in the parrow way.

How precious too is the example of their docility; their profound belief in their possibilities, - walking forth to grasp the sun and the moon as for toys, and to span the arch of heaven in their tiny grasp! With their hearts of innocence, how does the great pageant of evil excite their solemn wonder! With consciences animated as by the constant presence of God, how does that pageant fly before them and leave them unscathed! Shall we not learn then, from these great heavenanointed teachers, whose angels do always behold the face of the Father in Heaven? Shall we not bow in reverence before them, and for their sakes be holy? Shall we not love them, guard them and keep their feet from falling from their Father's kingdom? Up and down through the high-ways and by-ways of human life, how are they everywhere exposed! What yawning abysses of degradation wait to receive them! The children of the rich, the children of the poor, everywhere, how do they chant forth the chorus of the redeemed at their birth; and the song of the nativity, -how is it repeated on every side at the advent of every new messiah! How, too, does the united wail of the innocents go up to Heaven! And still one long, loud tone sounds out from all, - " Keep our eyes from tears, our feet from falliug, and our souls from death."

Let us, then, be wise to obey the mission that childhood bears. Let us seek to keep the child fresh in our hearts that we too may be of the kingdom of Heaven.

CHRIST'S TRIUMPHAL ENTRY INTO JERUSALEM.

JESUS was now coming to Jerusalem, at the approach of the Passover at which he knew that he was to suffer. The eyes of the whole Jewish nation were intently fixed upon him. His words of heavenly truth and wisdom, and his many miracles of mercy, had drawn universal attention towards him. In Galilee, where the greater part of his public ministry was spent, the common people, who had no interest in opposing or rejecting him, heard him gladly. Though be appeared very differently from what they were expecting of the Messiah, they might still hope he would assume that character; at least, they were willing to acknowledge him as the most wonderful prophet that had yet been sent to their nation. In the city of Jerusalem, however, the case was There the people were more under the influence of the Scribes and Pharisees, the teachers and representatives of the national religion, who opposed and hated Jesus, seeing in his growing influence with the multitude, the destruction of their own ill gotten and ill used authority, and in his pure and spiritual morality, a stern rebuke of their external and ceremonial religion, which they made a cloak for every kind of secret corruption. Still, however, we may observe in the Gospel narrative, plain indications of a favorable disposition toward Jesus, even in the populace of the city; and of great jealousy of it, and anxiety to suppress it, on the part of the rulers of the nation. popular enthusiasm, which had probably been gathering strength with the progress of our Lord's ministry, seems to have been brought to a height that demanded some expression, by the raising of Lazarus, - the most stupendous of his miracles, - a miracle which his enemies could not deny, though they would not admit the conclusion to which it seemed irresistibly to lead, that he was a messenger from God. This miracle the Evangelist John speaks of, as one of the principal causes that moved the multitudes to go forth and lead Jesus in triumph to the Holy City. "The people," he says, "that was with him, when he called Lazarus out of his grave, and raised him from the dead, bare record. For this cause the people also met him, for that they heard that he had done this miracle."

Jesus perceiving the enthusiasm of the people, and their disposition to render him some extraordinary tribute of homage, yielded to it. He sent two of his disciples to the neighboring village, to borrow an ass, the owners of which readily lent it upon the simple intimation, that the great teacher needed it. It was no mark of extraordinary humiliation that Jesus rode on an animal of this kind; the Jews had no low or degrading associations with it. It was commonly used for travelling in times

It therefore merely marked the pacific character of the Saviour's triumph. He came, not on the war-horse, or in the chariot of battle, but surrounded by the emblems of peace. His conquests had been those alone of beneficence and mercy, and the only captives who followed his progress, were those who had been won by love. As he proceeded, the people expressed their reverence for him, by the customary eastern signs of spreading their garments and the broad leaves of the palm tree in his path. Their way led over the Mount of Olives, which lay between Bethany and Jerusalem. As they reached its summit, the Holy City, and its magnificent temple visible from its foundation, burst upon their view; that city with which all their proudest national recollections were connected, and which they hoped would become, under the reign of the Messiah, the sacred metropolis of the earth, - that temple, which for its vastness, beauty and splendor alone, was worthy of the highest admiration, and which to the Jewish eye was clothed with an awful sanctity. It was the loved residence of his heaven-taught religion; within its sacred precincts alone, could the most solemn rites of that religion be performed, and in its holy of holies was the divine presence perpetually manifested by a visible sign. All the feelings kindled by this spectacle blended naturally with the expectations they had begun to entertain of Jesus; and the whole multitude began to rejoice and praise God, with a loud voice, for all the mighty works that they had seen, saying, blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord; peace in heaven and glory in the highest.

But Jesus himself well knew how transient was this pageant. He knew that he was entering the city in triumph, to suffer there, within a few days, an ignominious death. He knew that though a portion of the people were paying him sincere homage, yet the nation, as a body, would not receive him as their promised deliverer, that for their rejection of him, they would be thrust down from their high place as the chosen people, and the beautiful city and temple that lay before him would be given up to destruction. He was not for a moment deceived by the expression he was receiving of the popular favor. He looked through it to the ultimate consequences of his mission to the Jewish people. In the midst of this joy and triumph, he who was the cause and object of it all, was in tears. He looked on the doomed city and wept over it; - that city which had been so highly favored, but was so corrupt: which had been the scene of so many miraculous interpositions; where the prophets of the old dispensation had uttered their stern rebukes, and solemn warnings, and glorious predictions; and in whose streets the Son of God had wrought his miracles of mercy, and delivered his messages of divine truth; but which had killed the prophets, and stoned them that had been sent unto it, and was now soon to fill up the measure of its iniquity, by crucifying the Messish; — over this city, whose signal overthrow he distinctly foresaw and described, he, the most illustrious of its victims, shed tears of divine compassion. "If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things that belong to thy peace! But now they are hid from thine eyes."

The morning after * this entrance into the city, Jesus went into the temple, and cast out from it the money changers, and the dealers in cattle, who had been accustomed to pursue their traffic within its consecrated limits. It may seem strange, that such a desecration of the temple should ever have been permitted to grow into a custom. Though there was very little genuine piety and sincere reverence for holy things left among the Jews, yet, for that very reason, were they the more scrupulous in maintaining external and ceremonial observances; and it might naturally be supposed they would be extremely careful to guard the sanctity of their temple from violation. The fact is in some measure, explained by the circumstance, that the temple consisted of successive courts or enclosures, one within another, each one of which was conmidered more sacred than that which surrounded it, the last of which, the Holy of Holies, could be entered by the High Priest alone once a year. The outermost of these courts was called the court of the Gentiles, and thus far and no farther, were heathen ever permitted to enter the Jewish temple. It was natural that the Jews, from their contempt of the heathen, should have come to have little regard for the sacredness of this part of the building. Here it was that cattle were exposed for sale, for the convenience of those who came to offer sacrifices, and tables for the exchange of money kept, to accommodate those who came to pay the annual tribute, demanded of every Hebrew, for the support of the temple service. Probably much extortion was practised

"So it appears from the narrative of Mark (xi. 11—16.) who interposes a night, and the withering of the fig-tree, between the entrance into the city and the parification of the temple. From Matthew's account alone, we should get the impression, that the temple was cleared immediately after the entrance into the city. But he does not expressly say so, and his account, compared with Mark, would present no difficulty, if he had not placed the withering of the fig-tree after the clearing of the temple. This difficulty, however, is a very small one. It is easy to conceive, that Matthew should relate in immediate connection, the two events of chief importance, and then go back to relate the incident of the fig-tree. According to an obviously reasonable rule, always observed in such cases, the order of Mark's narrative must be adopted, as being the more circumstantial. The purification of the temple, by being thus separated by a night from the triumphant entry, is farther removed from the appearance of being done under excitement, and is more satisfactorily shown to have been a calm and deliberate act.



on those whose necessities compelled them to resort to these dealers. This practice, then, was entirely wrong; and though allowed by public opinion, could not be defended by any of the principles of the Jewish religion. Jesus, with a majesty and authority which must have appeared in his whole person and manner, which overawed the guilty violators of the sacred place, and forbad contradiction or resistance, drove them from the temple. Perhaps we cannot, at the present day, fully understand this extraordinary act of our Lord. It appears, at first sight, an exception to his usual gentle and retired deportment, to have rendered him liable to censure and persecution from his enemies, and to have had a tendency to excite a popular tumult. Yet is the act justified, if we may be permitted to use the word in such a connection, by the result. His enemies, however disposed to find fault with him, could not take hold of it. They could not but acknowledge, that the desecration of the temple was an abuse that ought to be corrected. The Scribes and Pharisees, who directed public opinion in matters of religion, and who might themselves have abolished the practice, must have felt themselves severely rebuked by our Lord's act. Those immediately affected by it, dared not resist or complain, and although in the excited state of the public mind, such an act seemed likely to produce commotion, no such effect actually followed. It was the act of Jesus alone. The admiring multitude about him had no share in it. It was performed in such a manner, as to make them feel that their low and earthly passions had nothing to do with it.

When they who had thus profaned the temple, had been driven from it, the lame and the blind came to him, and he healed them there, and he taught daily in the temple, during the short remainder of his How appropriate was this use of the sacred building. ministry. was meet that the Son of God should thus exercise, in his Father's house, the divine powers the Father had given him, at once to prove his heavenly mission, and to scatter through the land the blessings of bodily health, in the train of the healing spiritual influences which the Gospel was to spread over the whole earth. It was meet that from this place. in which centred all the sacred influences of the old dispensation, should go forth those words of peace and truth, which were to fulfil and perfect the design which the law began. Then was accomplished the prophecy, that the glory of the second temple should surpass that of the first. Not the cloud that filled the first temple at its dedication, nor the light that dwelt between the cherubim of the mercy seat, were so full or so affecting manifestations of God's presence, as his presence now in the person of his Son, showing itself in beneficent miracle, and speaking to the world the words of salvation.

The question, what was the special reason, why Jesus permitted himself to be thus borne in triumph to the city, and exercised his power to purge the temple, cannot perhaps, be fully answered. We may not be able to understand all the bearings of those acts, or to appreciate the whole effect they might have in the eyes of a few. Probably, however, they are to be regarded as an explicit and striking assertion of our Lord's claim to be the Messiah. This claim Jesus had refrained from making, at the commencement of his ministry. At that time, it would have been sure to be misunderstood, and would have been fatal to the object of the mission. The nation were looking for a temporal and military leader, - a warring and conquering Messiah. Had he announced himself, at once, and before his personal character had become known, as the long expected object of their desires and hopes, it would have been a signal of universal revolt. He was indeed the Christ, and in him were to be fulfilled the prophecies respecting that personage, but in a widely different sense from that which was popularly attached to them. His life and his word were to be the power of God unto salvation, and it was necessary that there should be an opportunity of that life being observed, and that word broadly disseminated, before the true meaning of the claim could be understood. Accordingly he uniformly discouraged every indication of a dispositon to give him that title, and when Peter, in the name of the disciples, acknowledged him as the Christ, he charged them to tell no man. But now, the time was come for publicly making this claim. He had lived sometime in the sight of the nation. He had taught the multitudes of Galilee, in the synagogues of their towns and villages, on the mountains, by the sea-shore, and in the desert. He had attended the great festivals at Jerusalem, and had proclaimed his Gospel in its streets, and in the porches of the temple. In both city and country, he had freely exercised his divine powers, in healing every kind of disease, in miraculously multiplying food for the supply of hungry thousands, in controlling the elements, in raising the dead. He was universally and well known. Would the nation receive him as their Messiah? This question, it is conceived, was submitted to them, by the significant acts of his triumphant entrance into Jerusalem, and his authoritative vindication of the sanctity of the temple. mode of his entrance was in exact conformity with an ancient prophecy, which was understood to refer to the Messiah. "Tell ye the daughter of Sion, behold thy king cometh unto thee, meek, and sitting upon an ass, and a colt, the foal of an ass." The title, "Son of David," by which the multitude hailed Jesus, was one by which the Messiah was commonly designated, and was exclusively applied to him. By using this title, therefore, they acknowledged him to be the Messiah, as explicitly as if that name had been directly used. Some Pharisees who were present, offended at the use of this title, but afraid to show any opposition to it, applied to Jesus, with the hope that he would discountenance it; but he replied, "I tell you, if these should hold their peace, the stones would immediately cry out." And afterward, when the children in the temple were crying, "Hosanna to the Son of David," they said to him, "Hearest thou what these say?" Wilt thou suffer thyself to be called the Messiah? Wilt thou sanction, by thy silence, the application of that sacred name to thyself? And he answered, Yea; have ye never read, out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise?

We cannot say, that the expulsion of the traders from the temple, was an act that the Jews thought could be rightfully performed by the Messiah alone. But certainly it was an assumption of extraordinary authority. No individual had a right to exercise it in his private capacity. He who took it upon himself, must have meant to be understood as declaring himself a messenger from God. Perhaps, by a few he could not have been understood otherwise than as claiming to be the Messiah. Certain it is, that all the conversations between Jesus and his opponents, after this event, imply a tacit understanding, on both sides, that he claimed to be the Christ. This may be perceived, especially, in their inquiry, "By what authority doest thou these things, and who gave thee this authority?" - and the manner in which Jesus met it. He replies to their questions indirectly, by asking their opinion of the mission of John the Baptist, whether it was divine or not? John had distinctly pointed out Jesus as the Messiah. If John was a divine messenger, Jesus was the Messiah! The chief priests and elders would not acknowledge the divinity of the Baptist's mission, because it would have been a virtual admission of the Messiahship of Jesus; yet they dared not deny it, for fear of the people. This conversation shows as clearly, by implication, as if it had been directly asserted in words, that Jesus claimed to be the Christ, and that his claim was sustained by proof which his adversaries had neither the power nor the courage to dispute.

We have contemplated Jesus in the one short season of his outward triumph. How extraordinary that triumph. How unlike any the world had ever seen. How much more truly glorious. It was customary for the Reman generals, on their return from a successful war, to enter the capital in triumph, followed by their victorious armies, exhibiting in ostentatious array the wealth, the costly furniture, the precious vessels, and beautiful works of art, which they had brought back from pillaged and ruined cities, and dragging in chains at their chariot wheels

long trains of weeping and naked captives. What tears and bloodshed did one of those triumphs cost. What sorrow and misery did that gorgeous show in fact represent. It spoke of burning towns, of ravaged fields, of violated and desolated homes, of death and agony dealt out to thousands on the battle-field, of the wretchedness of widows and orphans, of fruitful and populous regions changed to deserts. Truly may it be said of the warrior, "destruction and misery are in his path." And this was what the world called glory; — what a mighty majority of the world, even the Christian world, after the enjoyment of eighteen centuries of Gospel light, still continues to call so. How strange that men should thus have united in singing the praises of their direct scourges; that they should have encouraged, by their homage, this wide and wanton destruction of human life, and the means of human welfare. Turn from these bloody and polluted triumphs to that of Jesus. How complete the contrast it presents. Not a single heart could protest against it. No one could say, It was purchased by my sorrow or suffering. It was a triumph of no bodily force, of no form of worldly power. It was a triumph of love. His miraculous powers, undoubtedly, drew multitudes around him, and invested him with a spiritual grandeur which commanded their reverence; but a deeper tone was given to that reverence, by the fact that his power had always been disinterestedly used; never for his own purposes, never to confound his enemies; but always to bless others. It was a triumph of beneficence and mercy. The blind, whose eyes he had opened to the day, were there to behold and bless him. The dumb, whose tongues he had waloosed, spake his praises. The insane, whom he had restored to reason, the lame and maimed, to whom he had given strength and soundness, the hungry, whose need he had miraculously supplied, the poer, into whose darkened minds and desolate hearts he had poured the rays of divine truth, and shed drops of heavenly comfort, perhaps the dead whom he had recalled to life, were there to swell his triumphant train, and bear willing testimony to the various and wonderful signs, by which he showed that he came from God.

It was indeed a most just triumph; but how transient. How soon did these shouts of popular homage die away. As we comtemplate it, it seems a short triumphent progress to the cross. Yet is it a type of the final and complete triumph of Jesus in the world. That sentiment of reverence for him, which here gained a brief expression from the lips of a Jewish multitude, is deeply seated in man's heart of hearts. His is the character that commands the homage and love of man's higher and better nature. It will therefore continue to be more worthily appreciated. As man is continually elevated and improved by the sacred

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presence of that character in the world, he will understand it better, and admire and love it more. That great Roman empire, which began in robbery, and continued in incessant war, and throve by oppression, and was cemented with blood, has long since passed away. Time has falsified its proud boast, that it should never be moved. Its renown is the subject of ancient history. But that humble individual, - humble in reference to the world's estimation of greatness, - whose life was passed in one of the obscure provinces of that empire, and was closed by the ignominious death that Rome reserved for the vilest of malefactors, was silently laying the foundations of a kingdom that shall never end, - a kingdom in the hearts of men, - a kingdom of righteousness and love. There is no permanence like that of truth; - no power in the universe so sure to prevail as that of love; no glory so enduring as that of self-sacrificing beneficence. These are the elements of Christ's greatness. Therefore is his kingdom an everlasting kingdom; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against his Church. C. P.

LOVE MIGHTIER THAN FORCE.

YESTERDAY Spring was with us, bright and beautiful, with her sweet smile wooing sullen old Winter to relent. His heart for a time seemed touched; but to-day, repenting of his clemency, he has armed himself with all his weapons, storm and gust, blinding snow and biting cold, and seems resolved to do battle for every inch of ground manfully to the last. The little bare spots, which I watched yesterday so lovingly and so hopefully, are all buried beneath the snow; and nothing but the unchanging order of the seasons indicates that nature will ever bloom again. Yet I know that she will arise from her tomb; for the promise has never been revoked that "seed time and harvest, summer and winter, shall not fail." The sun will resume his wonted power over the earth. Silently and slowly, but surely, he will awaken in her cold and frozen bosom the pulses of life; and the bleak and barren waste will be transformed into the blooming and fruitful field.

My heart accepts the augury. Thus shall it be in the moral world. The law of force shall yield to the law of love. Love is the great principle which shall revivify the world. Man has long striven to reform his fellow man, by force and terror; but, as in the old fable, the more bitter the blast of scorn and ignominy the more closely has man wrapped about him the cloak of hypocrisy and hardness of heart. But let the warm rays of benevolence fall upon him, and he will discard the cumbrous garment, and lay his whole soul open to the quickening power of love.

THE CALENDAR.

Hast thou ever seen in the miner's book
The hours and days gone by?
For there thou canst read, at a single look
And with unerring eye,
In color, and whiteness,
The labor and rest
With which the miner's life is drest.

Their almanac * is a curious thing,

A tell-tale of their task;

For the master-miner his lamp may bring,

And have no need to ask

If faithful or not

To their tedious lot

The workmen have been in the darksome grot.

So, deep in the mines of the human heart,
A crystallizing leaf
Is receiving the tints of the varying part,
For future joy or grief,
The occupant plays.
Resplendent with rays
Are times of exertion, all blank the lost days.

Then welcome labors, and trials, and toils!

Of hours of ease be spare!

That when the Master collecteth the spoils

Earth's heaving bosoms bear,

The streakings of white

Be eclipsed by bright

And manifold hues of the stalactite.

J. R. B.

January 1, 1847.

"The "Miner's Almanac" is the name given to a crystallization which is formed in mines by the dampness and oozings of the crevices coming in contact with the gases; that which is made during the day is colored by the dust agitated by the workmen; but that of the night is perfectly colorless. Thus, the days of the week may be counted; every sixth being succeeded by an extra thickness of white, from the stillness of Sunday.

THE NEW PLANET:

OB

AN ANALOGY BETWEEN THE PERTURBATIONS OF MATTER AND SPIRIT.

A SERMON, BY REV. C. A. BARTOL.

PROVERSS zvi. 11. A just weight and balance are the Lord's.

The public attention has been lately much drawn to the discovery of a new planet, in that system of the heavenly bodies, to which our earth belongs. This remarkable fact has been the subject of many scientific comments. It may also however be regarded in various religious aspects. I know not that it has been considered in the point of view now proposed, as presenting an analogy between the material and moral universe. But this analogy is so perfect, so fixed in the principle and manner of the discovery, and leads to views so consolatory, as well as instructive, that we may profitably trace it.

"A just weight and balance are the Lord's." His creation is but an exact balance of worlds. Planets orderly revolving at various proportionate distances about the sun, lesser moons and satellites, in orbits as precise, moving round the planets, and the whole solar system, as it were one single globe, rolling obedient to some mighty centre, which a late astronomer professes to have descried in the depths of the starry space.

For a considerable number of years, it had been supposed, that the solar system, of which our world is part, was all brought into the field of view and scientific knowledge; one bright body after another, with perhaps its attendant orbs, having revealed its station to the observer's eye, nearer to, or farther from the sun, — from Mercury thirty-six millions of miles distant, to Herschel at the astonishing remoteness of more than eighteen hundred millions. And at length the heavenly lyre, to use a favorite figure with astronomical authors, was thought to be complete, — the planet Herschel being the last chord in this glorious harmony to the Creator's praise. But still another note is now added, in the discovery of a new world vastly exceeding in size that appointed for our mortal dwelling. It is the principle and mode of this discovery, which I wish to note, as suggesting the analogy to which I have referred.

Le Verrier, the sagacious explorer of the celestial spheres, to whom we owe this great achievement of the age, was led into the track of the new planet, by detecting some perturbations or disturbed movements in the planet Herschel, for which the motions and attractions of the known heavenly bodies could not account.

One preliminary word more is necessary, in order fully to develope our idea of the nature of these perturbations. The perturbations of a planet are deviations or diversions from its regular separate course about the centre, which are occasioned by the attraction of other bodies. It was at first thought, these perturbations would finally derange the universe, and bring into inextricable confusion and destructive chaos that whole portion of nature in which we are placed.

But further insight into the process, by which these mighty masses of matter are drawn or driven along their glittering pathways, has shown that God's creation is fashioned wiser than man's fearful supposition, and that the compensations for these disturbances are so wonderfully wrought out, that the very mingling and apparent clashing of almost innumerable forces preserves the equilibrium of the whole, and, so fast as we can see, will secure the stability of the universe. Of the perturbations however in question there had been no previous explanation.

But the question arose in the explorer's mind, as through the lenses of his searching tube he gazed on that bright sphere, so long supposed to tread on the very verge and outermost circle of those stars that sing together in our little sister-band of God's infinite family of worlds,—as he gazed and, with his armed, instructed eye, saw it tremble and sway from the line it should in obedience to the sun and its fellow travellers maintain, the question arose, what affection it could feel to make it thus lean aside; and, with a bold prudence, he judged that it must have beyond some other companion, which human eye had not yet seen. He scans these perturbed inclinations more exactly, measures their amount, ascends to their adequate cause, and though that cause still lay darkly ranging on, with to earthly vision undiscernible lustre, he yet predicts its place, and course, and time of arrival into the focus of human sight. His prediction is recorded, to be entertained by some, or incredulously smiled at by others.

But lo! in due time the stranger comes as announced, to fulfil this:
"sure prophetic word" of the divinely inspired understanding of man; and a glorious new world swims into his telescopic view, sailing on the farthest rim of solar attraction, more than three thousand millions of miles away,—a world immense in its proportions as compared with this narrow surface of human action and passion. It comes and sets up its blue, brilliant disc in the heavens, in addition to You. IV.

the broad, lustrous face of Jupiter, the shining ring of Saturn, the soft beauty of Venus, and the red shield of Mars.

"A just weight and balance are the Lord's." So believed the calm, though sanguine calculator who marked the rising and falling scales of the material universe.

"A just weight and balance are the Lord's," I believe we may with equal justice say, as we examine the order and observe the perturbations of the moral universe. The motions and tremblings and disturbances of the human heart also refer to a world beyond.

The disorders and wrongs and sufferings of human life demand a rectification and balance, as much as the swayings and wanderings of a material orb. For God is a spirit. His nature is essentially moral, and He cannot have made the moral and spiritual system of things less perfect than his outward and coarser handiwork. Let us consider, then, some of these moral perturbations, and inquire what the compensation must be.

And first, there is a perturbation of the human heart in view of death, and, so far as we can see, it is peculiar to the human heart. The animal seems to have no proper fear of death; he knows nothing of that peculiar horror with which the soul of man starts back aghast from the guif of annihilation. That horror and perturbation belong to human nature. It is made a part of us by the Author of our nature. It is felt not by the bad and conscience-stricken only; but by the good and self-approving also. Indeed, in proportion as faithful culture has opened the nobler faculties and expanded the better affections towards God and man, it is felt more deeply.

What, then, is it that thus draws our heart aside from the orbit of mortality, and makes it unwilling to keep true to the line that leads only to the grave? Shall we not conclude, like the astronomer, that it is another world, another system of moral being, that attracts and claims fellowship with it, and sways it up and on, over the white mark of the inscribed tombstone,—a real world, though yet unseen by human eye,—a world more glorious than the present, though no ray of it has yet actually reached us—a world that shall yet at length swim out from the darkness and distance, in which it is now kept and mysteriously involved, and when the veil of blinding flesh is taken off, and our eye purged of these mists of mortal ignorance, rush into the field of vision, and to those who doubt or believe, appear as a majestic reality?

There is a second perturbation of the human heart in view of sin. It feels that it was made for holiness, that its true nature is not (as it has been called) evil and depraved, but that it is constituted of God to love and worship and be like Him. And yet it is aware how short it falls of

the noble mark. It is led away by appetite and passion, it succumbs to the power of temptation, it is wounded and sorely scarred in its enlistments in the base service of sin, and it moves but halt and slowly in the race of well-doing and virtue which its Creator ordained.

But, note and confess this fact: it is not content thus; it mourns bitterly over its backwardness; it is remorseful at its transgressions; it repents of its excesses; it calls itself an outcast, an enemy of God, yea, a thing of shame and wo, in the extravagance of its sorer mortification; and yet, notwithstanding, even in its degradation, it cries out with inextinguishable hope, "Who shall deliver me from the body of this death!" for it feels, in the intensest experience which its consciousness reveals, that this guilty shame is not its appointed and final destiny. By the grace of God and its own conspiring it must be cleansed from these stains, whose defilement is eating into its life and destroying its peace.

It sees however the road to perfection running before it, no short, no smooth, no level pathway, but long, and rough, and interminably ascending; and if the date of mortal existence be its date, then it must fail of its destiny: aye, in its best, purest developement, - in the most perfect of men, it is still short of the mark, as they, especially, withfan honest sadness confess. Yes, if that quiet enclosure of the body's resting-place, with its thick-strewn hillocks, over which the shadows play from the rustling leaves and creaking boughs of the trees. - if that be the term of all, - then there is a perturbation of the human heart, for which no compensation exists, - then there is a break in the order of the Divine workmanship, -then the moral world is ajar and unbalanced, while the material world, in all its parts and systems, rolls on and sings, as it shines, in everlasting harmony, then the heavy clods of the narrow pit press down, not upon an exhausted and decaying organization merely, but upon the untimely interruption, upon the unaccountable failure, upon the miserable wreck of the finer and spiritual fabrics, the vessels of an excelling honor, launched on their career with the strongest and most determined impulse of the hand of Omnipotence; launched with yet loftier and farther reaching aims than those lustrous globes sailing on their eternal voyage through the heavens. But no! the very thoughts refuse to pursue the absurd and impious hypothesis. "A just weight and balance are the Lord's." And the moral explorer of God's works, as well as the material, concludes upon the existence of another world, - though yet unseen by actual vision, another world to balance and complete the present. Does it not indeed lie off there in the depths of his power, held aloft steadily by His Almightiness, even as the sparkling sphere that rides inconceivably remote along its sure but trackless way through measureless space to adjust and finish the balance of the material creation?

Yes, thou swift traveller through the unfathomable deeps, --- untraceable but by the wondrously marking pencil of science, - one of the morning stars that sang together over the fastened foundations and laid corner-stone of earth! - thou teachest me a lesson of my Maker's justice, as rounding every mass, and with his plummet ruling every motion, and speeding along every imponderable beam of material splendor, to make His boundless universe perfect as a diamond-scale through all its vastness, finished exactly to the finest stroke and particle: and justice stopping? — oh no, not stopping in its marvellous quality and matchless workmanship there, but running on with equity as infallible into the moral world, into the soul of man. Thou seeme to speak with a never before perceived utterance, and from thy high post and divine watchtower, (as though that were the purpose of thy discovery,) to declare that there is a spiritual eternity corresponding to the material infinity; that man's observations and conceptions are not baseless illusions, but the figures and shadows of a transcendent and now incomprehensible reality; a reality not less but greater than our most enlarged and glowing fancy. And though mute, save in reason's ear, thou dost prophesy to the faithful struggler with sin and temptation here, a future freedom from these disturbances in a world to come!

There is one more perturbation of the human heart in the view of sorrow. Linked together by the strong and various affections of life, we might be almost indisposed to look beyond the revolutions of this earthly scene. But if we are tempted to feel thus, the severing of the links in the sweet chain of domestic and social love, and the disappearance of the objects to which our whole being tended, soon comes to disturb this worldly orbit in which we have moved, and then our hearts sway from the earthly line, and go in search of the beloved. They are still affected by those objects though invisible; and, with yearning desire, they feel after them, if haply they may find them. As even heathen fable represents men as penetrating to the shades below in search of those dear to them, so the heart, educated in a better school, soars into the brightness above after the forms of the departed. It is never quite at rest in this lower atmosphere after their removal. It forsakes its ordinary path of action, and diverges from its habitual track of meditation. It veers from its present ecliptic of being, however clear and sunny that earthly ecliptic may be. It feels the perturbation of sorrow! And is it a causeless and unmeaning perturbation, referring to no substance, but excited in us by the Author of our frame for our mere mockery,

baffing, and torment? Is there nothing but a blank, rayless void beyond-corresponding to it? Oh no—these beating and sorrow-perturbed hearts before me cry out, Not so! There is a world there, a world of splendor, an inhabited and social world, a world larger and more comprehensive than ours, a more spacious mansion in our Father's great house — our home — and for all the faithful, Death, God's angel, but waiting to open the door.

Oh, Death, even as we gaze at the clay-cold ruins thou hast made, we feel it is so. As we trace the surviving influence of the disinterested and good, we feel it is so. Truly may it be said of the "loved, revered and honored head" which thou takest, that, even as it lies low and still upon the bier, "thou canst not turn one hair to thy dread purposes, or make one feature odious." "Strike, shadow, strike! and see his good deeds springing from the ground to sow the world with life immortal." See, if thou canst, beyond thy dark precincts, the released spirit, from the solitary death-bed or from the whelming sea, wing its way on an endless career of excellence!

From the peaceful purity of private life, and even from the guiltstained scenes of earth, come testimonies that this beating and perturbed heart of man is made for a loftier destiny.

When, on that southern field, where we are waging this deplorable war, the Mexican woman comes out with comforts in her hands for suffering friend and foe mingling together in conflict, and is shot down by a chance bullet, and the soldiers afterwards with a touched feeling suspend their deadly strife on the soil ploughed by the cannon-ball, to give her decent burial, (well reversing their arms to dig that grave!) who does not feel that the human heart, though passionate, and though polluted, is yet appointed to a greater fate beyond the dust of the valley?

· Our subject suggests one reflection respecting that Christian faith, which answers our longing interrogations of the future, and confirms all our best reasonings.

It is strange that any of the spiritualizing philosophers of the day should be incredulous as to the miraculous works and resurrection of Christ, — these facts so congenially meet the mind in its loftiest flights into the regions of spiritual truth, — meet it, not to contradict, not to narrow, not to baulk, but to illuminate, to exalt, and carry on its researches. These facts are the very crown of the intellect and soul of man.

Our argument to-day has been a rational argument, suggested by nature and encouraged by Scripture. But it lands us on the firm shore of the Christian revelation. It ends at the shining sepulchre of Jesus.

It brings us to his glorious ascension, not as an appearance portentous and disorderly in God's universe, not as a history to be cavilled at as monstrous, and gnawed by the tooth of a jealous, unbelieving criticism, but to be accepted, welcomed, as something most probable and natural for God to do. While our minds strive and reason, let us thank Him for this superhuman instruction on a point so momentous. Even as the observations of the astronomer turned supposition into fact in regard to the planet, so Jesus Christ has actually revealed the world which the human mind had conjectured and made calculations upon. By his works he is the verifier of man's loftiest ideas. He has sailed across the gulf of time, and disclosed the continent of eternity; he has dispersed the mists of the grave, and unveiled the world of spirits. Human hope had earnestly longed for, human imagination had brightly pictured, human reason had almost foreshown, that unbounded continent, that upper world, as the soul's immortal habitation; but no Columbus of the earth or the heavens had actually discovered it. Jesus Christ visited its shores, and came back with the tidings of its real existence. It is no longer the bourn from which no traveller has returned. We may still trace the analogies that indicate, and make the rational calculations that predict, and draw the images in our fancy that adorn it. Yet let us not slight, but greet with grateful souls the confirmations of supernatural evidence, by which our Saviour manifests and makes it The Christian does not deprecate examination of his faith. And yet, oh Doubt, and oh Scepticism, could you prove the omens of man's immortality to be all empty and fallacious, boast not your triumph!

> "Let wisdom smile not on her conquered field, No rapture dawns, no treasure is revealed,"

as you dig the pit in this universal grave of the earth's crust, and bury all the beauty, all the goodness, all the glory of the world! Boast not, smile not, but hang the head in sorrow and shame as you tell your melancholy story. But no! these omens cannot be made hollow to the human soul. Especially that great and wondrous omen, (but the climax of an ascending series,) of our Lord's broken tombstone, will be significant forever. It meets indeed the perturbations of the human heart, to make them quiet and peaceful. It turns those perturbations into predictions. Whether our minds are excited or unexcited, whether our reasonings are strong or feeble, whether our imaginations glow or darken, this great omen of a risen Redeemer still cheers us. For it brings that future world out of the darkness in which it had revolved, to roll in celestial splendor to every believer's eye, and gleam with inextinguishable promise to all generations.

"NACHRUF."

FROM UHLAND.

Thou, mother, didst watch, the light of day
Upon my infant brow to trace;
And gazing on thy pallid face,
I've seen heaven's sunshine fade away.

A grave, oh mother, is hollowed for thee,
In the well known spot, where echoes no sound;
The trees of our home shall thy shelter be;
Flowers shall not fail to bloom on thy mound.

Thou liest therein! the look the sods hide
Of pain and of peace will never depart;
Nor to rise again is to thee denied,
The grave I have hollowed is deep in my heart.

How soon in silence died the hymn The mourners sang for thee! But in my heart soft voices sing, Of thee, unceasingly.

Scarce the earth was o'er thee laid,
A friend with sorrow deep
Came, with roses sweet, and strewed
Thy quiet house of sleep.

At thy head, two softly glowing, At thy feet, two darker rest; But the white, the ever blowing, He has planted on thy breast.

A faded leaf sinks at my feet, With sunbeams scorched, with rain-drops wet; Ah! when this leaf was green and new, Still I had parents loved and true.

How quickly fades a leaf away,
The child of Spring, the Autumn's prey!
Yet this frail leaf, so lightly moved,
Has long outlived the ones I loved.

SYMPATHY.

BY MISS H. J. WOODMAN.

"They spake not a word: for they saw that his grief was very great." Jos.

The tendering of sympathy is one of the most delicate offices of friendship. There are those by whom words of consolation, coming like a healing balm, are gratefully received; and there are others to whom a silent pressure of the hand is more acceptable than all other ministrations of sympathy.

When the friends of Job came into his presence and saw his head bowed with the weight of his unexampled sorrows, "they spake not a word: for they saw that his grief was very great;" and to many hearts, the uttering of a word in the first hallowed moments of be-reavement is rather annoying than comforting. The motive which prompts the offering alone renders it endurable; and he, who by wordless but active demonstrations of interest, proves his deep sympathy, has the warmest hold upon the heart.

Deep feeling, whether it be sympathy, love or gratitude is generally noiseless, and we are not apt to believe that those who express the most are the most deeply affected by our sorrows. Let those upon whom this delicate task of comforting the afflicted may fall, — and upon whom does it not fall before the middle period of life? — let such approach the bleeding wound with a careful touch, lest it be deepened rather than healed. All may not approach the mourner in the character of sympathizing friends. Grief is too sacred, and the stranger must intermeddle not. The nearest and dearest, they who share in the loss, are the most desired companions in the earlier seasons of sorrow.

It may be said there are strangers among us, widely separated from those whose precious prerogative it should be to administer the balm of consolation. Let me not be thought desirous of counteracting that Christian charity which seeks the forsaken and desolate, and makes them the recipients of kindly words and deeds. Only let the office be delicately performed, that gratitude may not be swallowed up in heart-burnings and a long train of disturbed and offended feelings.

Let no one intrude upon the mourner's privacy when it can be avoided; and let the comforter wait for the confidence which he may not ask lest it be considered that the interest manifested is dictated more by curiosity than sympathy. The poor are oftimes jealous of the motive which prompts the stranger's call; but one who has studied the

human heart and learned in part its mysteries, knows the method by which to allay suspicion and open the current of kindlier, gentler feelings. Pride must not enter the lowly dwelling of poverty; haughty dictation must clothe itself in humility; and he who would truly sympathize with the mourner and console him, must be one whose heart responds to every call of pity, and who, himself having suffered, hath been rendered purer by the ordeal.

Jesus spake no word when first he approached the burial group of Bethany. He wept! Oh, how eloquent the tears dictated by such love and pity,—the outpouring of a sympathy too keenly felt for words to express. Though we may not like him restore the dead to the arms of the living, we can weep with the mourner and become imitators of a compassion boundless as eternity.

THE FIRST SACRIFICE.

BY MRS. H. V. CHENRY.

SLow o'er Judea's sacred plains, the shades
Of evening fell. Around the vine-clad hills,
With verdure crowned, fair twilight wreathed her
Golden veil, and old Euphrates' silver
Stream flashed brightly in the parting ray. Rich,
On the dewy air, rose up the mingled sweets
Of odorous flowers, and delicate fruits,
Which grew unpluck'd in that fair garden,—lost
By disobedience,—our first parents' sin,—
And guarded by archangels' flaming swords,
Lest their repentant feet should e'er return.

But not confined to that lost Paradise,
The presence of the Lord. His goodness filled
The universe: and from the fruitful earth's
Deep solitudes arose the ceaseless song
Of gratitude;—meet incense to the Source
And Giver of all good.

Beneath the vaulted sky, Adam and Eve Stood in their loneliness. The voice of God Which erst in Eden's bowers, distinct and clear,

Spake in the whispering breeze, no longer To their outward sense revealed His holy will; But to their inmost souls the mercy which Delayed their doom spake of forgiving love, And blessings unrevealed.

Lowly they knelt, upon the grassy turf, —
Fresh from the hand of God, and clothed with grace
And majesty, such as no mortals since
Have worn: created to immortal life,
Yet, by one fatal act, condemned to death's
Dominion, — dark, unknown, — from which their souls
Shrank trembling; with deep remorse, and humble
Peaitence, they bend, to seek the favor
And forgiveness of their Judge, and offer,
At his hest, a sacrifice for sin.

Held by a flowery chain, Eve's gentle hand Restrained the gambols of a snowy lamb, The firstling of her flock, whose innocent, Meek confidence, smote her full heart with pity And remorse.

At God's command, Adam prepared the stones,
And reared an altar to his awful name,
And on the sacred pile, mysterious rite!
The spotless victim laid. Silence profound
And deep, reigned o'er the solemn scene. The stars
Looked down from their pure depths, and the young moon
Poured from her silver urn a flood of light.
The feathered warblers ceased their thrilling lays,
And scarce in evening's soft and balmy breath
Quivered the aspen's leaf.

The heartfelt prayer, pure from their contrite souls Rose up to Heaven; and lo! descending thence, A lambent flame consumed the smitten lamb. Visible symbol of forgiving love, —
Prophetic type of that great sacrifice, —
Far nobler, — which God's love vouchsafed to send, In his good time, to bless and save mankind!

EDITOR'S COLLECTANEA. IV.

PAMPHLETS and books have been for some time accumulating on our table, for which we cannot forbear to return at least our grateful acknowledgments. When such favors are addressed to us as an editor, we take it for granted their authors or publishers, as the case may be, are willing we should speak of them; and that they are equally willing that we should speak of them as we think,—the only rule in the matter that is either comfortable or honest.

We are indebted to Mr. Ewer, the publisher, for his modern edition of the quaint old sermon of Robert Cushman, entitled, "The Sin and Danger of Self-Love, Described in a Sermon Preached at Plymouth in New England, 1621. With a Memoir of the Author." It is more like a sermon of one of the ministers of the period, than lay discourses generally are. Aside from the eventful life of the man, and the historical associations connected with it, there is nothing about it that should give it any distinction over the better class of the early New England sermons. It is methodical enough, and scriptural enough, and pithy and homely enough, for the most puritanical taste. It would be well if all lay-homilies, and clerical too, were as well digested. - Rev. Mr. Fosdick's "Thanksgiving Sermon on Temperance," preached at the Hollis St. Church, has received several notices in other journals. We are surprised that, in objecting to its doctrine, one or two able critics should have taken their ground on the general principle that a preacher should not direct his preaching much against sins or errors that prevail out of his own congregation. It seems to us that there is such an affinity between all sins and all errors, and that they are so diffusive, and that the characters embraced within even a small assembly represent such a variety of shades both of opinion and morality, that no man, in a centre of intelligence and action like Boston, can be reasonably called to account for preaching and printing a single discourse upon evils that exist out of his own parish rather than within it. Granted that the Hollis St. Society do not stand in pressing need of the exhortation contained in this sermon, yet we think Mr. Fordick might have very good reasons for preaching it there notwithstanding. The contrary rule, followed out, would very much circumscribe, we apprehend, the range of pulpit instruction, and impair both its dignity and power. But though we do not object to the sermon in question on this ground, we object to it on other, and to us more important grounds. All the individual assertions and statements of a given production may

be true in themselves, and taken separately acceptable; while they may be so put together, that in the aggregate, and in the impression left by their collocation, they may teach false doctrine. This is the case with the discourse in hand. It promulgates error, in our judgment; and as much by what it takes pains to omit, as by what it contains. Under the head of "War," the preacher departs from his general plan of merely condemning extravagance and abuse, and enters on a discussion, a discussion in which we are so unfortunate as to disagree with him entirely. But the grand difficulty with us, we are ready to confess, is to conceive how a bearer of Christ's message, consecrated in his whole life and purposes to the building up of the kingdom of Christian righteousness, doing the work that Christ did, spreading his Gospel of liberty, virtue and peace, and ridding humanity of its oppressions, burdens, vices and sins, - how a man all alive and in earnest with this grand work, could find it in his way, or could find time, to write, stand and deliver, and then print a sermon on such enormous iniquities as intemperance, war and slavery, and such a sad evil as poverty, and yet say so little for their abolition, so much in rebuke of their sometimes injudicious opponents. The disproportion is remarkable, and rather deplorable. Let us add, that we have, with good reasons for it, entire confidence in the integrity of the preacher's ministerial aims, and the perfect sincerity of the convictions here expressed. - Dr. Gannett's address before the "Young Men's Total Abstinence Society," is a clear and fair presentation of the present attitude of the reform, - including a calm exhibition of the mistakes attending the movements of some of its advocates, with a cogent appeal, to young men especially, in behalf of the virtues of self-control, firmness, maply resistance of temptation, and a zealous devotion to the practice and diffusion of temperance. -A sermon on "Christian Union" by Rev. Augustus R. Pope of Kingston is for the most part an earnest protest against the principles and the spirit of what we suppose may be called the "late" London Evangelical Alliance. Mr. Pope writes in a vigorous, direct style, and puts his doctrine well. - The "Papers on the Slave Power, by John G. Palfrey," have been read, we trust, by all the readers of these pages. They put that perplexed subject on its real merits, in a clear light. As specimens of comprehensive, lucid, convincing argumentation, combining a forcible assertion of general principles with a searching application of them to specific evils, they are worthy of any scholar's study. Their rhetoric is of the terse, drastic, racy kind; and they proceed from a spirit equally independent and humane, fearless and compassionate. Massachusetts may congratulate herself that such a man as Mr. Palfrey is to represent her in Congress, - the jealous sneers and contemptible

whinings of the "Christian Watchman" to the contrary notwithstanding. - Rev. Jason Whitman's Lecture before the American Institute at Plymouth last August, on "Home Preparation for School," is full of . sound sense and valuable suggestions. Every observer of the sad deficiencies in parental management and domestic culture must feet deeply the importance of the theme and the excellence of this discussion of it. -- We notice with pleasure, in this connection, the appearance of the Prospectuses of a Monthly magazine and a Weekly newspaper to be devoted to the general interests of education in its various departments, published in Boston, conducted by Joseph W. Ingraham, Esq., and both promising to be journals of a superior order of merit. — We have received No. 4 of Mr. Allen's Inquiry concerning the Views, Principles, Services and Influences of the Leading Men, in the Origination of our Union, &c.," - a work which increases in interest as it goes on; which is skilfully and industriously managed; which provides reading that every American ought to prize and be familiar with, and compared with which the great masses of cheap printed matter that float out of our bookstores are as chaff to the wheat. We bespeak for it the favorable attention of all lovers of their country and all good advisers of the young. --- "The Christian Observatory" is 'the aspiring title of a new monthly "Religious and Monthly Magazine," edited by A. W. McClure, and under the auspices of Calvinism in Boston. We. hope to find it an able, profitable and agreeable co-laborer in the causeof Christian righteousness. Theologically it looks, for the present, a. little bristling and bustling; how formidable it will actually prove, noman knoweth. As an illustration of the adage that straws are as useful for a certain meteorological purpose as weathercocks, it may be mesttioned that the very first article in the Editor's Table contains anapology for the non-Unitarian-church-building architect. Mr. Upjohn. The man needs defenders; but this is the first attempt of the kind we have seen (except one in the Christian Witness, which of course felt. bound to spread its ægis over so faithful a comrade,) though we havefound enough of both Episcopal and Calvinistic sects to call the act foolish and narrow; and perhaps we ought not to complain that the author of it has not done well what could not have been done otherwise than ill. He unfortunately makes two confessions, that give a most infelicitous impression, the one of his philosophy and the other of his associates. He regards conscience as "an appendage to the moral nature;" and: than, with singular naivete, he says that a man with a conscience is a. great " rarity." Pray, where can his observations have been conducted, and what will his friends, the Rev. Messrs. Adams, Aiken, Beecher. Kirk, Smith, &c. &c. whose names are cordially subscribed to his 8* VOL. IV.

prospectus, and their parishes, say to this outrageous imputation? Such pleasantry will require "discipline." If he means a conscience like Mr. Upjohn's, we are glad to believe the phenomenon is a rarity. -A Sermon on "Immortal Life," and another on "Merchants," by Rev. Theodore Parker, are instructive and eloquent performances. The former presents powerfully one side of a subject which, however, has more sides than one; and the latter contains elevated views of the opportunities, influence and duty of the mercantile profession, views such as cannot be disseminated in the community without large benefit; and also serious warnings against the particular temptations of that profession. There are two poor little pieces of affectation that we really wish, for Mr. Parker's sake, he would abandon, for they are unworthy of him. One is the habit he persists in of writing "A Sermon of" anything, "A Sermon of Immortal Life," " of Merchants;" it is the affectation, not the impropriety, that we object to. And the other is his pains-taking defiance of canonical texts. No man can afford to be weak even in small matters, if he can help it, as Mr. Parker can abundantly. Mr. Parker also has a habit of speaking as if he were the only man now living that rebukes prevailing sins — which is a mistake. — The last number of the "New Englander" has the usual variety of interesting and well-written articles. That on the "Cause and Cure of Sectarianism," we should be glad to transfer to our own columns, for it would greatly enrich them. It is a most remarkable production to appear in a periodical having the slightest odor of or affinity to Calvin-There is another article, on "Unitarianism in New York." It is written by one "J. P. T.," who appears to have singled out Liberal Christianity, (we judge from this and a previous article under the same signature, on "The Dilemma of Unitarianism,") for his peculiar antagonist. We believe we know who the gentleman is, and it is a curious fact that, while he undertakes in this article to slur Unitarianism as "practising the amenities of life in divers collations and public teaparties, and making well-spiced speeches about war and slavery Mexico and Texas," the only occasion on which we ever had the honor to see this grave and austere censor of such frivolities, he stood in the midst of the fumes and cups of a very lively "collation," at New York. in the act of making a "speech," sedulously enough intended to be popular, but in the course of which he made some observations so "well-spiced" on those same topics, "war and slavery, Mexico and Texas," as to call down upon him a volley of hisses. So far forth as that sentiment goes, he was right and the hissers were wrong; but what business has a Christian gentleman to go home from such an entertainment and such an effort, and sit down to write squibs and personalities

for a dignified Review, about the festive propensities of his neighbors? He presumes, with an ignorance that would be rebukable for its wickedness if it were not ridiculous for its greenness, to flout Unitarianism as a system of formal proprieties and social elegancies; and before he has done, perpetrates the flat self-contradiction of prophesying joyfully that it never can take root in the fashionable and elegant society of New York city. Speculations of this sort are among the most wretched and pitiable ebullitions of a bad-tempered bigotry. They bear the same relation to a high minded and generous attack upon us, that a mudscow bears to a majestic ship of the line. Hard blows, given as a man gives, we can take and will try to return; but miserable gibes, flings, taunts, malicious aspersions, jealous misrepresentations, — these are too low for refutation, too impotent to cause us any anxiety. "J. P. T." has taken it into his head to arraign Unitarianism as being sadly deficient in a learned and profound theology. If he will take the trouble to turn to the eighteenth and the following pages of the Unitarian Annual Register, of which he seems to have a copy, he will soon find the names of some twenty or thirty living ministers of our faith, either one of whom has written and published arguments enough to abolish that web of tangled inconsistencies and absurdities, - modern Calvinism; arguments that have not been, and will not be met, matched and answered, by all the jangling and discordant dialectics of New Haven, Princeton and Andover together. We advise this glib and superficial periodicalist to shut himself up in his study and make himself acquainted with the scholarship, the reasoning, the philosophy and the divinity of Liberal Christians; and when the beard of his theological manhood has grown he may venture to step out to be extinguished and die decently at the hands of some fifth rate Unitarian controversialist. We have received from Crosby & Nichols several valuable volumes: Rev. A. P. Peabody's Sermons of Christian Consolation, which deserve and are destined without doubt to hold a prominent place in this difficult department of writing, and soothe a multitude of sorrows; Rev. Mr. Miles' Collection of Thoughts from the Writings of Channing, which has already had a circulation that will only grow wider and wider: "Hymns, Songs and Fables for Young People," by Mrs. Follen, whose genius in producing and skill in compiling the reading that is interesting and instructive for children is pre-eminent, as appears not only from this book, but from "The Child's Friend;" Rev. T. B. Fox's Sunday School Book on the "Acts of the Apostles," a supplement to "The Ministry of Christ," and enough praised when it is pronounced worthy to be the successor of that popular manual; and "When are we Happiest," a story by the author of "The Boy of Spirit," showing that

real happiness is the companion only of goodness, and illustrating this truth by a pleasant succession of incidents. Munroe & Co. have conferred a favor on all denominations by issuing a new edition of Dr. Noyes' Translation of the Psalms, for this work has now become a portion of standard Theological Literature, and has lately been sought by many persons who have been disappointed to find the former edition exhausted; they have also published that touching and beautiful record of youthful virtue and manly nobleness of character, the "Memoir of Robert Swain." We are glad to see that Francis & Co. have commenced a uniform edition of the discourses of Dr. Dewey. The volume before us contains three hundred and ninety-six pages, and comprises twenty-four as remarkable sermons as were ever preached from a Christian pulpit, on Human Nature, Human Life, and the Nature of Religion.

THERE MUST BE SOMETHING WRONG!

"When earth produces free and fair,
The golden waving corn;
When fragrant fruits perfume the air,
And fleecy flocks are shorn;
While thousands move with aching head,
And sing the ceaseless song—
'We starve, we die, oh, give us bread!'
There must be something wrong.

When wealth is wrought as seasons roll
From off the fruitful soil;
When luxury from pole to pole,
Reaps fruit from human toil;
When from a thousand, one alone
In plenty rolls along,
The others only gnaw the bone,
There must be something wrong.

INTELLIGENCE.

THE PREVENTION OF PAUPERISM.—We are happy to quote the following very sensible remarks from a late number of the London Inquirer upon the discrimination that is required to prevent almsgiving, especially when it takes the form of public charity, from becoming a bounty upon idleness, improvidence, or crime even. The abuses of the English Poor Laws were so great that an undue reaction may have taken place in Great Britain under the new system. Still the Commissioners of Parliament at whose instigation the change was made, certainly had the principles of truth and justice upon their side. Nor can we doubt that their reform in this great department may be made consistent with the dictates of good feeling.

We fear that the course of things in the large towns of our own country is altogether too much in the direction of the evils of the English system. We are fully persuaded that an imperious necessity will lead us, before long, to enter upon a similar reform to that of our British brethren. A difficulty or obstacle, of no slight moment, may be removed, by the simple substitution of the views that we are about to quote, for certain vague feelings and morbid impulses engrafted upon the American mind by too many of the writers of the lighter English literature, of the last ten years.

"We have no sympathy whatever with the abuse which is heaped on the existing Poor-law, by a certain class of philanthropists and politicians, because it is chary in giving, and strict in requiring. We are confident that free giving, even from those who have much, is not what lessens pauperism, and really improves the condition of the working classes. It is well ascertained, that a very large proportion of those who suffer the extreme of poverty, do so as the consequence of vicious habits, and many of the remainder through culpable improvidence; whilst a very large proportion of what is raised for the relief of the poor, is taken from those whose honest industry can no more than supply their own pressing wants. These things form no reason for suffering men to perish unheeded, or for treating them with cruelty and harshness; but they afford excellent reasons for not making the pauper's condition a desirable one, and for administering what is needed with great caution against offering any encouragement to idleness or vice. The plain principle of a rational Poorlaw is, that society will provide a resource against the extremes of destitution, but that it will leave other help to the Christian benevolence of those who have the means of affording it; and will use every fair means to discourage those who can support themselves, from throwing themselves on the public, and to make the condition of the pauper, on the whole, less desirable than that of the independent laborer.

"In carrying out this view, indulgence, to a certain degree, is due to the aged, even if their own conduct has brought their misfortunes upon them, because it is too late to improve them, and their condition, at the best, is a sufficiently sad warning; but even indulgence to them must have its strict limits. Children should be made comfortable, educated, and introduced into life, as favorably as possible; the object with them is to produce the greatest probability of their becoming virtuous, useful, and happy members of society, and

thus being no further burdensome when once disposed of: to this end, expense should not be grudged in educating them well, and rendering them vigorous, cheerful, intelligent, and well-disposed. As to those of the intermediate ages, usually described as able-bodied, whatever we may think of the claim of right set up for them, we do not doubt the wisdom of society making public provision against the extremes of destitution: sufficiency, for health and comfort, of clothing and wholesome food, with proper lodging, ought to be afforded those who are reduced to depend upon it, but only in return for labor, and under such restraints as will make the condition of a pauper, on the whole, inferior, and especially so in the estimation of the idle and self-indulgent, to that of even the less prosperous independent workmen. Stern necessity demands this. We wish every one of our fellow-creatures possessed of plenty and comfort. The good man, if he only knew how, would gladly make great sacrifices for the sake of a small approach towards this object; but pauperising the country, pressing hard on the resources of the frugal and industrious to support those who, as a class, have certainly not been equally frugal and industrious, and eating out, by forced contributions, yielding no return, the capital which is the future hope of the laborer, certainly is not improving the condition of the people, and it is absolute blindness to suppose that it is. The object of wise and safe Poor laws is merely to avert the ultimate evils of utter destitution. To make the pauper class as happy as we should desire to see them, is not the object proposed, simply because it is known to be impossible, and it is plainly perceived that the vain attempt would involve all in a common ruin. We are grieved — aye sick at heart — in thinking of the hardships of the poor sufferer, in and out of the workhouse, and we desire above most things, to know what can be rationally done for their benefit; but we do not believe that abusing the Poor-law, for its unavoidable and wise strictness, is any benefit to the poor: we are sure that it tends to depress rather than to elevate them. The means and instruments for carrying the law into effect, being, from the necessity of the case, very unsatisfactory, great watchfulness is required to guard against abuses; and we should sympathize warmly in any endeavor to expose harsh treatment, or insufficient supplies, and to punish misconduct, did we not plainly see that there have been many instances of cases being grossly exaggerated, and even falsified, by influential organs, to serve a purpose; and that all such cases, instead of being exposed and punished as individual offences or instances of mean and sordid economy in guardians, are represented as the designed effect of the law, which is set forth as being oppressive and cruel, and intended only to serve the interests of the rich."

THE ASSOCIATIONISTS.—Rev. W. H. Channing is preaching for the present on Sabbath afternoons, in a hall in Bromfield Street, to an audience that are understood to be friends of the social doctrines of Fourier. A series of lectures illustrating and advocating Fourierism is in course of-delivery at the Masonic Temple. Channing, Ripley, Dana, Brisbane, Horace Greeley, and J. S. Dwight are the lecturers.

IMPORTANT IF TRUE. — A Baptist association meeting at Shelburne Falls, a little village in the western part of Massachusetts, lately recorded on their minutes the following striking statement, as a preamble to some resolutions: "Whereas the world is now made almost entirely dependent on the Baptists of the world for faithful translations of the sacred oracles, and whereas the American and Foreign Baptist Society are engaged in preparing and circulating such yersions, Therefore, resolved, &c."!



IRISH PROTESTANT SOCIETY.—We had occasion, not long since, to give a brief notice of the formation of an Irish Protestant Society in Boston. We have now the pleasure of informing our readers that its minister appears to be not only a zealous and devoted, but a liberal man; sufficiently so to exchange pulpits with Unitarian ministers. Over this encouraging fact, a correspondent of the Boston Recorder, through a column or thereabouts of that paper, sniffles. He found himself, it seems, one afternoon, at the Chapel, listening to a Unitarian preacher; whereupon, with as pious a horror as if Apollyon himself had stood in the pulpit, he rushed into the open air, choked with rage and discomfiture. The best part of the story is that, on his own confession, his suspicions of the preacher's heresy were first aroused, not by anything he heard, not by his sentiments at all, but by the absence of a foreign accent, and a peculiar modulation of the voice. Hear him once: "Unitarianism is no more like what Presbyterian worship ought to be, than Lucifer in a yellow satin gown would be like an angel of light."

FOREIGN.

"BIBMINGHAM UNITARIAN DOMESTIC MISSION.—On Sunday, November 1, two sermons were preached, on behalf of the Sunday and Daily Schools connected with the above-named institution, in the Mission Chapel, Hurststreet, by the Rev. W. A. Jones of Northampton.

The morning attendance was very respectable, several friends being present from the other three Unitarian congregations of the town, thereby manifesting unabated interest and sympathy in the labor of love their hands have established. The evening's attendance was very large, the commodious edifice being completely filled.

The morning's sermon, from Matt. v. 14, was a very admirable exposition of Christian duties, and the necessity of doing all in our power to adorn by our

lives and spread the principles of the Gospel.

The sermon for the evening was founded on the touching parable of the Good Samaritan; and never, perhaps, was that most affecting narrative more truthfully and happily illustrated. The eloquent preacher placed, with life-tike accuracy, and with the most beautiful simplicity, the whole scene before our eyes. The stately form and the echoing footsteps of the priest, racking the heart of the poor wounded traveller, sick by hope deferred, when he passed by on the other side; the Levite looking on him, but, fearful of legal defilement, or of the coming foe, not daring to touch him; the good and courageous Samaritan, not inquiring whether the wayfarer was Jew or Gentile, virtuous or depraved, but seeing in him a man, — a child of God, having one Father, — comforting and aiding, to the extent of his ability, — all were placed before us with an energy and truthfulness that must have powerfully impressed every one present with the necessity of his going and doing likewise, with the obligation he was under to raise the fallen, instruct the ignorant, and reclaim the erring.

The children, of whom about three hundred were present, — many more being prevented coming from illness, — sung with great precision, and in the most pleasing style, Steele's fine hymn — "There is a glorious world on high," the tune having been composed for the occasion by the leader of the choir. Indeed, the singing throughout the day was marked by great chasteness, sweetness and appropriateness: it had the additional merit of being entirely vocal. — The collections were about fifteen pounds — rather larger than usual.

On the next evening, according to annual custom, a tea-meeting was held

in the chapel, the tickets being put at a very low price. Three hundred per-

sons partook of this refreshment; and, at the conclusion of the repast,

The Minister of the chapel (Mr. Bowring) was called to the chair, who, after giving out a hymn, proceeded to congratulate his audience on the present animating scene, and the continued success of their efforts. He strongly urged increased attention to the large and well-chosen library of the chapel, and mentioned the new and pleasing features that had lately manifested themselves in connection with the Mission — the establishment of a Provident Society, and the course of gratuitous lectures now delivering at the chapel, and which, hitherto, have proved most successful.

A vote of thanks to the preacher of the preceding day was proposed, in a brief but energetic address, by G. S. Kenrick, Esq., and seconded by Mr. Holden; and the following sentiments were spoken to, in a manner that found a response in every heart, by the friends whose names are appended to them:

"Education, the birthright of every human being; may it speedily and powerfully influence the minds and hearts of all mankind."—Mr. Earl; sup-

ported by Mr. W. Lowe, jr.

"Success to every effort made in the spirit of the Gospel to free men from the bondage of sin, on the one hand, and of ignorance and superstition on the other." - Rev. H. Hutton; supported by Mr. Hinds.

"The Gospel of Jesus Christ, pure and undefiled, man's rich inheritance, and the sinner's only hope." — G. S. Kenrick; supported by Mr. Arnold.

It was mentioned that the daily schools were progressing in the most satisfactory manner; one very pleasing fact in connection with them was noticed, that of a boy who, for bad conduct, had been expelled from several schools, and whose parents had almost despaired of correcting his evil propensities, had, under Mr. Arnold's judicious management, become attentive, mild and obliging, and was, decidedly, one of the best pupils in the school.

Mr. Bowring having vacated the chair, the Rev. T. Evans of Kingswood was called to it, when a vote of thanks to the late chairman was moved by Mr. Lowe, and seconded by Mr. Kenrick; and having been briefly acknowledged, after the hymn, "Lord dismiss us," had been sung, and prayer by the Rev. Mr. Hutton, the company separated at half past eight, —all, we trust, pleased, and, we hope, also stimulated to renewed exertion, by the proceedings of this

most interesting anniversary.

"PAPAL REFORMS. -- We have seen a letter just received by a gentleman resident in this town from a relative now in Rome, giving some interesting particulars of the reforms and improvements, actual and prospective, resulting from the liberal policy of the present Pope. It appears that his holiness is far from showing any disposition to change the policy which has created so much enthusiasm in his favor amongst not only his own subjects, but the people of the neighboring states. He gives a public audience every week, to which any person desirous of making a personal appeal to him is readily admitted. All the public offices of the government, which were previously on a very extravagant scale, have been remodelled, with the strictest attention to economy; and several of the cardinals, who showed a disposition to thwart the views of the Pope - amongst them, Cardinal Lambruschini, the late secretary of state have been ordered to repair to their bishoprics in the country. Not only are railroads about to be formed in the country, but an English company is about to light the city with gas; and even the establishment of an English newspaper is announced. It is understood at Rome that all these proceedings are viewed with great alarm and dissatisfaction by the Austrian authorities in Lombardy; and it is rumored that the court of Vienna has threatened to send troops into the Papal states, alleging that, if the Pope persists in his popular reforms, it will be almost impossible to prevent an insurrection in Upper Italy. We imagine, however, that whatever remonstrances or threats the Austrian government may use, it will not slightly hazard the peace of Italy and of Europe by an invasion of the Roman territory." - Manchester Guardian.

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NO. 3.

THE PRESENT POSITION OF THE TEMPERANCE CAUSE.*

BY RRV. B. FROST.

THE publications referred to below, as well as many other able publications during the present year; the new position taken by Harvard College, the Phi Beta Kappa Society, and many individuals, distinguished for talents and moral worth, in regard to the use of intoxicating drinks; the recent movements in Boston, and several of the States against it, show that temperance has never made more rapid and important conquests in the same length of time since its commencement. The first publication referred to, has but a single page devoted to the temperance cause expressly. It treats of the Slave, Peace, and Condition of the Poor questions. Its object is, to set forth the bad measures, and unchristian spirit of the advocates of these causes, and attributes the want of complete success entirely to them. The second publication is, The First Prize Essay, issued by the Massachusetts Temperance Society, through the munificence of the late John Parker, Esq., who

Temperance Essays, No. I. On the Duties of the Influential Classes to the Tem-

Present Exigencies of the Temperance Cause. An Address delivered in the Tremont Temple, by Rev. E. H. Chapin. Boston, 1846.

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^{*} Scriptural Temperance. A Thanksgiving Sermon, by David Fosdick, Jr. Boston, 1846.

perance Reform. By George F. Noyes. Boston, 1846.

My own Experience, dedicated to the Suffolk Board of Trade. Boston, 1846.

Address to the People of Massachusetts on the Present Condition and Claims of the Temperance Reformation. By Mark Hopkins, D. D., Samuel B. Woodward, M. D., Hon. Samuel Hoar. Published by the Mass. Tem. Union. Boston, 1846.

gave four thousand dollars to the society. Several other essays are to follow. The present one is on the duties of the "Influential Classes." The author speaks of the part which health, education, fashion and religion, should perform in the reform. And the conclusion he arrives at is, that the great obstacle to this reform, is "the nonperformance of their duties by the influential classes." It is written with candor and truthfulness, but is too general, and lacks warmth and nerve, to carry home its truths to the sleeping conscience, and the love of self-indulgence of society. The third publication is understood to be from the pen of Deacon Moses Grant. Dr. Channing, in his Discourse on the Life of Dr. Tuckerman, in 1841, said of him: "If there was one of our citizens, whom he (Tuckerman) honored as eminently the friend of the poor, it was that unwearied philanthropist, who, whilst his heart and hands are open to all the claims of misery, has selected as his peculiar care, the cause of temperance." We may say of him, what Dr. Channing said of Dr. Tuckerman. "His spirit groaned under the evils of intemperance as the ancient prophets under the burden of the woes which they were sent to denounce. The fumes of a distillery were, to his keen feelings, more noisome and deadly than the vapors of putrefaction and pestilence. He looked on a shop for vending ardent spirits, as he would have looked on a pitfall opening into hell. At the sight of men, who under all our present lights, are growing rich by spreading these poisons through the land, he felt, I doubt not, how the curses of the lost, and the groans of ruined wives and children were rising up against them. If he could impart to the sober and Christian part of this city and Commonwealth, his intense convictions in regard to this vice, it would soon be repressed; the sanction of public authority would no longer be given to its detestable haunts; one chief source of the miseries of our civilization would be dried up."* The contents of this little book fully justify the application of these words to the author. It is crowded with honorable notice of the great names and efforts that have brought on this cause through terrible opposition and chilling indifference; with brief but startling statistics of the present extent of this evil, in Boston especially; with the declared sentiments of the most distinguished men of this nation in regard to it; with extracts of correspondence between himself and others, and suffering wives and children, as to the extent of this evil. On the whole, the condensed facts and feeling, and wise suggestions of this little book, the result of many years of observation and labor, are of more worth than the most eloquent discourse.

The fourth of these publications, is the Address of the Committee,

^{*} Memoir of Dr. Tuckerman, Boston, Wm. Crosby & Co. 1841. p. 45.

chosen by a State Temperance Convention, held at Worcester, September 23. No three men could be selected from the State, whose opinions and facts could be relied on with more entire confidence. This address depicts in a brief but graphic manner, the terrible effects of intoxicating drinks. It shows how it shortens life, produces crime, insanity, pauperism; how it ensnares youth, produces corruption and riots at the polls, and impedes the progress of true religion among men. It then shows up the moral character of the traffic, and the justice of the laws that brand it as a crime. It then treats of the obstacles in the way of this reform—appetite, interest, prescription, indifference,—and lastly, the difficulty of harmonious, concentrated and persevering action by the friends of this cause. It concludes with a stirring call to the scattered "forces which were pursuing a retreating foe in different directions, to return and form anew into a solid phalanx."

The fifth publication is an exceedingly eloquent discourse, by a faithful laborer in this cause, on the "Present Exigencies of the Temperance Cause." He counsels the friends of the cause first, to "union," and then "to push forward and attack." He then appeals to the "wealthy and influential classes." He states it as a deliberate conviction, that "the majority of the wealth, the fashion and the power in our land, upholds the means of intemperance, gives to the traffic all the respectability that yet adheres to it, and if it should withdraw its countenance, that traffic could find no rest, no abiding place among us, save in stealth and darkness, like those crimes which, banned and cast out of all worthy men, lie only in secret and in shadow." He describes the energy and enterprise of Boston with great power. "They said, we will have liberty, and with that word liberty! they rocked old Faneuil Hall, and Faneuil Hall rocked the whole land, as with an earthquake, and liberty they had. Is an institution of art needed to adorn the city, to aid the improvement and pleasure of its people? Lo! it is erected. Is a railroad needed to join us with iron sinews to the heart of the distant West? Lo! mountains are tunnelled, and rivers bridged, and the railroad is built. And now, men of Boston, people of New England, why is it that this evil pollutes your streets, and disturbe your law and order, and sends forth its moral miasma into your homes, and harms and kills your fellows?"t

This is a significant question. Why is it that this evil continues to pollute the community, and especially the city, to the extent that it does? The first publication referred to answers in effect, that it is owing entirely to the bad measures and bad spirit of temperance people

" Page 12.

† Page 17.

themselves. "It is to be feared that your 'cause,' as you term it, will always be retrograde as now, instead of onward, if your tone does not become less despotic and vituperative." This answer is given, I am aware, by no small part of that portion of the community, who stand aloof from the cause, as an organized movement. The charge, in effect, is this: The temperance people as a body, are so "despotic and vituperative," so reviling and unjustly censorious, that respectable people cannot conscientiously unite with them, and drinkers and venders are naturally, if not justly, incensed to persevere in their course. Is this true? Let us see. Who are the "temperance people" referred to? Evidently those who have carried on this reform in organized bodies. The American, the State, the County, and the Town Societies. Now take the Reports of any one of these societies, and see who are and have been the officers, the committees, the speakers. Take the Massachusetts Temperance Society for example. Among the first eight or nine members that formed that society in 1813, were Nathan Dane, Samuel Dexter, Jeremiali Evarts, John Pierce. I do not remember the others, but they were kindred spirits. From these original signers down to the committee who issued the Address at the head of this article, viz: Mark Hopkins, Samuel B. Woodward, Samuel Hoar, the roll of this society's members includes the names of the most distinguished men of the State in every profession, every religious sect, and every political party. Among their officers, orators and writers, have been such men as Dr. Woods, Dr. Beecher, Dr. Channing, Dr. Ware, Jr., and Dr. Palfrey; Dr. John Ware, and Dr. John C. Warren; John Reed, Robert Rantoul, and George N. Briggs. These are only specimens of a multitude of names scarcely less eminent. The same is true of each of the State Temperance Societies, and of the American and Congressional Societies. The same is true of temperance societies in all countries. They contain the highest portion of the community for learning, talents and moral worth. Almost the whole medical faculty, and the whole corps of chemists and physiologists, have gone the whole length in temperance, and sustained every position as to the physical effects of alcohol, by science and facts. Almost all the clergy, and a very large part of the law faculty, have from the first, carried on this cause. The first body of men in the world, I believe, who wholly renounced wine as a drink, was the Berk-Chief Justice Parker, in a letter to Dr. Warren, wrote, "They have banished all ardent spirits from their houses at home, and their lodgings when at court, making literally no use of them. They

have also discarded the use of wine, which at first I thought might be carrying the thing too far, because extremes generally cause revulsions; but, upon hearing their reasons, I am satisfied they are right." Two other bars at least, had done the same before 1830. The great masses of sober and intelligent laboring classes have adopted these principles practically, and added the weight of experience to the deductions of science and reason. It is only such an array of talent, of learning, of moral worth, sustained by the experience of the masses, that could ever have assailed this giant evil with success, backed up as it was by the diseased appetites of millions, the interests of a most extensive branch of trade, the despotic fashion of the world, the prejudice that linked it with every pleasure of life, and health itself as a component part, the vis inertiæ of society that cannot be roused to throw off any old habit unless by some alarming cry of immediate danger.

In view of this, it seems strange, that any one can speak of the temperance people as a body, as a class of rash, and violent, and uncharitable persons. That there are some of this class among them, is true, as it is of every large body of people united for any purpose. But they have never controlled the action, dictated the principles, or materially affected the spirit of the temperance reform, as a whole. The eagerness with which any error or harsh remark of any individual speaker has been caught up, and trumpeted through society by the enemies of this cause, shows how little material of this kind there has been. most of this has been put forth by unauthorized and ignorant lecturers, who have taken it up merely for purposes of self-interest, and after a time fallen away. To hold up these as a specimen of the temperance people, is the same as to hold up the Mormons, as a specimen of Christians. We know that this is the favorite mode of attack by those who wish to uphold the traffic and the use of intoxicating drinks. But when it is endorsed from any respectable source, we feel bound strongly to remonstrate.

But let us enter a little in detail into the objections against the temperance doctrines and measures and spirit. The foremost among those, is "harsh denunciations." Whether a statement in regard to a thing, be regarded as "harsh," or the sober truth, depends on the point of view we take and the degree of light we have on the subject. Before temperance societies commenced, I knew a clergyman to get up a society to exclude intexicating drinks from funerals, as the evil had become so great that some would almost stumble into the graves of their selatives from its effects. This created much excitement; it was regarded as a "harsh" and extreme measure, and some parishioners went and remonstrated with their minister. When total abstinence from dis-

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tilled liquors was broached, it was thought excessively "harsh" and extreme. When the Berkshire bar banished wine, even Judge Parker, a veteran temperance man, thought it a mischievous extreme; but when he "heard their reasons, he thought it right." The community have had to "hear the reasons" often, and see the fruits, before they were convinced. But I believe few will doubt that this is now among the settled questions, by a vast majority of the talent, the science, the virtue of the land. The rest will still continue to think that to proscribe it, is "harsh denunciation." I am sorry to find that the author of the first publication referred to, is among this number, and even among those who think it harsh to proscribe the moderate use of any intoxicating drinks. says, "All who are accustomed to drink intoxicating liquors, however moderately, are vehemently reviled. The moderate drinker of them is indeed stigmatized as worse than the drunkard." * Now here is a slight mistake. It has never been a doctrine of the temperance advocates, that "the moderate drinker is worse than the drunkard." the true position, and the one generally taken is, that the moderate drinker does more hurt than the drunkard, to the temperance cause, i. c. he exerts more influence to continue the custom of drinking. This idea is well stated by Rev. Mr. Chapin, in the address before referred Speaking of "that class who say they use wine and ardent spirits moderately, and it does not hurt them," he says, "Those who take this stand do more hurt than the drunkard. They are the very examples which decoy and embolden others to drink. The miserable, bloated, wallowing inebriate furnishes no motive for the use of strong drinks. He causes those whose hands are stretched out to take the first glass to shudder and recoil, as they consider the end to which that first glass But the young man, as he takes that glass, looks around, and sees those who boast that they can drink and it does not harm them; he sees them carry the cup to and from their lips with apparent safety, and he says, "So too can I drink with safety." He drinks and falls, because another drinks and stands: he stumbles, not over the drunkard in the kennel, but over his example who says, "I can drink and it does not harm me." These are they who decoy others to their ruin. They are the wrecker's lights that allure many a brave and noble bark from its course, until it strikes the fatal rock, and lays its bones on the sand to whiten there amidst the tempest and the surge."* This is the true position and the true argument, and it is the one found in all the ablest and soundest temperance addresses, and in the resolutions of the temperance societies. In not one, of any respectability, can the sentiment

* Page 16.

† Page 14.

be found, that "the moderate drinker is worse than the drunkard." But it is, he does more hurt. That is, he does more to sustain the custom of drinking, from which the whole evil flows. And the more intelligent, virtuous and high in station or office a person is, and the less he drinks, if he drinks at all, the more influence he exerts to justify the habit of drinking. This is self-evident, and was admitted to me a few days ago by an inveterate rum-seller.

This leads me to remark upon the great and vital point of the temperance movement. It is to do away wholly the habit of drinking intoxicating liquors at all. It is to brand it with disgrace, as we have gambling and lotteries. And for the same reason. It is not, that to play for a trifle to heighten the interest, or to turn up a copper for amusement in a single instance, is a "malum in se." But the habit is inevitably connected with excess on the part of multitudes, and "leads them to offend." So with the habit of drinking moderately. If the habit of drinking is retained, then the excesses will follow, so long as man is what he now is. The evil never can be diminished much, while the habit of drinking intoxicating drinks at all, is respectable. It is only as the habit has been restrained, that the evil has been curtailed. That is, the whole success of this cause has rested on the total abstinence principle. This is now a settled question, with all who have investigated this subject. It is therefore with truth that it is said, that the moderate drinker is now the great obstacle to the temperance reform, and he must bear the responsibility of it. I was, therefore, surprised to read, in this stage of the reform, in so respectable a quarter, as the first publication here referred to, these words: "Can we reasonably expect to convince men that it is wrong to use intoxicating liquors at all as a beverage by harshly denouncing the habit?"* It is difficult to see how it can be done in any other way. How are you to convince men that the thing is wrong, except by showing them that it is wrong, that it is very wrong; that it involves terrible consequences, and great guilt." This has been done with great success. The best men in the land are coming in with it daily. Such bodies as Harvard College, and the Phi Beta Kappa Society are coming in with it. It is likely soon to take all the respectable part of the community. Upon this hope the whole success of the temperance cause rests.

One word as to the traffic. We are called upon, "Give up your imputation of unmitigated baseness in motives to the traffic." Now I suppose that no one will undertake to point out any other motive than self-interest. And I suppose it is equally clear, that every one who



sells, knows that it does no good to the purchaser, but that every glass sinks some one lower in poverty, vice and wretchedness, or brings him one step nearer to them. And knowing this, for the sake of the gain, he is willing to inflict these terrible evils on the deluded beings who are tempted by him. I think there is some degree of "baseness" in this. The truth must be told.

But "those who continue in the traffic are ranked with thieves, robbers," &c. Here is another mistake. It has never been a doctrine with the temperance people, that the rum-seller is as bad as the thief. But it is a doctrine that rum-selling is as bad as stealing. Is this so? Let us see. Here is a man who has a dollar in his pocket. You wish for it. You do not wish to injure the man. But you are willing to injure him to that amount, for the sake of the dollar. He turns his head another way. You put your hand into his pocket and take it. That is stealing. Here is another man out of whom you wish to make a dollar by selling rum, or wine. You know it will do him no good. You know it will harm him, twenty dollars. You know, that it is only through temporary delusion he is induced to take it. And yet to get the one dollar, you injure him twenty. Who has done the greatest injury to the man? What difference is there in the motive? Supposing the man who steals the dollar, that the other may not be believed if he accuses him, lays a successful plan to destroy his reputation for veracity. Would not this last act be worse than the first? But does not the rum-seller know, that the ruin, not of the reputation, but of the character, on which every thing sacred rests, will be the consequence? If a man should take all the property of another by fraud, and leave him and his family pure, and should take another's by selling him intoxicating drink, which would he injure most deeply? What difference would there be in the motive? Now the temperance people have always admitted, that men have done, and are doing this ignorantly, in some instances. But so far as they have light or the means of light, the guilt is in proportion to the injury done. They mean to increase this light until the dealers shall abandon it or be ranked with other transgressors. If this is true, it does not require so much "effrontery" "to class the sale of them, wholesale as well as retail, expressly with the most enormous crimes." Such men as Channing, Ware, Briggs and Slade, have done it. The legislatures of several States have done it. The public sentiment of a majority of the wisdom and worth of this nation has done it. Upon the hope that it will be ratified by the people, rests the final triumph of the temperance cause. It is a moral phenomenon, that a city like Boston, so moral, so benevolent, putting forth so much effort, at an immense cost, to check the sin and misery in her midst, should do so little

to put a stop to what every body knows to be the immediate cause of three-fourths of all that sin and misery. Some thousand places are quietly selling it to tens of thousands, who are in every stage of the progress to ruin, from the ruddy young man fresh from the country, to the raving victim of delirium tremens. A large number of the wealthiest and most respectable people, are indulging in luxurious ease, in a habit from which all this sin and misery flow, and must continue to flow, so long as the habit of drinking intoxicating liquors is any thing but infamous. Men standing high in society are importing and distilling this dreadful agent, and feeding these sources of sin and shame as if it were not under the bann of society and the curse of God. And the law is suffered to slumber except against a few poor and weak offenders; and the caucus, the lecture room, the pulpit, while they have the chief offenders before them, are careful not to be "harsh and vituperative." This is strange indeed! How long will men pour out their sympathies and their wealth, and spend their time to cure the sin and the miseries of the poor, the sailor, the juvenile and adult offender, and yet take by the hand, cordially salute, and sit down to the communion with men who are getting rich by bringing their fellow beings into this condition! This cannot go on always. Things are coming to a crisis. The spirit of Tuckerman, Channing, Beecher, Grant, is extending to a wider circle of hearts every day. It is only necessary that, in the words of Channing, "their intense convictions in regard to this vice" be imparted "to the sober and Christian part of this city and Commonwealth, and it will soon be repressed."

A WHISPER TO THE HEART.

BY MRS. M. G. SLEEPER.

EDUCATION! how the word is misunderstood, misused, ay, even desecrated! We collect books, we inquire for teachers, we seek the society of reputed scholars, we discourse loftily among ourselves. We fancy that we study deeply, that we think profoundly; we spend years in exploring the margins of great mysteries, we exult over fragments of truth and clasp in idolatry the chastely gleaming jewels. And we are sincere in all this. The heart is with the bended knee and lends music to the cry of exultation. The glowing features, the dilated form, the clear, broad brow whose span seems but too narrow for the glorious thought impressed there, are not deceptive. Neither is it a forced

enthusiasm. The shout which startled the gay revellers of a Sicilian city echoes still from the crowded mart, and swells out triumphantly in forest anthems. Yet with this earnestness in the pursuit of wisdom, this ever questioning spirit seeking the perfect harmony of entire knowledge, we overlook the many lessons which our Father offers us with each rising and setting sun, each striking of the clock, each motion of its admonitory finger. We fix our gaze upon the stars which beckon to us through the still, solemn night, and forget to look around us upon the objects which their rays illumine, see not the points beneath, which they light into a radiance scarcely less brilliant than their own. How many, many things, more levely than the artist ever cut in marble, or painted upon canvas, seek with pleasant wiles to win our notice, and wait only our own pleasure to commune with us upon subjects, which in their depth and beauty we, ourselves, cannot, in this life, fathom. We pass them by because they are so familiar, because we need not step aside, need only pause to gather their countless riches. We are so confident, so vain of our poor attainments, that we smile at the idea of thus easily increasing the boasted store. And when they will no longer be repulsed, when their wonderful inner life finds utterance in music, when the wavy air in league with the minstrels conveys their notes accurately to the ear, we wilfully misinterpret, or carelessly hurry on. How strange it is that we should listen with rapture to earthly harps and earth-born musicians, yet hear not the melody flowing from thousands of lyres, which is, indeed, a fragment of that great tune which shall be sung forever in Paradise.

The sublime doctrines which the preacher utters from the pulpit often overwhelm us with their vastness, but the truths which are breathed to us from the braided gold and crimson of the morning cloud, the jewelled wing of the nectar-sipping humming bird, from the grass wrestling with its little strength for a stronger and surer growth, or the ways and deeds of those who recklessly trample it in the dust, are so cunningly adapted to our capacities of head and heart that the contemplation of them never wearies. Such monitors keep us through the busy week where, at its consecrated birth, the sanctuary and the altar placed us. Magnets are they, true to the Hand that fashioned them, and by their aid we tread more evenly and firmly our ever-brightening, though narrow, and it may be thorny path.

It was but yesterday that I learned a lesson over which my heart has ever since been busy. It came not from the fairy snow-flake, nor the icicle, iris-hued when the sun is on it, nor yet from the arch murmurs of laughing childhood. I learned it not in the grove, which so often ministers to the tranquillity of my spirit, not in the glen where the birch

weaves its white arms with the bronzed branches of the alder, and the slender boughs of the zephyr-loving aspen. It was given me beneath the low rafters of a smoke-darkened cottage, and, but that the error it rebuked was fresh in my memory, perhaps I had not regarded its application. Youth shouts to the passer-by, manhood speaks eloquently from the deep fountains of experience and thought, but age whispers more and more faintly until the strained ear can no longer catch the sound, and they who yearn for an echo must be content with the low, broken one that comes up from the green turf of the peaceful grave.

Philip Arnold loved, with the dependent and doating fondness of second childhood, his grandson and namesake. For many a long day he taxed his ingenuity to discover something to please the child, something not beyond his simple skill that might serve as a remembrancer when he should have fallen asleep. The merchant lent him knives of various sizes, the good silversmith made some springs, and from the village cabinet-maker he obtained a piece of choice wood, some paints and varnish. Thenceforth, whether sitting on the threshold, or quickening his sluggish blood by the kitchen fire, he still held the toy in his trembling fingers. He often talked to it, and pleased himself with thinking how his grandson would regard it when he was gone. At such times he worked faster, and his smile was less painfully true to his weakened energies, but in a few minutes he grew weary, and dozed in the corner of his stuffed arm-chair. When it was finished he placed it in a little trunk where he kept the wedding-ring of his dead wife, and a profile of his first-born, who lay among the pearls and corals on the bright floor of the blue ocean. He turned the lock more carefully than if it had been full of gold, and two or three times before evening closed, he opened it to brood over the joy which his gift was to impart to his cherished one. He slept the next morning until his namesake had gone into the woods to see a beech tree felled, but, on his return, he, with love and pride, gave him the plaything. The child stroked the wrinkled brow of his grand-sire, kissed him many times, then looked at his toy, and kissed him once again. But a coarse and ignorant stranger spoke severely of the work, found fault with the small wheels and delicate machinery. A tear started in the eye of the old man, and unchecked, coursed over his withered cheek. He gently disengaged himself from his grandson, and then, meekly folding his hands upon his cane, he bowed his head upon them to hide his emotion. His beautiful work. for, truly, it was very beautiful in the love and care reflected from each smooth curve and tiny bar, was depreciated in the very moment of a triumph, which in his uneventful life was almost an era. I was in haste, vet I could but stay to explain the old man's thought; and, with a few

words of honest praise, and kind wishes, and promises to return and examine the pretty thing at leisure, I came away.

My mind, at first, was full of my aged friend. I felt indignant at the stranger, and scorned his cold, unfeeling manner, and unjust remarks. But a better spirit woke within me. I also had erred like him. I had spoken complainingly of a far greater and more perfect work, exhibiting in all its wide extent, in its wonderful variety, in its exquisite adaptation, infinite love guided by infinite wisdom. Ay, with the fire glowing on my hearth-stone, and the faces of my kindred beaming in its light, with happy laughter ringing in my ears, and the sound of agile feet echoing in my hall, I had remembered, almost with bitterness, the suffering of this beautiful world, and said nothing of its joys. Suffering! suffering! as if man, himself, had not drawn the first shadow over the earth! as if I believed not that whom God loveth he chasteneth!

True, the Creator of the universe can experience neither sadness nor disappointment at the unsubmissive blindness of his creatures. Yet was I, therefore, innocent? The querulous tone, the repining spirit, the hasty judgment, were they not indications that all was not right within? Was there aught of that pure, warm, earnest love which so clears the darkened vision, which trusts where it cannot see, and to which even the mysteries of the beloved are hallowed?

O! Father! may the lovely things, the simplest of which we cannot hope to understand in this the first and lowest stage of our being, may the incidents of every day, however trivial, be to the well-spring of our thoughts like the branch cast by the prophet into the eastern fountain, and may no gathering mists obscure with their dim folds the infinite beauty of thy glorious workmanship!

"God appoints to every one of his creatures a separate mission, and if they discharge it honorably—if they quit themselves like men, and faithfully follow that light which is in them, withdrawing from it all cold and quenching influence—there will assuredly come of it such burning as, in its appointed mode and measure; shall shine before men, and be of service, constant and holy. Degrees infinite of lustre there must always be; but the weakest among us has a gift, however seemingly trivial, which is peculiar to him, and which, worthily used, will be a gift also to his race for ever. 'Fool not,' says George Herbert,

'For all may have,
If they dare choose, a glorious life or grave.'"



THE RETURN TO EGYPT.*

A MULTITUDE are passing on their way O'er Judah's plain; but why that mixed array? They come not like the warriors from the field With banners waving, helm and bruised shield. No war-horse fainting from the desperate fight, No plumes are dancing in the moon's red light, No trumpets send their stirring notes afar, Nor timbrels sound, nor captives weeping there. One solitary lyre alone prolongs Its wailing note; telling of Judah's wrongs. The mass moves onward, and the crowds appear Like those who fly when foes and death are near,-Camels and horsemen mixed in wild array. And Jewish maids are hastening on their way. The heated air of noontide's feverish glance Burns o'er their heads and flames upon the lance. Behind the mules their various burdens bear. Press the hot sand, and snuff the heated air. They halt beneath the fig-trees on the plain, And turn their eyes to hills from whence they came, Where in her misty shroud their city lay In ruined grandeur, beauteous in decay; Where sparrows round her altars wing their flight, Build their soft nests, and undisturbed alight. The Prophet in the midst resumes his lyre, And sweeps its cords with more than scraph fire. With head thrown back and eyes to heaven upraised, First to the Eternal chants his song of praise. With soul inspired his flying hand he flings To the full measure of resounding strings. Depressed, soft moving, querulous and slow, His trembling hand then wakes the notes of wo. 'Oh that mine eyes were waters, and mine head Like fountains that soft trickling waters shed To weep my people; Oh, for some lodge within Some forest vast to hide from Judah's sin.' They forward move; and who are they? and why Trembles the tear in Judah's glistening eye! 'T is the whole remnant of Judea's land, That forward moves to Egypt's burning sand.

588.

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Where is their faith? 'tis Babylon they fear, And know they not that God they seek is near? They come not as they went, when round at night A fiery pillar flamed with ruddy light. Or when by day the gathering clouds arose To shield their heads, and hide them from their foes. Arrived at last where Tahpanhes is seen Mid waving palm-trees of perpetual green, Where Pharaoh's palace near the brick-kiln rose, Stupendous pile that spacious courts enclose; With hieroglyphics stand the well wrought stones. The storied record of past ages gone. Oh say what pleasure thrilled through every breast, How lulled their care and soothed the soul to rest, When wandering over desert sands they found Rest for the weary on this welcome ground. The Pharaoh's power to all protection gives. And bids in peace the meanest subject live. The prophet then from the adjacent hill Brings the rough stones and hides within the kiln. To the assembled crowd he then declares The Almighty will, and thus his mandate bears. 'Thus saith the Lord of Hosts, all Judah hear! The king of Babylon his throne shall rear Upon these stones, and on them spread His broad pavillion o'er their dusty bed, And with this hand he shall himself array, As shepherds sport them on their festal day, And smite the earth, and death shall have its prey, And Egypt's gods consume in flames away!' Ah! none return but those who fearing fly Back to Judea's fields and hostile sky. Are they extinct, and did the truth decline, Lost in the course of all-absorbing time? A remnant fled, whose race undaunted stood In clouds of dust, and covered o'er with blood, When 'fitus' * crimsoned banner floated o'er The fallen city and deserted shore.

H. B. A.

* A. D. 73.

Note.—In the reign of Adrian, A. D. 138, the Jews revolted, and were forbidden by him to set foot in their own country, or even look at it at a distance. In the wars with Adrian the Jews lost 580,000 men in battle, besides those who perished by famine, distress, or fire. Basnage, Vol. 7. P. 368.

Thus says Eusebius, "The land was emptied of its inhabitants, and peopled

Thus says Eusebius, "The land was emptied of its inhabitants, and peopled by strangers — a Roman colony being fixed at Jerusalem, which in honor of Ælius, Adrian called Ælia, there being no more Jews in their city." Eusebius

His., lib. iv., chap. 6, p. 144.

THE TIME FOR THE CHRISTIAN TO EXULT, IS AT THE END OF HIS WARFARE.

A SERMON,* BY REV. A. D. WHEELER.

1 Kings xx. 11. Let not him that girdeth on his harness, boast himself as he that putieth it off.

BEN-HADAD, king of Syria, made war upon Ahab, king of Israel, and sent to demand of him his treasures of silver and gold, and all that belonged to his household. This demand was at once complied with, but it failed of satisfying the rapacious monarch. He sent therefore, again, announcing that, on the morrow, he should make careful search, and cause to be brought away whatever remained, of any value, not only in the house of Ahab, but in those, likewise, of his servants. however, was exacting too much, and the demand was resisted. Ben-hadad returned the boastful and threatening answer: "The gods do so to me and more also, if the dust of Samaria shall suffice for handfuls for all the people that follow me"-meaning, that all would not equal the number with which he was about to invade it. tains the reply of the king of Israel, and intimates with sufficient plainness, that a better time for his adversary to boast, would be after and not before he had ended the contest; when he had gained the victory, and not when he was commencing the encounter.

Paul often compares the Christian life to a state of warfare — of warfare, "not against flesh and blood; but against principalities and powers, and the rulers of the darkness of this world, and against spiritual wickedness in high places." And he exhorts all who have enlisted in this warfare, "to put on the whole armor of God," that they might be able "to withstand in the evil day, and having done all to stand." There can be no impropriety, therefore, in accommodating the language of the text to the case of those, who have resolved to become soldiers under Christ; and in saying to every one who goes forth to the field of conflict — Let not him that girdeth on his harness, boast himself as he that putteth it off.

There is indeed cause for rejoicing, when one who has lived in sin and unbelief, or in careless indifference to the duties of religion, and the concerns of the soul, becomes reconciled to God. For we are told,

^{*} Preached during a religious excitement.

that "there is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth." And in that beautiful and instructive parable, which was designed to show forth, in the most clear and unequivocal manner, with what feelings of compassion and readiness to forgive, the Infinite Father regards his frail and erring child, who comes to him submissive and penitent, we find it recorded; "It was meet that we should make merry and be glad; for this thy brother was dead and is alive again, and was lost and is found." And the prodigal himself has likewise cause for rejoicing, when he finds his Father's gracious smile is upon him, that all his wanderings are at an end, that all his past delinquencies are overlooked, and that he is met, even while yet a great way off, with a ready "welcome home." But there is often, as there is too much reason to believe, an undue confidence and assurance in such cases. There is often too much of a disposition to regard the whole work as accomplished, when as yet it is scarcely begun. Many have commenced laying the foundation of a religious life, with not even a doubt but that they should be able to finish; when the event has proved that they had not sufficiently counted the cost. Many have entered upon the Christian warfare, in the full expectation of a certain and easy victory, when it has become evident, at last, that they have not, like the king who was about to make war upon an another, sat down and consulted, whether their own resources were sufficient to enable them to resist successfully the power of the enemy.

It is very proper - indeed, it is quite essential - that every one who becomes or endeavors to become a disciple of the Lord Jesus, should possess a right disposition of heart, as well as exhibit, in his life, an outward conformity to the principles and precepts of the Gospel; since right affections are always inseparably connected with correct moral conduct. But it is a permanent disposition which is needed; and this is never indicated, however it may exist, by the state of feeling which is sometimes manifested by the new convert, in his first moments of deep emotion, or in the more tranquillized, but still elevated and excited state which succeeds. Action and reaction are laws of the spiritual, no less than of the material world; and in the former case no less than in the latter, one is equal to the other. As the pendulum vibrates at equal distances upon either side of the perpendicular, where, if permitted, it would naturally rest - as with the ball, the more violently it is thrown, the further it rebounds - as with the ocean billow, the higher it rises, the deeper is the corresponding depression when it recedes - so it is with the mind. Common observation and experience are sufficient to prove the justness of the comparison. Whenever the mind is impelled. by any cause, from its natural and ordinary position, it tends invariably to the opposite extreme; whenever it is interrupted in its accustomed

course, by intervening obstacles, it recoils and flies backward, in many cases, even to a greater distance than that from which it started; and whenever it rises above its wonted level, it sinks alternately as far below it; and when it falls below, its tendency is to rise again as much above it. In the experience of life, sorrow gives place to joy, and joy to sorrow. Hopes and fears succeed each other. A lively interest in any cause, is often followed by the most careless indifference. The deepest anxiety, by the greatest apathy. We know the truth of what we often feel and witness — that he whose mind is at one time unusually elated, will be very likely, at another time, to suffer from an equal dejection of spirits - that he, whose soul is, at one time, all light, and life, and animation, will be very likely at another time to find himself in quite a different state - all dark, and dead, and destitute of emotion and feeling. And the reverse of these changes is equally common. They take place upon all other subjects as well as religion, and upon this subject as well as all others.

These are well known facts, and are deserving of serious consideration by all who are inclined to make their mental experiences the test of their religious characters, and the foundation of their immortal hopes.

But I will proceed, in accordance with my purpose, to suggest some few reasons, why it little becomes those who have just been led to hope and believe, that they have found Him, " of whom Moses in the law, and the prophets did write," and who have felt, as they suppose, an assurance within themselves, that they are no longer alienated from God, by sinful desires, or wicked works, "to think of themselves more highly than they ought to think," or to cherish an undue confidence of their ultimate safety and success.

1. And, first; He that girdeth on his harness, ought not to boast; for the good and sufficient reason that he has nothing to boast of - that, as yet, he has done nothing which can entitle him to this privilege.

If he has but just entered upon the path of life — and such is the supposition - if, as yet, he has made no progress in it - gained no substantial victories over the temptations of the world, and the sins which most easily beset him, nor even so much as encountered his spiritual foes, with the least effort at resistance — if all his past life has been spent in open rebellion against the laws of God, or, at the best, in thoughtlessness and unconcern respecting his most important duties and obligations, and the momentous interests of the soul -- if, indeed, he has but just come to himself, after wasting his substance in riotous living, and feeding upon the empty husks of worldly vanities till almost perishing with hunger, and but just set out upon his return homeward. 10*

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where the meanest servants in his father's household have had enough and to spare — or even if he has wholly retraced his steps, and been accepted and forgiven — still what has he done whereof to boast? To BOAST! — Why, it would seem in the most favorable view of his case, that the only proper feeling would be one of deep self-abasement for mercies abused, and invitations long slighted, and talents wasted, and time misspent. To BOAST! — It would rather seem that the most important thing for him to do, would be to increase his diligence and redouble his exertions, in order that he might redeem, as far as possible the time which had been worse than lost, and make amends for his past errors and deficiencies. Let him rejoice, therefore, if he is disposed, that the door of mercy is not forever closed against him. Let him tell, if he pleases, of the joy which he feels in the hope of sins forgiven. But let him remember that this is no time, and that as yet there is no cause for boasting.

2. In the second place he knows little of his future trials and dangers, or of his ability to meet them; and the consequence is that he is ever prone to think lightly of the former, and to over-estimate the latter.

When first starting forward in the Christian life, with an ardor newly kindled, with a zeal freshly excited, and all as yet unabated and unchecked by any difficulties or discouragements; the young convert may, perhaps, imagine himself perfectly safe from danger of relapse, and thoroughly protected against every assault from within or without. But if such are his expectations, he will soon find that he has been laboring under a sad mistake; and that so far from being in a condition of absolute safety, the very persuasion that he was so, had served rather to increase his danger. He will find that the mental experience upon which he had founded his hopes, must soon be numbered among the things that are past; and that the happy mental frame, which afforded him such undoubted assurance, at first, will have passed away with it. Then if nothing else is left - if there are no fixed religious principles abiding - he will find that the foundation upon which he has built, will be giving way beneath him, and his hopes all vanishing, like the vapor of the morning, or the bow in the passing shower. Nor is this all that he will discover. Not only will the ardor of his first expectations be "dampened - not only will the first high emotions subside, as a thing inevitable from the very constitution of the mind, but he will soon be called to engage in conflicts, which even under the most favorable circumstances, will have a strong tendency to diminish his zeal, and to cause him to falter in his resolutions. He will find that worldly desires long cherished in the heart cannot be entirely banished thence by a single effort of the will; and that sinful habits, having once become inveterate, cannot be wholly removed in the course of a single hour, day, or week. The former will become to him a source of continual anxiety and trouble, whatever exertion he makes to restrain and subdue them. The latter will still adhere to him, as the spots on the leopard, let him labor as he may to correct them. Dangers will ever lurk about him. Temptations will throng his path. Passion, prejudice, inclination, will constantly urge him astray. And he knows not how soon he may be forced to yield. Now under these circumstances, what reason has any man to boast? Should the soldier exult, who knows nothing of the number and resources of his enemy - nothing of the hardships to be endured -- nothing of the snares and the stratagems which are laid for him - nothing of his own strength and prowess - and even before a single engagement has taken place, and a single victory been won? Then ought not he, who "girdeth on his harness" to fight the battles of the Lord.

We sometimes hear young converts, uttering the language of censure and rebuke, against those who have grown old in the service of their Master, and who have learned wisdom by age, and become sobered in the school of experience. They speak of them as cold, and formal, and dead, and sometimes they do not hesitate to apply even harsher language. But persons in health will always seem cold to those who are in a state of fever; and persons who know the importance of preserving decency and order, will always appear formal to those who have never learned that lesson. I do not say that such censure is always misplaced, or out of reason; but I do say that it is not becoming in such persons to utter it. Let them wait, and toil, and struggle on, through the same lapse of years—let them encounter the same difficulties, and have equal opportunities to learn wisdom and discretion; and then—see how it will be with them.

3. The Christian ought not to boast at the commencement of his warfare, for he knows not what will be the end.

There are some, who believe that there is no possibility of falling away, so as finally to perish — who think that a person, once saved, is always saved; and, of course, that when a change has once taken place in the disposition of the sinner — when the least germ of true piety has taken root in his heart — every thing, that is really essential, has been done. But we, my friends, are not of the number. We look around us and see — among those who have made a good beginning — among those who have clad themselves in the gospel armor — many, who have fallen in the fight. We see many, who once could relate their experiences, and tell of their joys and their hopes; and who were accustomed

to exhort others also to secure the one thing needful and to lay hold on eternal life, after the lapse of no long interval, turning again to the beggarly elements of the world, and losing their first love, and as far as human observation can perceive, never more regaining the character which they had lost. We open our Bibles, and read-"They on the rock are they, which when they have heard, receive the word with joy; and these have no root, which for a while believe, and in time of temptation fall away." And again; "When the unclean spirit is gone out of a man, he walketh through dry places seeking rest, but findeth none. Then he saith, I will return unto my house, whence I came out. And when he is come, he findeth it empty, swept and garnished. Then goeth he and taketh with himself seven other spirits worse than himself, and they enter in and dwell there; and the last state of that man is worse than the first." And yet again; "It is impossible for those who were once enlightened, and have tasted of the heavenly gift, and were made partakers of the Holy Ghost, and have tasted of the good word of God, and of the powers of the world to come, and have fallen away, (for this is the correct translation) to renew them again unto repentance. So likewise we read the declaration, "Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall;" and others like it, with which the whole Scriptures abound. We cannot doubt, therefore, that there is real danger that some may make shipwreck of their faith; or according to the declaration of the prophet that even the righteous man may "turn away from his righteousness, and commit iniquity, and die in the same." Hence whenever a person resolves upon commencing a religious life, the result is always to him in some degree uncertain. Under these circumstances, therefore, and in view of all these facts, it is certainly unwise for him to boast. But

4. There is a time, when the true and enduring Christian is permitted to glory.

It is when his toils and trials are past — when the conflict is ended, and he is ready at length to put off the harness, in security and peace, which he girded on in uncertainty and peril. Paul could write to Timothy, when age had whitened his locks, and the work of his ministry was fast drawing to a close—"I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight. I have finished my course. I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day; and not to me only but unto all them that love his appearing;" and thus every disciple may boast. If he has been faithful to the trust which was committed to him — if he has persevered under every discouragement — if he has overcome the world, and its

allurements, and fulfilled the great purpose of his existence—then, indeed, he may boast of the victory which he has won, and of the reward which he has gained. And it matters not at what period of life the time of his departure may arrive; so that the business of life is completed, and he is ready to be offered. Come death when it will; come the last hour where it may; let the almond blossoms cluster upon his temples, and the trembling limbs of age refuse to perform their office; or let the cheeks be flushed with the warm and vigorous blood of youth; still it matters not. A crown of righteousness awaits him. Heaven is his home; and eternal life will be his reward.

I have not made these remarks with the view of discouraging any one, in any manner, or in the least degree, from commencing the Christian warfare; or of ahating any interest or any zeal which may be felt and manifested in this cause. He, who understands me thus, entirely misapprehends my purpose and motives. No; Oh! no. I should rather wish upon the contrary, that every one who is present, here, today, could feel an interest upon this subject, deeper and stronger than ever before. But I do not wish to behold a mere temporary excitement, which shall cease altogether with the means that are employed to produce it; but one of such a nature as shall induce you to devote all your powers, both of body and of mind, to the service of the Lord; as did he, who while he was upon earth, afforded us a perfect example of what we should do and become. It is a common saying, that "all is well that ends well." Your chief anxiety should be that the warfare in which you are enlisted should have a successful termination. But in order that this may be the case, it is highly important that you should BEGIN WELL; that you should have a correct understanding of your duties and dangers; and that you should not be left to deceive yourselves with the belief, that all is done, when as yet, comparatively, nothing is done; or that you are in a condition of safety, when snares and ambuscades are all about you.

The course of the Christian soldier is always amidst trials and difficulties — always

> "From battles won, To new commencing strife."

His life is a life of toil and hardship, yet ever of progress.

In a popular poem of a distinguished writer, we read of one, whose ambition it seems to have been to ascend farther above the habitable regions of the earth, than ever mortal had ascended before. With this intent, and to indicate his progress, he procured a banner, upon which was inscribed as a device, the single word, "HIGHER." Then on, and on, he went; and up, and up, he climbed; and higher, and higher, he

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ascended; and bore that banner aloft o'er mountain cliffs and Alpine snows, till he had gained the summit; and there — he perished. So fares it oft with human ambition, and such is the end of human glory. But that very banner, with that same device, is well befitting the Christian. Higher and higher, let it wave over him, as he travels along in the narrow way of life, and mounts upward towards heaven; and higher and higher still through the lapse of eternal ages. The Christian never dies.

WHERE IS HEAVEN?

SAY, where is Heaven? my spirit asks
With eager quest by day and night,
And every sense and power it tasks
To seek and find its home of light.

Ah! where is Heaven? we know too well Yon sky is only boundless space; No bliss in yon bleak vaults to dwell; The Heaven I need I cannot trace.

On earth? too much of sin and pain,
Unfinished work, imperfect bliss;
There, growing light begins to wane,
And something 'midst all joy we miss.

The Heaven that 's promised man's poor soul,
The Heaven we hope, believe, implore,
What is it? place, or state? unroll
How — where — the sinless shall adore.

Faith, faith and prayer alone can give The mystery to the craving mind, By glorious glimpses bid us live, And in our hearts salvation find.

Yes, glimpses brief, when swelling high Come thoughts of God, till sin departs, And earth and sense beneath us lie, And Heaven is found — within our hearts.

L. J. H.

A BRIEF MEMORIAL OF REV. TIMOTHY F. ROGERS.

"THE righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance." Such is the dictate of eternal justice and heavenly wisdom. Mr. Rogers was incomparably more worthy of such remembrance, than the greater part of those warriors and politicians, on whom the world has lavished posthumous celebrity. He was born in Tewksbury, March 16th, 1781, fitted for college in Phillips' Academy, at Andover, and graduated at Harvard College in 1802. He made no pretensions to extraordinary talents, but was a reputable scholar, and remarkably correct in his whole deportment. He had been religiously educated from his childhood, and there is reason to believe that the seed that was so early sown, took root, and was the means of rendering his subsequent life the more fruitful. His first impressions were tinctured with Calvinism, which, however, had disappeared before the completion of his preparation for the ministry. He was ordained in Bernardston September 20th, 1809. Though his people are entitled to much credit for the efforts they have always made in sustaining public worship, their means have been so limited, that they could not easily raise an adequate salarv. Their first stipulation was four hundred dollars and wood. Some years after, the society was so much reduced in number and means, that Mr. R. consented to receive much less from his society, on condition that he should have a proportional part of his time, for the purpose of preaching in other places, where he might find employment. This continued for many years, and he rode from ten to thirty or forty miles, to preach to small or broken societies, many of which were hardly able to remunerate him for his labor and expense.

During his ministry Mr. Rogers had several sicknesses, from which he was hardly expected to recover; and within two or three years of his death, he had such paralytic affections as left him for several months little more than a wreck of what he had been, both in body and mind. His mortal life was closed January 26th, 1847.

As a preacher, the character of Mr. Rogers, like that of almost every other man, would be differently estimated by different persons. In his sermons there was hardly enough of unity and compactness to satisfy a rigid logician; but they contained many striking thoughts and happy quotations from Scripture, while they were always serious in matter and manner. Could we collect the sentiments of the common people throughout the large circle of his ministration, I have little doubt that a majority of them would pronounce him a good preacher, and a gifted man in prayer.

Whatever the direct and immediate influence of Mr. R.'s preaching, it was doubtless very much increased by the general conviction that "he was a good man," that his own character was moulded by his practical doctrine. His life, indeed, was a persuasive sermon; or rather, a body of divinity, in a higher and nobler sense, than is generally understood by that phrase. He always appeared to be devout; and we know that he was meek, contented, patient, benevolent, hospitable and generous; always ready to do more for others than he required, or perhaps expected from them. He had a high sense of honor in his pecuniary transactions; a delicacy rarely met with, even in those who are inflexibly upright. Perhaps, however, the most remarkable trait in his character, was the perpetual sunshine of his temper, which beamed through all the clouds with which he was surrounded. He had great trials, of which our limits do not allow us to give a particular account. In these trials I frequently saw him, and never, to my recollection, did I see him depressed. His countenance still was serene, if not positively cheerful. So far, indeed, was he from all appearance of gloom, however dark his circumstances might be, that I once doubted whether his sensibility was so keen as that of other men. Farther observation. however, satisfied me that his unconquerable cheerfulness was the effect of self-discipline, combined with the inspiration of the blessed Jesus.

s. w.

REFORMS.

"For he knows the people listen When a mighty spirit speaks; And that none can stir them duly, But the one that loves them truly, And from them his impulse seeks."

Charles Mackay.

"GIVE me but a point whereon to rest, and I will move the world," is the cry of many in our times, not less than of the ancient mathematician. "Move it where you stand, mistaken one," is the only possible reply. And this reply—how often must it be repeated ere it sink deep into the minds of men? ere they recognize the mandate of Providence, that, here and now, in spite of circumstances, and with available means, they must work for the welfare of the race, if work they will? Why find fault with the spirit of the age, oh tyro in philosophy or letters? The age is what you make it,—the aggregate

of yourself; - and truly, if there be any one thing, for which you ought most devoutly to thank God, it is that He has permitted you to breathe its atmosphere and receive as an inheritance the very ideas which your ancestors of the third and fourth generation groped after as for "hid treasure." As the minor planets revolving closely in our rear, shine bright and beautiful in the still summer night, and are never confounded with each other, while in the depths of wider space whole clusters of magnificent creations, each larger than our central sun, make no other impression on the retina than a tiny cloud, a mere breath of morning mist, - so in the night of past ages, while the mass strove for bread and clothes and homes to dwell in, here and there an isolated individual has seized upon an idea, a fact in science, an intuition of the soul, and twisted it into a halo for his own head which shall be luminous while the world stands; while in the broader field of our day, great thoughts, great facts, great intuitions, any one of which would have constituted an ancient sage, are become common-place, jostle one another in the street, and crowd impatiently before us, till we call them clouds, and turn our bewildered eyes towards those luminaries whose merits are ascertained and which are sufficiently small in number and limited in extent to be wholly within the compass of our vision. Thousands of us mortals are now struggling into light and life, and, insect-like, are undoubtedly to become the scavengers of creation, freshening the moral atmosphere, and clearing the streams of thought for generations yet unborn. Let us be content to do this, let us esteem it a most worthy vocation thus to assist God and the good angels in bringing about the long desired Millennium; and while so many are chiding the time in which they live, and so many more stand with folded arms at the fountain of reform, scornfully looking on, or busying themselves just enough to trouble the waters for those who would drink the broad stream below, surely it befits us to inquire, in what spirit and manner we must work, if work we will. In order to clear the way for our argument, we must take up the popular movements of the day, in connexion with a certain state of mind, prevailing to a far greater extent than we could wish among the authorized leaders of public sentiment.

And the strength of the impulses which have led to recent philanthropic action cannot be estimated from a better premise than the fact that they have swollen and burst forth rather in despite of those to whom they looked for aid than from any encouragement thence received. Slaves groan in their chains, drunkards quarrel in their cups, the strong men of rival nations go forth to rob one another, the miserable woman of the crowded city, cheated out of the just worth of her womanly craft, sells her virtue to buy bread for her children; society 11

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pets and honors him who buys it, and crushes her like a worm beneath its foot, and still the mass of men look on, and say, 'We cannot free the slave, we dare not close the grog-shop, we will vote for the defenders of the war, we will buy cheap clothing, and hold out no hand to help the sinking seamstress, — nay, we will keep ourselves in good fellowship with the seducer; for all you, who have interested yourselves in these matters of reform, have gone too far. You are fanatics, all of you, as pestilential as the very curses you undertake to remove. Beside, abolition is not a gospel; peace is not a gospel; temperance is not a gospel; but these 'three are one' in the Gospel of Christ. We believe that; we teach that; it includes all these. Have but a little patience, and moral reform itself will be the natural and beautiful fruit of its wide diffusion.'

Patience, indeed! we have listened long enough to this, and would hardly have borne with it thus far, but that in our earliest maturity, while anxiously seeking out our duty, we shared this error long enough to learn to pity it, to feel convinced that it is sincere and endeavor to remove it. How shall the Gospel of Christ be preached, so that it may impress the listener with a true view of modern reform? How did Christ himself preach it? Did he stand amid his disciples putting forth cold generalizations, and ministering to the self-complacency of those whom conscience had just begun to trouble with the question, 'Are ye faithful to the light that is in you?' Not so. It is especially remarkable, in the history of our Lord, that no one, who came to him with the question, "What shall I do to be saved?" was astonished by a new philosophy, or bewildered by any exhibition of his own supernatural wisdom. To the rich man, eaten up with covetousness, he said, "Sell that thou hast and give unto the poor." To the lawver, who adhered to the veriest tradition of the Pharisee, "Show mercy even unto the Samaritan." To the tax-gatherer, fat with unjust gains, "Exact no more than is appointed you." To the soldiers, fierce and mutinous, "Do violence to no man, neither answer any falsely, be content with your wages." To those who cried out for miracles and determined to accept no other proof of divine power, "There shall no sign be granted you; if ye believe not Moses and the prophets, neither would ye believe though one rose from the dead." To the Pharisees, fringed and phylacteried, "Hypocrites and vipers, so far as ye exalt yourselves, so far shall ye be abased." To his own disciples even, when they presumed to decide upon the faith of their neighbors, "Forbid them not, ye know not what spirit ye are of." Neither did he cease through fear of offence; for when, having heard the strong language addressed to the Pharisees, the lawyers exclaimed, "Master, in thus speaking thou reproachest us also," he no longer left the matter doubtful, but in clear, bold words, he answered, "Wo unto you, lawyers! for do you not lade men with burdens grievous to be borne?"

Let no one mistake us; we know of no reformer, thus far, worthy to unloose the latchets of the Lord's shoes, but it seems to us, that the whole tenor of his teaching toward those who came to him, was full of the strictest personality. 'Ask not light of me,' he virtually said, be but faithful to that which is within you, and there shall be given unto you whatever you may need.' We cannot doubt what his word would be, were he to stand face to face with a slaveholding people; and when we see the pastor of an indifferent congregation lifting the voice of prayer, in the house where he has thrown back the slave to his chains, the drunkard to his delusion, the mothers and wives of warlike nations to hopeless bereavement, and the miserably underpaid women of the city, to sin and shame, with a graceful compliment to the aristocracy that they have done so much, our hearts would sink within us, but for our faith in One that is "higher than he." Should he not have striven to stir the spirit of that people to a wiser reform than any yet undertaken by men? Did he fully believe his own words, did he feel entirely confident that his whole people were of one mind in this matter, he were bound by the most sacred of ties to do it; for, few in number as they are, they far outnumber the primal apostles, and might do a great work for their race. It is one of the most singular signs of the times, that few men speak out their convictions where they are most needed. We long for a teacher who shall say to the spiritualist. Have faith in your brother man. If your lives are led by divine light alone, do not prevent the blind from feeling their way to Heaven. Reverently permit the cripple, if you think him so, to lean upon his staff. Above all, cease to scorn the emblems and tokens of religious faith, condensed into popular forms. Bless them for what they have been to the race, and to you. Live without them if you will, but remember that it was by their aid, or through the aid of influences growing out of them, that you climbed to the spot where you now stand. We long for one, who shall love the bigot, and say to him, 'Stand back, and, like your Master, judge men by their fruits. It may be you will meet company in Heaven, you will be no little surprised to see. At all events souls slain by your anathemas are steps by no means safe whereby to climb. But one soul is wholly yours; have you done your best for that?'

Above all, it has pained us to see those who have in their hands the religious culture of the young, shrinking back from a late movement made by hundreds of their number, to secure the more careful protec-

tion of a growing generation from the hidden vice of a city life, shrinking back, forsooth, because "if we be patient and preach the Gospel of Christ, moral force and self-respect will be a legacy we may well bequeath our children, without the interposition of the guardians of the law!" If we preach the Gospel of Christ! But, whence springs a movement like this? whence comes the fast-awakening sense of the community to sin and shame of every sort, if not out of the Gospel of Christ? Think you that the spirit of reform will be developed silently, as the seed germinates in the earth! Ay, so it will, but you must remember that it germinates only in the dark and silent earth. It bears fruit in the full light of day. Look into the hearts and minds of men, and you will see that this seed of Christ has fitly germinated in silent meditation, and with many heart-throbs has shown, first the blade. then the ear; and now, what can you expect but the full corn in the ear? And again, would you make this into bread for the people, it must be with much bustle, and with the noise of many mills. A false reproach has been many times thrown upon the advocates of modern reform. It has been said that in their fanaticism they had become men of one idea, devoured by their own zeal in behalf of a hobby well nigh ridden to the death, and that such is not the true spirit in which to undertake a reform; but that from the Gospel of Christ an all-pervading grace should come, or, at least, our three prominent reforms be unfolded with equal power. Look at the facts, and you will find them to be in accordance with this theory, in no wise bearing out the reproach. Few reformers of our time are men of one idea. Those who have taken the highest stand in behalf of peace and abolition, have done their full share for the cause of temperance, and if they have given their strength rather to the first two upon the list, it is not because they consider these a higher work, but the work most needing to be done. Conservatives are ready to take hold of the temperance reform. No Christian man can live in a city and not perceive its importance as well as that the spirit of Christ is with it. But a large mass of men might study the Bible many years, and not perceive in it that antagonism to slavery and war which actually exists. How many Christians believe that Christ could not have smiled on the revolutionary war? should like to press the question.

There is no modern reform that we take so little interest in, as the movement in regard to the rights of women. It is true that there have been moments in our life, when we would have given worlds to have sat for an instant on the bench, to have thrown one vote in the national assembly, to have spoken one hour at a caucus, or have held a governor's commission just long enough to freely resign it. But while the

hot torrent of our blood asked for this, we never for a moment supposed that the court-room, the council-hall, or the caucus, was a proper place for us. We only felt that if the men of our country had dwindled into caitiffs, it had the more need of her women. our country and our age, it has been most truly said, is to organize the rights of man. One of the holiest of his rights is to find woman in her proper place. It is he who is robbed by a wrong condition of things. We doubt very much whether Providence ever intended that women should personally share the duties of the commonwealth. feel that this is utterly incompatible with the more precious and positive duties of the nursery and the fireside. But we long for the time to come, when a finished education shall be every woman's birth-right, when the respect of the other sex shall be her legitimate inheritance, when the woman of any rank will be able to obtain a livelihood for herself or her children, without overtasking the generosity of man; when she shall no longer find herself, even for a moment, a tool, or a plaything. We would willingly listen to her voice in the religious assembly, for we have seen the soul of a "sister friend" more exquisitely and visibly illuminated by the Divine Spirit, than that of any preacher to whom we have ever listened; and we are not surprised that in the present state of the world, a woman's soul should frequently be found the fittest receptacle for the love and righteousness of Christ. to, the sex has given utterance chiefly to its emotion; not that it is incapable of logic, or any similar exercise, more than man would be, if nothing but his powers of expression were educated, as is now the case with her. While the press is open to her, she has less to complain of than man, who wrongs himself by all sorts of legalized oppression and wrong, which he might have perceived long ago, had he turned his eyes to the "Utopia" with a more patient attention.

We cannot expect that people of different religious faith, and different degrees of culture, will always enter wisely and faithfully upon any reform; but it is a beautiful and most desirable thing to see hundreds of Sabbath school teachers, uniting in positive determination to check the course of an insidious sin, to witness thousands responding to the cry for liberty. What if your own words, written to the same end, be face to face with those of a spirit which you condemn. You are responsible only for what your own lip speaks, and perhaps your word may calm the fever some other has kindled. But if you would move the people, now, it will no longer answer to stand apart from them, saying, "You are altogether wrong." If your head decides better, your heart must beat the same. You must join the onward

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movement, for no one will look back to see what becomes of you, or listen to your complaints. The spirit of modern reform seems to us the natural and welcome unfolding of Christ's Gospel, and his moderation is quite as nearly attained in this, as in any other specific movement. Does the church come very near to Christ's ideal church? and yet, who leaves it on that account? or, of the few who do, how few accomplish as much for their race, as the hardy spirits who remain to labor and protest? We look for a still higher reform than any yet be-We long for the time when men shall perceive that religious faith and not religious belief is what God requires of man; when the controversialist, if he survive the era, shall be content with stating his own affirmative; and when the only battle-ground of theology shall be found in the mind of the reader. We long for the time when the question shall be "What spirit are you of?" and no longer "To whose communion do you belong?" when Christ shall have become to all men, not only, or chiefly, the head of the church, but the true Son of God, the holiest pattern of humanity. c. w. H.

THE CHILD IN THE MIDST OF THE DISCIPLES.

BY REV. G. P. SIMMONS.

When the disciples of Jesus had been disputing among themselves which should be the greatest, he took a child and set him in the midst of them. And again when children were brought to him that he should lay his hands on them, he made them an example to his followers. In each of these two cases he taught a peculiar lesson, and to be clearly understood, the one and the other must be distinguished.

This is rendered somewhat difficult by their being in a degree mingled together in the gospel of Matthew, a part of what was uttered on the latter of those occasions, being incorporated with what was spoken on the former. To remove this confusion, we must transfer those remarkable words which we find in Matthew xviii. 3, 4 to xix. 14 of the same evangelist; for it is in this latter connexion that we find the words in the other gospels. See Mark x. 13—16, and Luke xviii. 15, 17. And it is probably in this connexion that they were spoken by Jesus.

Would we understand clearly and aright the former of the two lessons referred to, we shall find it most complete and distinct in the report of Mark. It is ix. 33 of that gospel. We find the manner in

which the conversation was begun, there mentioned with particularity; and it seems to us more natural, than that which is suggested to us in the other records. Jesus did not wait for any application of the disciples; but opened the subject himself, by questioning them: "What was it that ye disputed among yourselves by the way?" And they were ashamed and silent. Then without forcing them to a confession, he sat down, and calling the twelve around him, said unto them: "If any man desire to be first, the same shall be last of all and servant of all." The dignity among his disciples was to be a dignity of service; and their glory a glory of humility. Then "he took a child and set him in the midst of them, and when he had taken him in his arms, he said unto them: whosever shall receive one of such children in my name receiveth me."

When we accept without modification or farther elucidation the interpretation which is usually given of this passage, I fear that we fail of understanding the true force of Christ's words, and that the peculiar beauty of his act is lost upon us.

The child is not here proposed to the disciples as an example of humility, but as an instance of those humble objects to which their beneficence, like his interest and love, was to condescend. Not as an example of a virtue, but as an object on which their virtue was to be exercised. Whoever received this little child received him. And he left them to understand the same of all the other humble objects of his care, of the ignorant and the poor, and the weak, and the obscure, of that whole class of which the child is a symbol and instance, of the whole "low estate" in the kingdom of heaven, the men and things of which they were with a peculiar interest to "mind."

The meaning of Jesus appears clear, when we take these words of his in connexion with the occasion. The disciples "had been disputing among themselves, which should be greatest." By this we are not indeed to understand that, carried away by a selfish ambition, they were ignorant of, or forgot the spiritual character of their Master's reign. But they were eager to be prominent, and were jealous of one another as to the dignity and honor, in establishing it. Not without the leaven of selfishness, nor wholly clear from the contamination of vanity, they were about to carry their rivalships into a region which ought to be sacred from their tread, and retain a sense of personal glory even in administering the mercies of the great Messiah's reign. There was to be pride, and there was to be jealousy, and there was to be ambition, even where all alike are sinners, and all alike are low. It is no wonder that they were ashamed, when Jesus, with that look which conveyed the mild rebuke, and was, I may almost say, itself the sweet correction of

their error, asked them: "What was it that ye so hotly disputed together by the way?"

When therefore he set a child in their midst as an example of those humble fellow-creatures in benefitting whom they rendered a personal favor to him, he uttered a censure on this dream of supremacy, and this ambition of greatness, and instructed those who heard him that their salvation and reward were to depend, not on the greatness of their position, or the extent of their work, but on the spirit in which it was performed. "Whoever shall receive any one of such children, any one single fellow-creature, in my name, that is by virtue of the connexion he has with me, and acting therefore as my organ, and in obedience to my impulse, and to be the channel of my benefits, - receives me. And in receiving me, he receives him that sent me." No one therefore can be greater than he. Or rather, there is no question of greatness here. All greatness is lost; and all talent fades. All power and glory are eclipsed in the light of that greater name. He teaches them that they are all on the same level; that they are to rise above one another only in their nearness to him; that they are not to be ambitious of a great part even in the developement of so sacred a drama, but to act well the part in which they are put; that nothing is low there; and that the meanest service which they can render, if it be performed with a sweet self-surrender, as the willing organs of his perfect mercy, shall receive the reward in its fulness. 'Ye have disputed among yourselves of dignity and rank in my work, and would shine as apostles of the nations; but I say unto you, whosoever shall receive the meanest of all the heirs of my promises, with the mind and in the spirit of an apostle, has all the glory which I came to confer, the glory of serving me and him that sent me.'

The meaning of Christ, if we succeed in understanding it, needs no illustration, and does not admit of enforcement. But I may be permitted to reflect, how, while it humbles the presumption of the vain, it may bring fire to the heart of the lowly, and make the religious teacher of children, the comforter and admonisher of the poor, the nurse of the sick, or the friend of the neglected find a dignity and sweetness in their work, which shall not depend on the acceptance they meet with in return, and which shall make them of one company with the apostles.

If we turn now to the other passage to which I referred at the beginning, we shall find it in Luke xviii. 15—17 and in Mark x. 13—16 and in Matthew xix. 13, 14, taken in connexion with xviii. 34, which undoubtedly belongs here,—and in all substantially alike. The words of Christ impressed themselves so clearly and memorably on the minds of

the hearers on this occasion that we have them recorded by several, at a considerable distance of time, almost without variation one from another. He would not have the little children turned away, "for of such is the kingdom of heaven;" and "whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, shall in no wise enter therein." Memorable words! And happy for us that we have this assurance that they are the very words of Christ himself.

We have in this case a lesson by no means identical with that which was given on the other occasion; although it is indeed allied to it. The child is here proposed as in some respect an example of what the disciple should be. We are not to despise children; for it is of such that the kingdom of heaven is composed. The question is, in what respect they are our examples, and what it is in them which as Christians we are to imitate.

And here again I must take some exceptions to a common interpretation, and question whether the purpose be here to impress on us precisely the virtue of humility; for humility is by no means a characteristic of children; who are on the contrary fond of supremacy, and eager for distinction. If we consider more nearly, it would seem to be the simplicity or artlessness of the child to which Christ's love is drawn, and which he would by this example inculcate upon us. This artlessness, or whatever else we may call that childlike disposition, is seen reigning with such a characteristic sweetness in the eminent examples of the Christian character, that it is a familiar subject of our admiration. And it is frequently mentioned too, as a peculiar grace of genius. But it is here proposed to us by our Master, not as the last ornament of mature virtue, though such, in its perfect form, it might well be thought, but as the qualification for entrance into the kingdom. Some might suppose it to be a later fruit: but according to this word of Christ it is the initiate condition of our acceptance, the disposition by which we are in the beginning to connect ourselves with our Saviour. He was indeed, himself the perfect example of that to which he exhorts others. His godlike greatness was not inconsistent with this tender and modest beauty. Strange, perhaps; Jesus Christ appears to us always like a child; and yet he was the child of God! So much lowliness with so much power! such a morning clearness with such a nightly mystery of being! This trait, the trait by which we unite ourselves with him, we might think that in him we should not find. But there it is in its fulness. Artless simplicity, - the guileless heart, - singleness of purpose, unity of desire, and in action directness and sincerity, -all these seem to be comprehended in that of which the child and Jesus are the examples. In him that grace resides as in a gulf; and

it overflows upon all who are intimately conversant with him. May he grant it unto us, who need it greatly; and endow us with that earliest and latest charm of his discipleship.

NOT FAITHLESS, BUT BELIEVING.

BY MRS. SUSAN JEWETT.

"Oh thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?"

On the wild wave sinking, Frighted Peter cried, "Save me, or I perish,"— Jesus at his side.

Faithless! unbelieving!
Wherefore doubt or fear?
By his care uplifted—
Calmly standing near.

Thus, when waves of sorrow Swell life's changing sea, And, faithless, we are sinking, Lord, we turn to thee.

"Save us or we perish,"
In our grief we cry,
Till that hour forgetting
Thou art ever nigh!

Hear us, pitying Jesus, Turn not thou away; Guide us, we implore thee, On our stormy way.

Through the gathering darkness, When on Thee we call, Stretch thy hand to save us, Ere we faint and fall.

Guide us by thy presence,
O'er the threatening sea;
By thy love uplifted
Let us walk with thee.

On our eyes, so tearful, Let thy glory shine, Till, each drop, exhaling, Melt in light divine.

Blessed be God, who giveth
'Mid life's varying scene,
One strong hope — an anchor,
Where our souls can lean.

Blessed are they whom sorrow Teaches thence to fly Ere by dark waves swallowed In despair they die.

But, more blest, the spirits
Which, in good or ill,
Bow with meek submission
To a Father's will.

Joy's bright sunshine shows them
The true source of joy:
And no dreary tempest
Can their faith destroy.

THE FAMINE AND THE SWORD.

THE BROTHERHOOD OF NATIONS.*

BY THE EDITOR.

"The famine and the sword."—It is a cheering and animating thing to see the nations of the earth recognizing the fraternal relations by which God has designed to bind them together; to see them acting as if they believed, and realized, that they were created to live together in unity, dwelling side by side in concord, bearing each other's burdens, healing each other's troubles, forgiving each other's injuries, ministering to each other's wants, and thus fulfilling mutually, nobly and generously, all the offices of brotherly goodwill.

It is true, the signs that such a state of things is approaching are much more faint than we could desire; more rare than they ought to be; more seldom met with than Christianity teaches us to believe they

* Preached Feb. 21.

shall be, at some future day. Perhaps it is for this very reason that we prize the more highly, and hail the more gratefully, every such sign, when we can detect its appearance. I fully believe the time will come, under the softening, and purifying, and elevating, and enlarging influence of Christian truth and love, when this condition of the world shall be no longer regarded as an impracticable theory, -some visionary fiction of the imagination, some Utopian dream; but when a brotherhood of nations shall be seen, be believed in, yes, and be felt as a living and a present reality. My faith in the progressive and the humanizing power of Christianity compels me to believe that such a bright and glorious period is yet to dawn on the weary world; that mankind will grow sick of wars, and tumults and contentions; that the saturated earth will refuse to receive any more blood, drawn from man's heart by his brother's hand, into her fruitful bosom; that hatred will be subdued to gentleness, and affection will conquer vengeance, and retaliation will give place to forbearance, and malice be banished by benevolence, and injustice be penitent before generosity, and the dark demon of slavery itself be fettered by the tender cords of mercy and compassion.

I acknowledge that hitherto the political aspect of the world has presented little to encourage this great hope. Nations have been rather They have been more ready to fight, to burn, to foes than friends. slaughter, - for their commerce, their self-aggrandizement, their lust of power or territory, or what they falsely call their honor, - more ready to fight, to burn, to slaughter, than to aid, to comfort, to enlighten and bless one another. Strange as it may seem, they have chosen to exhaust time and labor, to lavish expenditure and life, to produce mutual distress and anguish and sorrow, rather than mutual assistance, knowledge and peace. From the days of Ishmael to the days of the present American President and Congress, the hand of almost every country has been against its brother-country; the warlike policy has been the prevailing policy. The benign principles of Christianity have found their way into the cabinets and councils of rulers, even less than into the conduct of individual men; less even into the halls of legislation and the audience-chambers of palaces, than into the private transactions of citizens and neighbors. The olive branch of peace has been cut up and trampled under foot and burnt, in the carnage and fire of the battle-field. The brooding wings of the pacific dove have been torn and mangled and scattered to the winds, by the clutching talons of the hungry eagle of destruction. The emblems of savage, brutal war, have been more treasured and honored than the Christian symbols of amity and reconciliation.

And I must confess, there are too many traces of this barbarous taste, and this unchristian animosity, still existing. The present policy of governments is far too little leavened by the heavenly doctrine of the Prince of Peace. As I said, the signs of improvement are painfully faint and few. There is a mournful readiness in nations to resent injury, to retaliate, to revenge; to bellow through the brazen throat of war; to throw open the loopholes of fortifications and ships; to plant forests of bristling bayonets round the ports of commerce; to pile up powder in magazines; to talk boastingly of national prowess; to levy taxes on the poor man's food to support the expenses of wicked campaigns; to expose the morals of the soldiery to the awful corruptions and depravities of the camp; to clothe able-bodied men who ought to be laboring in the occupations of useful industry, with the gewgaws of epaulettes and feathers; to present them with swords and knives for the horrible work of destruction.

All these things are disheartening. Yet there are opposite and counterbalancing indications. There are, here and there, some tokens of renovation, and of a happier and juster era. But after all, the surest prophecy of good, is in the regenerating tendency of Christian truth, and in the inward assurance of the soul itself. Who is there of us here that does not find it easy to picture that coming age, remote as it may be? Who cannot readily call up the vision? who does not verily believe that it shall one day be realized, though we shall not live to see its sunrise? The brotherhood of nations, - it shall yet come, as surely as Christ has lived; as surely as the Gospel is true; as surely as love is omnipotent. Then if calamity overtakes one nation, its neighbor will rush to the scene of suffering, not to plunder and feast upon the spoils, but to relieve and to console. If putrid pestilence breathes its horrid miasma over a country, the surrounding countries will not add the ravages of warfare to the wasting plague, nor flee from the distress like unfeeling aliens, but will become the ministers of a humane and healing mercy. If gaunt famine stalks over a land, if drought parches the fields, and dearth cuts off the harvest, and seed-time promises no fruit, and the heavens are brass over the head, and the earth iron beneath the feet, and the rain of the land as powder and dust, and the carcasses of men meat for the fowls of the air and the beasts of the field, then the lands blessed with plenty shall pour out of their abundance into the empty storehouses, with a genuine Christian charity, and their affluence shall flow forth in rejoicing streams of bounty, and the giving and the grateful shall be like one family of brethren. And in times of universal prosperity, not selfishness, overreaching, falsehood and fraud, but liberality, candor, truthfulness and justice, shall be the 12

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heavenly rules that regulate the interchanges and the commerce of the globe. This would indeed be a realization of the brotherhood of nations. Then shall be neither "the famine," nor "the sword." Then will be fulfilled the prediction of the prophets: "They shall be no more consumed with hunger; they shall see no war, nor hear the sound of the trumpet, nor have hunger of bread; they shall not hunger nor thirst, for he that hath mercy shall lead them; even by the springs of water shall he guide them; they shall dwell safely, and none shall make them afraid; nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more; they shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks; violence shall no more be heard in thy land; wasting nor destruction within thy borders; I will make thine officers peace, and thine exactors righteousness; thy people shall be all righteous. The Lord shall hasten it in his time!"

My fellow-Christians, we cannot fail to see, I think, and we ought to acknowledge it with gratitude, that one sign of that better age has appeared among us within a few weeks past. There is something quite inspiring to the better feelings, in the prompt response that has been heard, in our several cities and public bodies, to the story of distress and the cry for help, that have lately come to us from across the sea. When the accounts were shown to be authentic; when the terrific fact was positively known; when it came to be really a matter of certainty, that our fellow-men, brethren of the same human blood, having susceptibilities to pain and hunger like ourselves, were actually starving, then instantly, the general sympathy was awakened; the nobler affections of humanity were roused; the kindlier sentiments have risen up and asserted their supremacy. Already, the hand of supply has been stretched out: liberal bestowments have been made, and more are ready to be made; the channels of communication are open; the streams of charity, unlocked from the frost of selfish calculation, are beginning to flow out. to refresh the hunger-smitten thousands of Ireland and Scotland. Never did good vessels, which have enriched so often the coffers of merchandise, bear over the waves of the Atlantic between their oaken ribs a nobler or more precious freight, than goes out in the ships that a Christian benevolence has thus launched and loaded, to heal the miseries of that hungry population; not even those that bore out two centuries ago from the oppression of the Old World, those free and fearless spirits, men of conscience, fearing God and hating tyrants, who sought a shelter, a temple and a home, in the solemn wildernesses of the New. God bless these offerings of sympathy from nation to nation, and guide them safely across the waters, and accept them as some slight atonement for the sins that still degrade our people!

You will see, my friends, that my object is not so much to exhort you to engage in this holy enterprise and promote it, as to congratulate you on what has been done, or what is doing, and on the encouraging promises that are held out by these exertions for the prospects of mankind, in creating a brotherhood of nations. It would be ungrateful to overlook so significant a pledge.

Indeed, I cannot suppose that anything can be needed, to excite any individual here to contribute to this sacred object. The opportunities of giving, by public and concerted action, are now open; and that is all the invitation or urging that any man, with a man's heart in his bosom, can require. I at least should have no courage to offer any other; for if there is any heart so steeled and hardened, and cased in selfishness, as not to be touched, and moved, and melted by the piteous and appalling descriptions that have been circulated in all our journals, I should despair of reaching so impenetrable a sensibility by any arguments or appeals.

These affecting facts are, I suppose, universally understood. those desolate countries one harvest is past, or rather the time of harvest is past and brought no harvest with it. Long months are yet to come before another harvest season can return. The crops on which multitudes depend for existence has failed. What was written of old by Isaiah has literally come to pass, and a strange disease in the vegetable kingdom has "killed their root with famine." Unutterable gloom broods and settles like a pall over the threatened districts. At this moment, - and so it will be, at best, for months to come, - hundreds and thousands of human faces are growing pale with terror, and with actual want; hundreds and thousands of strong arms are growing thinner and weaker, and more tremulous every day; hundreds and thousands of hearts are failing them for fear, and breaking with anguish to see those they love pining in starvation. The most offensive, nauseous and unwholsome articles of food are ravenously swallowed from very desperation; so true is it, what was written in the Proverbs centuries ago, that "to the hungry soul every bitter thing is sweet." It is estimated that so cheap a gift as a single barrel of provision will save one human being, one living soul from starving to death. The most judicious, disinterested and responsible persons have been appointed for the work of distributing the contributions, and are already actively engaged in the service. Who of us, then, that is not actually starving, himself, will refuse to rescue one human being from that awful fate?

We read these accounts in the newspapers, and are little affected by them. We take the mere statistics, the aggregate of deaths or sufferings,

and they do not work upon our feelings, any more than the ordinary list of deaths that we read in the newspaper affects us and conducts us into the private circles of anguish and bereavement, with which each name recorded there is, to some hearts, associated. But if we could leave the cold aggregate statement, and only enter by actual observation and fellow-feeling into the circumstances of some single individual there; if we could share or even witness some one of those frightful experiences; if we could measure the agony of one parent's apprehension and grief, looking on a haggard child crying and wasting away helplessly of hunger; if we could go into some one of those squalid huts of the poor, where every household comfort is mocked by some token of despair, and sit down and look on the familiar horrors enacted there every day, - then, if indeed our souls did not faint at the spectacle, then might we begin to be duly affected by this wretchedness. It has always seemed to me that there is nothing, in all the compass and all the kinds of physical suffering so unutterably oppressive and dreadful, as the slow, lingering approach of starvation, one hope after another disappointed; each throb of gnawing pain growing more acute; suns rising and setting, - evening shutting in, and daylight breaking overhead, yet no ray of hope to brighten the blackness of the prospect; the impending fate growing more certain amidst every aggravating accompaniment; the fury and frenzy of despair only checked and moderated by the feebleness of the body's strength, - but why should I go farther in the description? Heaven mercifully spares us the sight of the reality, and imagination shall not try to paint the likeness. Only let me ask you, parents, to conceive, for one moment, what your sensations must be, if you were to hear from the dear child of your affections one moaning cry for bread, which you knew you had not the power to give!

The utmost will be done, — we will rest assured, — the utmost will be done that can be done, and done speedily and cheerfully. That blessing which was promised of old shall be earned: "He that hath given his bread to the hungry, shall surely live." "Give thy bread to the hungry," cried the ancient prophet of the Lord, "If thou draw out thy soul to the hungry, and satisfy the afflicted soul, then shall thy light rise in obscurity, and thy darkness be as the noonday, and the Lord shall guide thee continually, and satisfy thy soul in drought." It is a beautiful incident that is recorded in the book of Ruth, that the generous Boaz, when the poor maiden came to glean after his reapers, bade them leave handfuls of the wheat at the corners of the field, that she might gather them; so ought the prosperous always to drop their abundance into the needy hands of the helpless. Notice how exalted was the

apostle's standard of beneficence! "If thine enemy hunger, feed him." And remember that gracious assurance of the Saviour in the parable: "I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat; for inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

"The famine, and the sword." Two or three circumstances have combined to associate these two things together, at this time. I will briefly allude to them before I close.

The famine and the sword are two great scourges of mankind, two terrific visitations of suffering upon the human family. Yet they differ in this essential respect. The one is caused generally by the direct Providence of God; the other is the wicked product of men's foolish, or revengeful, or ambitious passions. It is rarely that the evils of famine can be foreseen and prevented even by the wisest prudence. word of prophetic warning comes to the doomed nation, as it is said to have come to Joseph under the reign of Pharoah, in that seven years? famine that desolated Egypt; and the amplest resources cannot provide for its havoc. The cause of the existing European scarcity was as inevitable and as providential as when God dried up the springs of the Nile, so that it did not overflow its banks and yield the accustomed fertilization to the soil, or when he withheld the rain from the parchine plains of Judea, or sent the caterpillar and the locust to devour the ripening harvest. Whatever the scientific explanation of the failure of the potato crop may be, it was evidently providential, and not to be prevented. No doubt a greater liberality on the part of the rich might have done more than was done to alleviate the misery after the disease began to appear, but nothing human could prevent it. This we can never say of war. Of that tremendous sin and shame a holy and benignant Father could never be the author. Man alone is responsible for its unnatural atrocities.

Yet, let us not think harshly, or impiously complain of the Previdence which brings among us the pale spectre of famine. Even that sad visitor, be sure of it, has his mission of good. This very want that now distresses the neighboring nations, must have some inscrutable connexion with the advancement and the welfare of the world; not seen by us, but clearly known to Him who seeth the end from the beginning. One boundless good will be done if it only teaches our communities a deeper lesson of charity, and thus adds a new bond to the brotherhood of nations. We shall err deplorably if we thoughtlessly accuse Providence; for after all, the only hope of the famishing, now, as in the Psalmist's day, is in "the Lord who giveth food to the hungry."

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"The famine, and the sword." Another striking fact that associates these two words together, is this: that it is only a few months ago that the government of this country seemed just about to draw the sword for the sake of a disputed title to a strip of land, upon that very British nation, one member of which it now hastens to deliver from the jaws of famine. The threatened barbarity of bloodshed has been exchanged for the friendly intercommunication of kindness. What happier consummation could a Christian ask? Not only is the change, the contrast,—as has been said,—a most gratifying one, but there seems to me to be a yet higher view of the matter. Had that menacing rupture been completed, in all human probability,—not necessarily,—indeed it ought even then to have been otherwise, but such is the nature of human passions engendered by war, and such are the alienating and embittering effects of that inhuman business, that, in all probability,—the thousands of Ireland and Scotland would have been starving as they are now, perhaps even in more dire extremities, and yet no helping hand would have been stretched from the wealthy States on this side the sea. Instead of being their friend, this country would then have been their foe. Instead of performing towards them the blessed offices of the good Samaritan, we should have been engaged, with demoniac rage, in tearing out their vitals. Instead of bearing out the supplies that are to save their lives, our fleets would have been belching out fire and death upon their citizens.

As it is, is not our country sustaining a far more beautiful relation? We are receiving the inmates of Irish alms-houses and the destitute districts, by thousands, upon our hospitable shores, and giving them employment and wages upon our public works, and not this only, but when the wail of starvation reaches us across the ocean from those that remain behind, we impart to them of the wealth wherewith Providence has crowned so lavishly those very public works, and of the sustenance poured, under the smiles of Heaven, from our fertile acres. This is human fellowship; this is democracy; this is Christianity. This seems, indeed, like some perceptible approach towards the brotherhood of nations! I say again, may God accept the offering, and pardon us our follies and our sins!

For follies and sins we have; and it becomes us in shame and humiliation to confess them. There is one more circumstance that associates together those words, "the famine and the sword;" one that carries with it a certain feeling of regret and disgust; and the one, let me say, that first led me to the choice of these words as my text, this morning. On the same evening, three days ago, when hundreds of the humans.

and the benevolent of this community were gathering into the old shrine of liberty, where so many a noble cause has been pleaded, and so many a noble voice been uttered, another company was assembling elsewhere in the city for a very different purpose. In the one place, the friends of humanity met, to relieve famine; in the other, persons met to witness the presentation of a sword, - a sword, an instrument fabricated, if for any purpose, for the destruction of human life, and the butchering of human bodies. Respecting the ceremony itself, I have nothing to say. Of the taste that could help men and women to enjoy the spectacle, different persons will probably entertain different opinions. But the occassion had, to my mind, a moral, or an immoral It reminded us all that we have an army; and not significance. only an army, but sad and brutal work for that army to do; that we are heaping infamous outrages upon a poor sister republic, and violating the everlasting laws of Almighty God, by ruining, and stabbing, and shooting his children. There is an old proverb: "Better are they that are slain with the sword, than they that are slain with hunger." However it may be with them that perish by the sword, it is certainly not better with them that use it. Better die of starvation in the Providence of God, than slay a soul in battle. Had all the wealth that has been worse than wasted in this iniquitous war, been poured into the cottages of the Irish and Scotch peasantry, what joy and comfort would gladden those desolated homes!

The sword, emblem of contention, grasped by the hand of its deluded owner, goes out on its errand of slaughter, thirsting for human blood. The gift of love and of compassion goes on its errand of celestial mercy, to heal and to save. Curses, and foul birds of prey, wait upon the path of the sword. Blessings, and gentle angels, hover round the voyage of the gift. Christians, brethren, men, — would you choose to be the bearers of the one, or of the other; to hear the groans of the dying, and the shrieks of the wounded, and the imprecations of the widow and the orphan where your sword has struck, or the grateful and exulting benedictions of the hungry wrestler with famine, that your charity has redeemed?

THE MISSIONARIES.

BY MRS. H. V. CHENET.

CHAPTER I.

In many a lone and desert spot, where human footsteps have never penetrated, the earth decks herself as gaily in verdure and bloom, as if the eye of man were there, to admire and enjoy its loveliness. after age, the trees bud and blossom, and yield their fruits which ripen and decay, enriching the soil for future culture, and nourishing countless tribes of animated life, thus constantly fulfilling the wise and beneficent purposes of the great Creator. And thus, also, in the darkest regions of moral and spiritual desolation, where man, degraded by ignorance and superstition, bows down before the idol deities which his own hands have formed, hearts may be found, ready to kindle to a diviner life, natures obscured, but still bearing the impress of their original purity. and souls, waiting for some welcome messenger to bear them on to immortality. It is not an idle dream of enthusiasm, a vain longing for renown, or a mistaken sense of duty, which leads men to exchange the ease and comfort, the social and intellectual enjoyments of civilized life, for the hardships, often the martyrdom, of a missionary cause. Many, it is true, from misguided zeal, from exaggerated views of duty, or from weakness of judgment, have brought discredit on the holy cause, perilled their own lives, and wrought confusion and distrust, where they should have inspired confidence, and planted that tree of life, "whose leaves are for the healing of the nations." But God, who judges the heart, will reward the motive; and no one can regard the lives of those devoted men, however differing in name or creed, without emotions of sympathy and reverence.

In one of the beautiful islands of the Indian ocean, a young missionary commenced his labors, with a devotion as pure, a love as warm towards God and man, as ever animated a human being. Several months had passed in earnest conflict with hope and discouragement, but with unremitted attention to his duties, and not vain attempts to win the favor of the poor natives among whom he dwelt. It was a day of heartfelt gratitude, when the first convert to his labors came to receive the rite of baptism, for herself and her infant child. Never to him had the luxuriant twilight of that golden clime shed a softer radiance, or the air breathed a richer perfume, than when he stood beneath the broad canopy of heaven, beside a gushing fountain,—the baptismal font

of Nature, — and, in words suited to the untutored minds of the simple natives, explained to them the beautiful significance of the rite he was about to administer. He addressed them in their own language; briefly, but with deep feeling, explained the nature and perfections of the great and good God who claimed their love and homage, and set forth in its own truth and loveliness the character of the pure and compassionate Saviour.

The young missionary was not alone in that heathen land. him stood his loving and faithful wife, his companion in every good work,- one whose heart never fainted, but whose enduring love, whose cordial sympathy and unclouded serenity lightened his cares, and helped him forward on his heavenward path. Together they had left the enjoyment of a refined and well-ordered home, in the favored capital of New England, and entered on that wider field of labor, with hearts devoted to each other, and to the cause in which they were en-Many trials, unforeseen and peculiar, had already attended them; but these had only strengthened them to greater perseverance, and encouraged them to aim at still higher Christian attainments. Providence had blest them with an infant son, full of health and promise; and they brought him forth, on that pleasant evening, to dedicate him, with the redeemed children of idolatry, to that kind, heavenly Father, whose paternal care extends equally to all his creatures. Sweetly he lay upon his mother's breast, the sinless purity of infancy impressed upon his tranquil brow; and fervent were the prayers which rose to God from those young parents' hearts, that he would keep their little one from the evil of the world, and prepare him by the discipline of life for a higher and immortal state of existence. The dusky features. the gay and peculiar costumes of the natives, as they stood around, formed a striking contrast to this little group of strangers. assembled there from curiosity, others came, as was their wont, at that cool evening hour, to fetch water from the fountain for their household Groups of women were seen, not ungracefully attired, bearing on their heads, with a peculiar ease on which they pride themselves, the urn-like pitchers which they replenished daily at the fountain. The young convert herself, with an innate sense of what was fitting the occasion, had laid aside every ornament, except, with perhaps a lingering superstition, she had hung around the neck and arms of her little one the scarlet berries of an oriental shrub; and in her own dark hair were twined the silver leaves and crimson flowers of the aromatic zinganie.

A reverential silence pervaded the assembly, as the young servant of Christ addressed that heathen mother, and, taking the children in his arms, sprinkled their brows with the pure water of the fountain, dedicating them to God, in the simple and memorable words, which his Master had appointed to be used. He closed with fervent prayer, the out-pouring of a pious and affectionate heart kindling with intense desire to regenerate the degraded and superstitious of his race, and many a heart melted as they listened to his earnest eloquence. Not a few came to him, in sincerity of soul, desiring to hear more of the good God, whom he proclaimed to them.

"Young stranger," said a venerable man, with deep feeling, "we entreat thee to speak to us again, for our hearts are moved with wonder at thy words. Thy people have sent many priests to us, but we understood them not; they bade us worship three gods, yet rebuked us because we bowed before many; they say that the great Being is angry with us, and will punish us forever, and that he has poured vengeance on his own son, who died for us. Our own gods are more merciful; when we cast our children to them, they smile on us and grant our desires. But you tell us of a good God, who loves us, who does us good always, and sends his son to teach us; we would hear again of your God."

"Is not this, dear Henry," said the wife of the missionary, with tearful eyes, as they returned to the solitude of their own simple home, "is not this a reward for all that we have suffered, for all that we may yet endure? Oh! if but one heart is penetrated with Christian truth, if but one soul is saved through our endeavors, surely, surely we may count all sacrifices gain to our own souls, immortal gain to the one, if only one it should be, who is added to the fold of Christ!"

"Never, dear Anna," he replied, "have I looked for great results from our limited, individual labors. But I feel a strong conviction that an earnest and sincere mind, directing all its efforts to some great and good object, in humble reliance on the influence and aid of God, must also influence the minds of others; and though weak and imperfect in itself, and contending with prejudice and opposition from without, that the result of its labors will be certain and satisfactory. Let our Christian light, dearest, shine brightly in this heathen land; let us teach, not abstruse doctrines, but holy truths, such as fell from the lips of Jesus and his disciples; and above all, endeavor to commend by our own example the gentle virtues of Christianity. And, believe me, the good seed will not fall on barren ground, but will surely germinate and bear fruit, though not perhaps abundantly, before we are called to give an account of our talent to the great Master of the vineyard."

[To be continued.]

INTELLIGENCE.

Installation at Cambridgeport, Mass. — We mentioned some months ago that the Society in Cambridgeport, formerly under the ministry of Rev. Mr. Muzzey, (now the Pastor of the Lee Street Church in Cambridgeport,) had invited Rev. J. F. W. Ware to become their Pastor. We recur to the subject now, for the sake of remarking that the services of Installation took place on the Sabbath, Nov. 29, 1846; in accordance with a custom which seems to be growing in favor among us, and which, in cases of Installations, as distinguished from Ordinations, appears to us a very desirable and excellent one. On this occasion, a sermon was preached by Rev. George Putnam, D. D., of Roxbury. The Society is in a highly flourishing and united state.

ORDINATION AT TEMPLETON, MASS.—Mr. Edwin G. Adams, late of the Cambridge Divinity School, was ordained as colleague Pastor with Rev. Charles Wellington in Templeton, on Wednesday, January 13, 1847. The sermon was preached by Rev. Mr. Lincoln of Fitchburg, from 1 Peter iii. 18. The Ordaining Prayer was by Rev. Mr. White of Littleton; Charge, by Rev. Dr. Thompson of Barre; Right Hand of Fellowship, by Rev. Mr. Winkley of Boston; Address to the People, by Rev. Mr. Barrett of Boston. The other services were conducted by Rev. Mr. Nute of Petersham, Rev. Mr. Wellington of Templeton, and Rev. Mr. Bond of Barre.

SPRING STREET CHURCH, ROXBURY, MASS.—Rev. Dexter Clapp, recently of Savannah, Georgia, has taken the ministerial charge of the Society in Spring Street, lately under the ministry of Rev. Theodore Parker. Mr. Clapp entered on his duties in December. We venture to state, on our own authority, that this arrangement does not imply a theological agreement between the present incumbent and his predecessor. We understand the parish is in a prosperous condition.

Installation at Needham, Mass.—The Unitarian Society in Needham, lately under the ministry of Rev. Mr. Maynard, having invited Rev. C. H. A. Dall to become their Pastor, he was installed Feb. 7, 1847. The services of installation consisted of the usual exercises of the Sabbath, adapted in subject to the occasion. A discourse was preached by Rev. Jason Whitman of Lexington.

Unitarian Lectures. - Several valuable courses of lectures, designed to explain and establish the doctrines of Christianity as held by Unitarian Christians, are now in process of delivery, in several of our large cities. We have already referred, in another No. of the Magazine, to a course in Boston, by Rev. Dr. Gannett, on the Scriptures. They have proved in the highest degree instructive, eloquent and popular. Crowded auditories continue to listen to them with enthusiastic approbation, and evidently with a deep and devout religious impression. We hear similar accounts of the lectures in New York city, by Rev. Mr. Bellows, - in Brooklyn, N. Y., by Rev. Mr. Farley, - and in Providence, R. I., by Rev. Mr. Osgood. We are thoroughly convinced of the great utility and importance of this means of diffusing right opinions and right feeling. It is a means hitherto too little employed by us. The public is ready to be interested in theological discussions, and as surely as discussion comes, light and truth will come. The community is ripe for a good-tempered controversy. Let it be promoted. We do not see why the system of Sunday evening lectures might not be carried out in small towns as well as in cities. If the ministers of any given neighborhood, including a limited number of parishes, would combine together, and pre-arrange their topics, so as to succeed each other in every pulpit, the labor of each would be moderate, while the effect of the whole would be incalculable.

THE FAMINE.—Our foreign papers contain little interesting intelligence, except shocking details of the existing scarcity of food in Ireland, Scotland and Belgium, and even in many parts of England, and various schemes proposed by benevolent individuals for mitigating the horrors of the distress. The philanthropy of Great Britain seems to be thoroughly awakened, and on both sides of the sea, there is good reason to believe, generous donations will be made by rich and poor for this sacred object.

NEW UNITARIAN SOCIETY IN WARE, MASS.—Within a few months past, effective measures have been taken for gathering and cementing a Unitarian parish in the Factory Village of Ware. For many years a few Liberal Christians have resided there; but recently a new spirit of interest has been awakened, and they have received large accessions of life and numbers. A commodious church has been built, in a convenient situation; generous sums have been appropriated towards defraying the expenses; and everything indicates a most gratifying state of inward and outward strength and prosperity. We understand, also, that our Scriptural and rational views have commended themselves, by their simplicity and truth, to many of the operatives in the Factories. These results are to be traced, we are happy to say, in considerable measure, to the zeal and perseverance of the travelling agent of the American Unitarian Association, Mr. Channing.

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NO. 4.

MASSACHUSETTS.

BY REV. T. B. FOX.

No people on the face of the earth have more reasons and better reasons for thanksgiving than the inhabitants of this Commonwealth: for there is no territory, comprising the same number of square miles, within which are to be found so many privileges and blessings of every kind. Taking a comparative and general view, looking back to the history of the past, looking over the condition of the rest of the world at the present moment, it can be safely affirmed, that this State, as a State, has no superior—if indeed it has an equal—in all things needful, substantial and desirable.

Massachusetts covers an area of seven thousand five hundred square miles, and contains a population of about eight hundred thousand souls. This population is marshalled in an almost unbroken line along the seacoast; concentrated in the cities and larger towns; sheltered in the valleys, and scattered among the mountains. The occupations of the people are very various: all branches of business, all departments of industry are well represented. We have farms, factories, workshops, counting-houses, ships and studios. And what is the result, what is the condition of man, what is life, here in Massachusetts? In the first place, where is there more of physical comfort, and where is that comfort more equally distributed? On the one hand there are no palaces—on the other there are no hovels. Taking as a standard what exists in other lands, we can almost count upon our fingers the number of the very rich among us, and the number of the very poor, even in-

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cluding those made such by their vices, is extremely small. A beggar in the streets of our cities is a rare sight. At a meeting of laborers in an agricultural district in England, not long since, a woman, who had the courage to speak, when men kept silent, gave an account of her own family, as one of a large class of families. She stated that her husband had to maintain herself and five children out of eight shillings per week, and the produce of one half of an acre of land; and that they had not tasted a morsel of animal food for two months. Now this was neither an extreme, nor a solitary, nor an unusual case: thousands of a worse character might be found in the manufacturing towns and in Ireland. Yet, I suppose you could not, by the closest research, find a single instance to match it, throughout our Commonwealth; a single instance of such destitution, I mean, as the wages of daily labor in ordinary times. An equality, such as exists only in the dreams of philanthropists in the Old World, is matter of fact here. A decent dwelling, comfortable clothing, a sufficiency of wholesome food, is as a general thing the least reward of every honest and industrious man, even during what we are apt to call hard times. But the immense majority of the people are raised many degrees above this low level. With us the very word comfort means not a few luxuries.

But in the best regulated state — as the world now is, and is likely to be for ages — there will be some suffering and some misfortune; and therefore they are to be found in this State. They are to be found, however, only that the provision made to meet them may be cited as another proof of the goodliness of our heritage. Our palaces are our charitable institutions; the richest man amongst us can boast of no mansion superior to those erected for the unfortunate. Two retreats for the insane; a school for the blind; hospitals for the sick; asylums for orphans; houses of reformation for the erring; alms-houses for the destitute; these and numerous other benevolent institutions — the best of their respective classes — are characteristic of this Commonwealth. Such is our inheritance for man the animal.

But man is not merely an animal. He cannot "live by bread alone." He wants more than meat, or medicine. Let us see, then, how his higher wants are here met. Among his first desires, and as a prerequisite to the right gratification of all others, is his desire of liberty, the full enjoyment of all his rights. How is this answered? I apprehend the most thorough-going radical, this side of an anarchist, could not find a great many things to alter in our constitution, to make it more free, and retain any government at all. I have been told, on the best authority, that a Southern statesman of high standing once pronounced Massachusetts the most democratic State in the Union; and gave it as

his opinion, that our danger lay in the great freedom granted to the people. He was right as to his fact; but thus far he has been wrong as to his fears. The largest civil and religious liberty hitherto known on the earth, is at this moment enjoyed by us. And how does it work? Where is law more respected, or justice better administered? are more churches built, or more people found to attend them? Where are the rights of conscience more respected, the rights of property better secured, the rights of labor more carefully guarded? To good citizens of every class, government, in the way of oppression, is almost as invisible as the atmosphere, whilst in the way of protection, it is as a wall of adamant, or an army of giants. I am speaking comparatively, and so speaking there are no terms too strong for the truth. sachusetts is as democratic as any State in the Union, any State in the world; it is the very home of liberty, and yet it is also the very home of law. The sentiment of our people is adverse to every form of tyranny, while at the same time they reverence order. The legislation of this State has generally been for the good of the whole; and her arm and her voice has almost invariably been on the side of the oppressed. And at this moment she holds her foremost place among the rational advocates of rational freedom. We may say it all in one word, that in this Commonwealth the nearest approach has been made to a perfect union of civil and religious liberty, with law, order and good morals. has this result been reached and maintained?

I answer that question by allusion to another of our great blessings. I mean those institutions of learning and religion which are provided for the training of man as an intellectual and moral being. The light of Christianity shines upon our fields and mountains as the light of day. Our system of public instruction is in theory almost perfect, and improving in its practical working every day. Of consequence, to an extent beyond what can be found in an equally large population any where else, our voters are readers and thinkers; that will of the people which governs, is an educated will.

Here then is Massachusetts, rejoicing in a great and various physical prosperity, so that poverty is almost unknown. Here then is Massachusetts, dotted all over with institutions of benevolence, that are models of their kind. Here then is Massachusetts, the abode of law and order: "her officers peace, and her exactors righteousness." Here then is Massachusetts, with the doors of her thousand school-houses wide open alike to the children of the poor and the rich; and her thousand altars at which Christians of every name may worship, according as their consciences decide. Here then is Massachusetts, whose sons and daughters enjoy comfort, reap plenty, grow in mind and heart,

under a civil polity as free as her mountain winds or the rush of her noble rivers. Here then is Massachusetts, what she is and as she is; richly blessed, and grandly successful in herself; standing, also, high and honored among the nations.

Now, what has given to Massachusetts this elevated place, and this noble character? In some respects the history of our Commonwealth is as peculiar as it is striking and interesting. There was nothing in the nature of the land it occupies, to promise the success with which it has been crowned. Go back to that winter when the Pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock, and explore the tract of country which now constitutes our State, and say, can you find any where in the temperate zone a territory, of equal extent, less likely to become the home of so much civilization and luxury? Look at the rock-bound coast. Look at the dim forests. Look at the stony fields. Look at the granite mountains. You can find no mines of silver or of gold. You can discover no rich and rolling prairies. The climate is cold and changeable. The winds cut like a knife: and the howl of the tempest, at some seasons, is almost constant. Those who came to New England, found it a region widely different from the orange groves and balmy airs that greeted the adventurers who settled the southern portions of the continent. This country, round Massachusetts Bay, and back to the western hills, was no Canaan, no El-dorado, no New Spain, no Araby the Blest. It was a wilderness that has become a garden; a desert that has been made to blossom as a rose. We may safely say this was one of the last spots on the earth any prophet would have selected as the future location of a free and prosperous Commonwealth. To what then do we owe the existence and continuance here of such a Commonwealth?

We owe it, in the first place, under God, to our ancestry. The Pilgrims were among the finest specimens of the finest men. They were of the Anglo-Saxon race, and possessed in an eminent degree its peculiar excellences. This was not all. They came from the bosom of a highly civilized nation: bringing with them its learning, its virtues, its noble culture, without its vices. This was not all. They did not seek these shores, impelled either by love of conquest, or love of gold. Theirs was neither a warlike, nor a commercial expedition. They had learned at home to value, they came here to enjoy, the rights of the mind; they emigrated and planted their colonies not for the good of the body, or the senses, but for the good of the soul. This fact deserves special attention, for it is unquestionably the main origin of all New-England's greatness, and has given the tone to her public sentiment for more than two centuries. It is almost the only instance in

the world's history, of the settlement of a country, with primary and predominant regard to the intellectual and moral man. Accordingly the church was erected first; the free school opened next; and the corner stone of the college laid nearly as soon as the seed corn was planted. Plato's theory was here put into practice. It was assumed and acted upon as "a fundamental principle of political institutions that the soul shall be deemed of highest worth; the body next; property third and least." This principle became the foundation of the State. terests of knowledge and religion were the earliest and latest concern of our forefathers. So from the beginning they set in motion the force of mind, the only force that could subdue a country so rough, cope successfully with circumstances so adverse, secure a liberty so untrammelled, and produce a reverence for law and virtue so general. The school and the church, raising up, from the outset, an intelligent and moral people, and prompting to a paramount concern for the welfare of mind, have, mainly contributed to make Massachusetts what she is. But these two institutions were produced or were aided by other cooperating agencies.

I said, a few moments since, that this once unpromising and rough land was the last spot whereon to expect the growth of a free and flourishing State. But I now remark that when it once became the chosen abode of an educated portion of the Anglo-Saxon race, it was the very land to be subdued by their energies, whilst it fostered their noble growth. It presented just enough of obstacles and difficulties to develope all-conquering enterprise, simplicity, hardihood and manliness of character. Men of ingenuity and mental resources, would not sit idle within their rock-bound home, living like barbarians in the wilderness. They faced the cold winds and felled the ancient forests. They girded up their loins and run the ploughshare into the hard soil. They put out from the land and drew up the treasures of the sea. They built the strong ship and learned how to ride in safety over the mountain waves. They took the rough, unmanageable materials nature gave them, and applied wit and art to force them to minister to wealth and comfort and refinement. They possessed that knowledge which is power; and being placed where they must exert themselves or starve, they went to work with a courageous heart, a strong will, and so made their land of freedom, a land of plenty and beauty likewise. In this way their unpromising position acted upon them and they acted upon it, to the achievement of glorious results. Then, further, it must be remembered that such a region as this was favorable to a pure and beautiful domestic life. The family is, in conjunction with the school and the church, one of the institutions most influential for good 13*

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to man. Now a climate like ours produces many firesides, and draws close the ties of kindred. "The homes of New-England," how much meaning in that phrase; how much of New-England's beautiful prosperity it accounts for. How it speaks of woman's elevating and purifying influence; of man's motives to toil, hard and willingly, for the circle that gathers around his loved hearth-stone.

I have briefly described the prosperity of this ancient Commonwealth, and pointed out some of the agencies through which Providence has bestowed the rich blessings that surround us at this moment. But this I have done, to bring out and enforce the obligation and the responsibility which rests in some degree, on every man and woman here in Massachusetts, to preserve, increase and transmit to the millions who are behind, the patrimony we have inherited from our ancestors. imperative nature of this obligation and responsibility no one will deny. The man who can read the commandment written in his social nature, the man who can see how few are the steps to be taken before be reaches the grave, the man who can reflect upon what the past has done for him, the man who can understand how the comfort and culture and happiness of the countless unborn are to depend upon the sacred preservation and wise enlargement of our present institutions, the man who can perceive what security, peace and success he is now enjoying under the protection of a good government, righteously administered, - the man who can do this, and yet determine to live a life of self-seeking and self-indulgence, refuse to bear his fair share of the common burden for the common good, avoid answering the rightful claims of the community, and neglect to make a direct reference to the well-being of his fellow-men a part of his law of life, the man who can intentionally do this, is, all will say, the incarnation of selfishness, and unworthy to breathe the free air of New-England. The duty, to preserve unimpaired, even whilst we ourselves are enjoying, the rich inheritance our fathers left, the duty of doing all we can to prevent this Commonwealth from becoming degenerate, from losing her relative rank and power in the Republic, from falling in the least from her high station, this duty, all will admit, is solemn and imperative. How shall this duty be performed? Before answering that question let us see from what quarters danger is to be apprehended.

Massachusetts is increasing rapidly in population, wealth and luxury. Growing within her limits are those perilous things to a republic, great cities. Her intercourse with other portions of the country, more affected by foreign fashions and modes of thought and feeling, is daily becoming more intimate. There is danger too, lest she may be too deeply affected by the passion for gain, which in all its forms is the worst

evil to be feared. In a word, the evil which may threaten her is the corruption, the loss of vigor and independence which so generally accompanies an exuberant prosperity. She may lose something of her simplicity, her truthfulness and her conscience. As a State, we have reached that point in our history where we are filling and adorning the plain and substantial edifice built by our fathers, with the refinements and luxuries of a sort of hot-bed civilization; and this may be done to the neglect of the essential foundations of that edifice.

This mere glance at the sources of a rational anxiety, suggests at once the direction of our duty. To preserve for Massachusetts her ancient renown, and due power, to have that true of it in the distant future, which is true of it now, we must see that the principles which were laid down as its basis are never corrupted or disturbed. More than this; that these principles are spread far and wide to become the foundation of other commonwealths; for our own State is one of a family of nations, so intimately connected, that one member cannot preserve perfect health whilst the other members are greatly diseased. These principles to which I refer, are, as we have already seen, to be resolved into one, viz: to have a constant regard for the supreme interests of mind, to be concerned first and last for man as a soul, an intellectual and moral being. This is not only the doctrine of experience, of sound reason and of Christianity, but likewise the doctrine of shrewd policy. If the history of Massachusetts, thus far, teaches any thing, that history which describes the growth of a rich Commonwealth on the most unpromising soil and surrounded by the roughest circumstances, it teaches this - that the best way to secure material wealth is to advance the whole population as far in knowledge and as high in virtue as practicable. There is a sense in which the saying of the apostle, 'godliness has the promise of the life that now is,' may pass current as a sound truth in the market-place. And yet this truth, so unquestionable that to speak of it seems to be wearying the ears with a thread-bare tale, is not even now felt in all its deep and broad importance. As a strong and general statement, we cannot but feel the force of what one who has a right to speak out on this subject, has recently said. majority of the more influential classes of the community, the opulent and the educated, those who are supposed to have the largest stake in the well-being of society, and therefore in what constitutes the only elements of that well-being, the intelligence and morality of the masses, the great majority of these classes have regarded, and do regard the general education of the people with what seems to me an astonishing indifference. Certainly they do not see, as I see it, the indissoluble connection, which, under our political and social

institutions, exists between the cultivation and competence of the whole people, and the security of their own property, reputation and lives. Certainly they do not realize that all constitutional and legal guaranties are weaker than the spider's thread as barriers against the insurgent passions of an ignorant and unprincipled populace. Certainly, they do not see that it is only Duty and Knowledge which can convert the otherwise imaginary line between mine and yours, into an impassable boundary. Hence they wait for more tangible and effective arguments than have yet been adduced in favor of a generous, a mind-expanding, a Christian education of the whole people. They wait until more Philadelphia riots shall have sped the death shot and kindled the conflagration. Good and pious men wait until delusions more insane than Millerism, and more fanatical and licentious than Mormonism, shall have overspread the land, and generated their crowds of scoffers and atheists. The influential, the wealthy, the learned, the pious, are waiting, until the combustible and explosive materials of prejudice, and ignorance, and sensuality shall have been scattered more profusely through our country, and heaped together in greater masses, in our cities, to be kindled by the torch of some political or fanatical Cataline. God grant, that when the leading men in our community awaken to a sense of their danger, it may not be too late to avert it." These strong words are the true words of a far-seeing intellect and a generous heart. Thanks to the deeds and spirit of our ancestors, they are less true in this Commonwealth than elsewhere. Here, it is our chief glory, that the equal education of all the people has always been the policy of the State, and the doctrine of the people themselves. But in view of the dangers which threaten us from abroad, in view of the example we ought to set, the influence we are bound to exert, we should pursue this policy, and urge this doctrine with renewed diligence and earnestness. We are in some peril at home also, which demands greater watchfulness and fidelity to our fundamental principle. We may be tempted to let the interests of property get above the interests of mind, and so insure the injury if not the destruction of hoth. If, to any great extent, the connection between the employer and the amploved, becomes a mere pecuniary contract, so much money for so much toil; if in factories or elsewhere, any considerable portion of the population labor so much and so long as to have neither time, nor opportunity, nor inclination, nor strength for moral and intellectual training; if in their zeal to add to material riches, direct and equal endeavor is not put forth to preserve the intelligence of the masses, and the purity of their manners and morals, then the day is not distant, when our glory will grow dim, and our goodly heritage become desolate. There is nothing in mere circumstances to prevent our cities from resembling those of the Old World; our manufacturing towns from sinking to the level of Manchesters and Birminghams; there is nothing in mere circumstances to prevent this. The only conservative power is that put in operation by the Puritans. We must continue to be a State, wherein the soul of man, of every man, shall be deemed of highest worth; we must continue to be a State, whose jewels are not ships, warehouses and factories, but pure and well-regulated homes—public schools for all classes, and churches wherein shall be freedom to seek and find religious truth.

To borrow, with slight change, the eloquent language of another, "If Massachusetts will cultivate the intellectual and moral forces within her, the strength of her sons and the purity of her daughters, the patrimony she has inherited from illustrious ancestors, she will still exercise a control over this mighty nation, infinitely more honorable than civil power, than sovereignty itself; she will still remain the Star in the East, before which the wise men, the magi of other States will come and render homage. If she will be true to herself, no adverse event in the common Providence of God can ever bring her beaming forehead to the dust."

HOW TO SPOIL A GOOD CITIZEN.

- "Look! Here goes Ned Harland! Look here!" said a schoolboy perched on the fence of a playground, in which the boys had assembled to have a game of ball before school. The bats were thrown down, and a score or more of the merry urchins were upon the top of the fence in an instant. A young man of tall and handsome figure, but shabbily dressed, was passing by on the opposite sidewalk. His countenance was dejected, and very pale; his proud and swaggering step was in singular contrast with it, and was curiously watched by the boys from their roosting place.
- "He goes pretty steady, I think," said one to another, "and straight ahead."
 - "I should think he might, before nine in the morning!"
 - "Guess he'll make a zigzag of it before twelve, though."

They sat gazing after him, some with thoughtful faces, some with sneers of contempt, till he was at a safe distance, and then raised a shout of derision, that made the object of their attention start and turn his head.

"Hullo! Madawaska!" "Hurra! Who made his bed in the gutter last night!" "I say, Ned, where are you going?" "You're out! You've lost your way!" "We are all cold water folks in this street!"

Edward Harland showed no resentment at the mocking voices that reached his ear; after the first involuntary start he moved on, looking about from time to time, as if he expected to perceive somewhere the object of their ridicule. He had but a confused idea of having been taken up in the street the night before, and carried home to his father's house. His heart-broken parents had not said a word to him on the subject, and he was trying to believe that his disgrace had not been so complete and so public, after all, as he had dreamed.

He paused before a pleasant looking house, and, as an excuse for a moment's delay, stooped to look at some beautiful nasturtiums that were clustering about the white paling. Then rousing his courage he boldly opened the gate, and proceeded towards the house, looking keenly at all the windows, as he advanced, and violently pulled the bell.

He was refused admittance as he had partly expected, for it had so happened to him on the two preceding days. The girl who opened the door stoutly declared "Miss Mary" was not at home, though he was quite certain he had caught a glimpse of her face through the blind of her chamber window.

"Yesterday I did not believe you, nor did I the day before," said he, angrily, "but as it was possible the ladies were out, I said nothing. At this hour I know they must be at home, liar as you are! Go and see, at least."

"If it is any lie, it is my mistress's, not mine," said the girl, preparing to shut the door.

"Go and tell Miss Mary I will not go away till I have seen her," said he, sitting down upon the steps, "no — not if I stay here till I am gray."

The girl banged the door, and presently a voice from above made him start up, and look up at the window where he had seen Mary. The blind was still shut.

- "Go home, for mercy's sake, go home, Edward," said the voice.

 "This afternoon I will come to your father's, and talk with you. I have much much to say. Do go!"
 - "Not a step, not an inch," said Edward, doggedly.
 - "But Mrs. Allen has forbidden your being admitted."
- "If you had the spirit of a chicken, you would not stay in a house where your betrothed could not enter."
 - "Won't you go, Edward, to oblige me?"
 - "No, I'll be ----- Hem. Tell Mrs. Allen her front yard is a very

pleasant place, and I will do myself the pleasure of spending the day here. If my presence is not agreeable, she must either put me out by force, a thing not very easy to do," said the young man,—drawing up his tall form, and clenching his hands,—" or she must allow me the privilege of ten minutes interview with her dutiful slave, Miss Mary Lee."

"Go round to the side piazza, then, and I will talk with you from the parlor window."

Mary lingered a moment to wipe away a starting tear, and strengthen her determination, and when she opened the parlor door, she found Edward seated upon the sofa, having very easily made his entrance by the window.

"Pray then, how long is it," said he, as she started back in her surprise, "since Mrs. Allen became such a grandee that the son of my father is not good enough to set foot upon her Brussels carpet?"

"Answer that question yourself, Edward," said Mary, gently. "Were you not once received here like a son by Mrs. Allen, and treated like a brother by her daughters? The change," and Mary sighed deeply, and her voice trembled, "the only change is in you."

"I was a mechanic's son then, I am a mechanic's son now. To be sure, I am rather needy at present," said Edward, rubbing his sleeve, "but that is the fault of the old hunx, who will not allow me means to make a respectable appearance, though he has no child but me to leave his scrapings to. The young gentlemen of my acquaintance often wish him in heaven, and if I do not echo the wish, it is because I have an old trick of loving him, which it will take time and much ill treatment to rid me of."

"A year ago, you know, Edward, your father would have put any amount you asked for into your hands, without a question as to the use you intended to make of it. He had confidence in you, and you deserved it. You spoke of him then with respect, obeyed him with affectionate zeal, and would have knocked any man down, who called him an old hunx!"

"I was green, my deary!"

Mary made no answer, but her look spoke disgust.

"Well then, Mary, I suppose I know what you mean. Yes, I am changed. Time was when I thought as much of a dollar earned or saved, as I now do of a hundred won. I was willing to plod; willing to slave from morning till night; wished for nothing better; hoped for nothing different. I thought only of taking my father's business, and marrying my sweet Mary; to live a humdrum life with the old folks, in the old spot. Yes, I should have trotted contentedly round in a half

peck measure all my days, without once looking over the top of it. But since I have seen the world ———."

- "O Edward! Well might I beg and pray, you to hire a substitute, when I found you were drawn as a soldier. I knew you were governed more by habit than by any deeply founded principle, and I dreaded the effect of a camp life upon you."
- "Was that all you feared? How proud I felt when you hung round my neck, and besought me to stay! You did not know it was to be such a bloodless war, my dove! Be honest; you were afraid your good boy of a lover was going to be shot, and if not killed, come home with a wooden leg, or a spoiled face. My head was full of glory, and patriotism, and all that. I little thought the boundary was to be settled by pen and ink after all, without our having so much as a skirmish with the enemy. I hoped to conquer Canada, and make my fortune; to become a captain, a colonel, a general who knows?"
- "I thank God that you were saved from scenes of bloodshed and rapine, and have not the hardened ferocity of the soldier; that you have not upon your soul the blood of innocent men, who had done you no injury."
- "No injury? Why, wouldn't the bloodthirsty fellows take my life if they could?"
- "You make war even more horrible and brutal than I supposed it, if every individual goes into the field thirsting for the blood of every individual born on the opposite side of a boundary line, from his own."
- "Ah, well; but we want to beat, you see, and how is that to be done without killing men, I want to know?"
- "You want to beat! That passion makes you willing tools mere gamecocks in the hands of cold-blooded statesmen; there they sit in safety in their cabinets, and spend your precious lives and souls as their caprice or interest may dictate. Theirs is the greater guilt."
- "Very convenient doctrine, but it is true, too. A soldier is even less a free agent than your girl at the door here, who comfortably threw off the lie she told upon the conscience of her mistress. But come, the war is over and done with; both the State of Maine and Edward Harland are many dollars poorer in pocket for it, instead of the richer, as we expected, but that is no matter, since here am I sound in life and limb, and true in heart to you, my lovely girl. It is nothing to us now, so why talk of war? Have we nothing else to talk of?"
- "Yes; something which I have long resolved to say; something which I have long delayed and dreaded, and wept to think of. Had you died in agony on the field of battle, I could hardly have felt a more bitter grief than that with which I now mourn your loss. For lost you are, to yourself and me, Edward; I can never be your wife."

- "But why? I shall some day or other be well off; perhaps sooner than you would think, to look at my coat."
- "I have determined to break off my engagement," said Mary, panting with emotion, and speaking with difficulty. "Your late conduct ——."
- "O, I see how it is. It is Mrs. Allen I am to thank for this. If I forget it, may ———."
- "No, Edward. She has a right to forbid you the house, having heard that of your habits which makes you an unfit person to be admitted to the society of her daughters. Further than they are concerned, she does not interfere, except to soothe my wretchedness."
- "My habits, forsooth! as long as I behave well when I am in her presence, or her daughters', what are my habits to her? I grant I may have been a little overtaken in liquor once or twice, or so. That is easy to remedy. I will be on my guard, now I know my head won't bear much. Surely, Mary, you won't desert me, because the world frowns at me for one involuntary fault!"

Mary was silent, but her look was resolute.

- "Now I know what a woman's heart is worth," said he, bitterly.
- "You cannot know the worth of mine, you are unworthy to know it," said Mary, who felt that she could have stood by his side through any reproach or shame that was undeserved, and through a life of poverty, that was not the fruit of vice.
- "My ruin be upon your head, since you leave me no hope for the future. Everybody despises me; even you have turned against me now; I have long been unhappy, but hoped for better times. Now, I despair. No matter what becomes of me."

Mary shuddered and turned pale.

- "You do not know half the power you have over me; half the influence you might exert, if you loved me still. But you don't; you are like the rest of your sex; fair weather friends all, and good for nothing to the unlucky and the unhappy."
- "You are unjust; I still love the Edward Harland who won my heart, who shared all my thoughts and hopes, who made this house ring with his light-hearted gayety, yet never said or looked what could bring a blush to my cheek, or a pang to my heart. O, Edward, those were happy days, when I ever looked in your face with joy, and read there nothing but pure thoughts and honest self-respect. I read your very soul, and found it often the reflection of my own. Then, Edward, you had religious belief religious emotion though it had not deepened into principle by much reflection. We worshipped together —

"I could go to church, I suppose, now. I do, sometimes; it is horribly tedious, though, unless -----."

"As for my influence over you, it can be little indeed, now that there is so little sympathy between us. If I should spend my life with you, you might rob me of my peace, but I could not restore yours; I could not give you innocence, nor would my moral energy, were it greater than I feel it to be, be enough for us both."

"To hear you, one would think I was a villain, a robber at the very least, perhaps a murderer. What have I done that harmed any one but myself? Why cast me off, when I am willing to do whatever you require of me? I will return to my business if you command, though I had rather go into a treadmill. I will nail myself to my father's counter, and drudge at his petty accounts, for a paltry pittance, though I could make a fortune in an hour, perhaps. Yes, a run of luck, if I had but the money to begin with, (which I have not, but you can lend it to me,) would make a gentleman of me, Mary, and then I will make you a lady for life. Let me once win a competency, I will renounce the dice, if you choose, and eschew all rowdy company forever. Then, if you require it, I will even sign the temperance pledge. You will find me everything you wish, or, at any rate, as moral a man as many who are not scouted and turned from the door by Mrs. Allen, or you, my little puritan."

Poor Mary buried her face in her handkerchief, and sobbed aloud. She was grieved that he had sunk so low as meanly to ask for her earnings; that little circumstance marked the change in his character more vividly to her mind, than his altered appearance, or the uncertain rumors of his vicious courses. Edward exulted in her tears, hoping that she was softened towards him, satisfied by his promises of regard to appearances, and disposed to grant him a loan from her little salary as governess, to enable him to "begin the world anew." But when he began to urge this point, he found himself mistaken.

"My purse shall ever be open to your necessities, Edward, but do not expect me to feed your vices."

"You and my father will not be blameless, should I resort to ways and means of raising the wind which would not meet your approval. Hitherto, I have had scruples."

"Farewell," cried Mary, starting up, "I am unable to bear this any longer," and she hurriedly drew a ring from her finger, and held it out towards him, together with a miniature which she had worn suspended round her neck. He dashed them from her trembling hand in a transport of grief and anger.

"Fickle, deceitful, false-hearted, unfeeling as you are, Mary, why

cannot I be willing to resign you, willing to forget the promises you made when I gave these to you, on that happy evening, when we were walking together under the elm trees? But I have not so very convenient a memory; I will not take back my plighted faith, and as for these things, take them again, or I will stamp on them."

- "I wished to retain this, I confess," said Mary, taking up the miniature, and looking at it through her tears; "this is the open and happy countenance that I loved."
 - "Keep it, then; why not?"
- "I will; for I shall never love again, Edward; I shall so far keep my word. Should you ever be in distress, or sick, remember me as a sister."
- "A sister! I would go to jail, I would die by my own hand, sooner than give you that name. No, my Mary, since you love me yet, you shall not find it so easy to shake me off as you supposed." And putting his arm suddenly round her, he endeavored to draw her towards him, and kiss her cheek. She shrank from his embrace with an indignant blush, and a loathing shudder, not to be mistaken. Edward felt it keenly; he affected, however, to turn away with a careless air, and strode out of the house.

[Te be continued.]

Sermons. — "It amazes me ministers don't write better sermons — I am sick of the dull, prosy affairs," said a lady in the presence of a parson.

- "But it is no easy matter, my good woman, to write good sermons," suggested the minister.
- "Yes," rejoined the lady, "but you are so long about it, I could write one in half the time if I only had the text."
- "Oh, if a text is all you want," said the parson, "I will furnish that. Take this one from Solomon—'It is better to dwell in a corner of a housetop, than in a wide house with a brawling woman."
 - "Do you mean ME, sir," inquired the lady quickly.
- "Oh, my good woman," was the grave response, "you will never make a good sermonizer; you are too soon in your application."—
 Christian Inquirer.

"THE PURE IN HEART SHALL SEE GOD."

Or Abraham, whose name is recorded far back among the generations of Noah, and who lived at that early period when angels were entertained even at the door of his tent, as he sat in the heat of the day, weary and alone,—of Abraham, with whom we associate the names and fate of Isaac and Jacob, of Joseph and Moses, and all those who "obtained a good report through faith,"— of him, Christ said, "he saw my day and was glad."

How could this be true? for, between the patriarchal age and the Christian era, century upon century rolled away. Let us turn back through the record of the long past, and pause by the door of Abraham's tent, upon the plains of Mamre, and ask what was there in the condition of the world around, upon which the patriarch could look as an emblem of the day of the Lord? The rude and uncultivated . waste stretching far abroad, which neither gave nor promised a speedy season of rejoicing, and the social condition even more discouraging, the fierce battles of the kings, the corruption of the great cities, the anger, and impiety, and impurity, which entered into every nation and tribe, - what was there in these, or upon the face of the whole earth, to shadow forth unto the mind of the patriarch the coming of that time, "when by night the angel of the Lord appeared unto the shepherds upon the plains of Bethlehem, as they were watching their flocks, and said, 'I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people; for unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord?""

There could have been nothing, unless the traditions of the Paradise lost, and the visits of the angels at the door of his tent, joined with the longings of the faithful Abraham in painting the bright vision of the blessed day. These may have had their influence. The world, in its early beauty and perfection, had been visited by a flood of waters, but those of the family of man which remained and were coming after, could not but send back a wishful and almost believing glance at the buried beauty, and look for its re-appearance upon the face of the earth; and even in the presence of the corrupt and barbaric hordes of men, from the pure mind of Abraham there could not be excluded the memory of that innocence which dwelt in Eden. Yet, strong and suggestive as may have been these influences, they could not have given to the patriarch the actual vision of the Christian day. In its characteristics and exaltation, it was too far removed from the scenes by which he was surrounded. Whence then came this beautiful vision to

the "Father of the Faithful"? Was not the preparation for this great revelation made out of the obedience of his heart? It was the angel of goodness that not only guided his weary feet to the promised land, and talked with him under the shade of the trees, but so purified his eye of faith, that the bright prospect of the Advent day might be painted thereon; until, from the clear depths of his spirit, the knowledge of a future glory and blessedness was to rise, and bring from the dim and distant future the realities of a Christian world.

This power it was, the power of goodness and piety, that opened the door of his mind for the entrance of that higher influence, even "the inspiration of the Almighty," which gave wings to his pure faith, and, bearing it above the discouragements of his situation, over the darkness and ignorance of the intervening ages, rested it upon the pinnacle of the Christian year; so that the spirit of the patriarch was said to mingle its rejoicings in the Christian's jubilee; "he saw my day and was glad."

And from this fact in the spiritual experience of the old patriarch, we, who are living beneath the full light of the Christian Dispensation, may draw a lesson. It needs hardly to be repeated here, that, encompassed as we are by the monuments of Christian truth, we are yet faithless and blind. Their foundations were laid by Christ, but they stand side by side with the world's temples before our sight, and we fear for their safety. We tremble, lest the gods of this world will have more votaries at their altars, and, ere long, the fire upon the true altar go out.

Do we not know that this superstructure, built upon the Rock of Ages, must tower aloft, over all others, and be seen and acknowledged as the beacon-light of the world?

But, alas! we are sadly deficient in simple faith. We profess it, but we do not give it power over our views and above our fears. Every day, we may hear the Christian doubt whether this or that precept of Christianity can be practised yet—questioning whether it would not be rash to attempt its strict fulfilment, in the midst of the errors and prejudices of society.

With these doubts we should not be troubled, were our spiritual vision cleared of its motes. Though we may not boast of "prophetic skill," or tongues of various tone, though "no heavenly harpings soothe our ear, or mystic dreams we share," we have the power of lifting the veil from our hearts and living "as seeing Him who is invisible." "The pure in heart shall see God."

But we are not only faithless and blind to the progress and power of Christian truth over the sins of the world, but we are so intent upon vol. 1v. 14.

the present condition, the imperfections of society and individuals, that we become depressed, and fail of entering into that cheerfulness of spirit, which another course of mental habit would insure. By thus revolving again and again the many departures from the great standard, we exhaust our time and strength, and have nothing left with which we can turn to the higher and brighter side of the picture. Being so engrossed with the details of petty projects and follies, we lose the power of soaring above them all, and from the mount of vision looking down in patience and hope, "knowing that the end is not yet."

In listening to the conversation of most religious persons, you will find that the prevailing spirit of their remarks is sorrowful and sad; they sigh, and lament, and long for a better life, and thus burthened, they leave each other, and meet again, with the same words upon their lips, and the same shadow upon their hearts. "Mount up, immortal essence, mount!" for it is simply the ascendancy of the spirit which will place us where we ought to be, in the light and liberty of the Christian dispensation, even beyond the privileges of the righteous Abraham.

Then shall we be able to penetrate through the mists and discouragements of the present condition, and see, and rejoice in the day of the Lord. For, as Abraham looked out from beyond the confusion around him, far through the long vista of ages into the promised land, and rejoiced, so may every Christian believer, taking a stand-point upon the Rock of Ages, the mountain of the Lord, stretch his vision, and behold over the obscurity and folly of the fleeting world, a scene of surpassing peace and glory, "where all the kingdoms of this world shall have become the kingdoms of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."

One of the most remarkable instances of the power of simple goodness in rewarding its possessor with spiritual vision, was found in the character of "old Martha," whose name several months ago was written upon the pages of this magazine, and a notice of whose departure from this world, appeared in a recent number of the Christian Inquirer. Born a slave, and reared under all the influences of that barbarous system, she struggled through its depressions, and, long before she was freed from its outward bondage, acquired for herself, under the blessing of God, that soul-liberty, which made her free to soar above surneunding ills, and live in the blessedness of faith and aspiration. In this power she grew as the years of her earthly pilgrimage passed on, bringing to her poverty and persecution, domestic affliction, and at length physical infirmities and helplessness. But "none of these things moved her," palsied her energies, or consumed her affections, or limited her religious joys. She could look back over many years

of toil and trial; before her sensitive and clear memory there rose many an hour of deprivation and want and sorrow; but of them she seldom spoke, and after drawing from them the lesson they were capable of teaching, she resigned them to silence and oblivion, and turned her thoughts to the present good, and the future glory. Thus, there were revealed to her waiting and pure spirit many wonderful truths, far above her intellect to have acquired or grasped, so that even the gifted and learned might sit at her feet and be taught concerning things eternal.

As of old, she too, the mother in Israel, entertained angels within her lowly abode. She held real converse with them; and if you entered her home unexpectedly, you would hear her voice, or see her azimated and sainted countenance, as if engaged in earnest and joyful communion; but you saw no one with her. "I am not alone, though," she would answer, to your inquiring look or word; "I am never alone."

And in the last hour of her extremity, after spending the long period of one hundred and eleven years upon the earth, she rose above bodily pain and exhaustion, and still rejoiced. Gradually, during the two weeks of her illness, the powers of nature failed, her sight became dim and then lost, her ears were dull of hearing, and her tongue refused its office. But she was not yet dead to the world and her friends. At the presence of the minister and the sound of holy words, a tear would moisten her closing eye, and the warm grasp of her hand give proof of her continued presence and joy. Through the still nights and days which immediately preceded her release from the worn and useless body, the "angels were still whispering to her," and there was no shadow over the joy of her spirit. "She saw my day and was glad."

And as the year was drawing to its close, at the solemn and significant hour of midnight, while the stars were keeping watch over her lowly dwelling, the spirit of the faithful mother in Israel, in the light of God's countenance, soared upward to its home in the heavens. On the first day of the new year, in the brightness of its noon-day hour, the sacred remains of this Christian were borne, beneath the power of body prayer, and the order of burial rites, to their long resting-place.

And now, her faith is turned, indeed, to sight; that tongue is again loosed: the fire of devotion is again rekindled upon the alter of her heart, never more to go out. "The pure in heart shall see God."

"The soul, of origin divine, God's gtorious image, freed from clay, In heaven's eternal sphere shall shine, A star of day!"

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CHRISTIAN AIMS AND INSTRUMENTALITIES.

A SERMON, BY REV. JASON WHITMAN.

I PETER i. 9. Receiving the end of your faith, even the salvation of your souls.

Our New-England towns and villages are marked by an imposing array of religious instrumentalities; in their houses of worship, in their various religious organizations, in the residence and labors of a Christian ministry. Sometimes these instrumentalities have been idolized, while the end, for the accomplishment of which they are appointed, has been overlooked. And then again, on the other hand, they have been undervalued and neglected. I propose, therefore, at this time, to occupy your attention by an endeavor to point out what is ultimate and final in religion, to mark the distinction between the end to be sought, and the instrumentalities appointed for its attainment, and to show in what way these instrumentalities are subsidiary and efficient.

What then is ultimate and final in religion? In other words what is ' the ultimate object, at which we should aim in regard to ourselves as individuals, in our endeavors to accomplish in our own hearts and lives the true purposes of the Gospel; and what is the state into which we should seek to bring the community, in order that it may be in reality and in all respects truly a Christian community? In regard to ourselves, I answer that we should seek to bring our souls into a childlike frame, into a state of entire consecration to the service of God, and of perfect oneness of feeling and affection with his holy will, into a state of conscious, sincere loyalty to the Supreme Jehovah, into a state of perfect love, of perfect faith, and of perfect devotion of heart and of I sincerely believe that a higher and richer experience of the power and of the joy of religion than most men imagine or desire, which should be sought by every true Christian, and which, if sought with the same diligence, earnestness and perseverance with which men seek for the treasures of earth, may, through God's blessing, be atained. It is a state of entire subordination of our own wishes, plans and purposes to the will of God; in which we shall feel that God is all in all, and that we are only instruments in his hand; and in which we shall desire only to be instruments for the accomplishment of his wise and holy purposes. It is a state in which, with our Saviour, it will be

our meat and our drink, that which will give us spiritual nourishment and strength, to do the will of our Father which is in heaven, in which our only prayer, in regard to ourselves, will be "Lord, what wouldst thou have us to do?"; and in which our ultimate prayer will be, "Father, thy will be done," even though we be cast aside from all active agency in its accomplishment.

In this state of the soul there will be great calmness of spirit, great joy and peace in believing. There will be an almost distinct spiritual perception of the presence of an all-surrounding God. We see him in every thing. We touch him at every point. The heavens declare the glory of God. Every beautiful tint upon the flower, every sound of melody, every manifestation of life in the vegetable world, or of enjoyment in the animal, speaks to us of the wisdom and goodness of an ever present Creator. Indeed, the whole beautiful creation, with all its variety and all its sublimity, becomes to us but the spirit vesture, the sensible form, through which the ever-present but unseen Spirit manifests himself to our spirits.

In this state of the soul we shall see God in every event of Providence; in all the multiplied blessings of life, and in the saddening afflictions we are sometimes called to endure, we shall perceive that it is God that speaks, and speaks, alike in both, in accents of mercy and of love. In the enjoyment of blessings, the soul will draw near to him in the holy communion of a joyous and heartfelt gratitude. In seasons of sorrow and affliction, it will compose itself to rest upon his bosom, in the exercise of a resigned acquiescence and a confiding trust. And in these exercises, it will enjoy the felt presence of a God of love, will experience spiritual emotions, of which no tongue can tell, and receive communications of divine influence sufficient to impart an earnest and a foretaste of heavenly bliss, even amid the trials and disappointments of earth. Such are the states of soul, in regard to God, which we should seek to attain. And if we do attain them, they will spread out over our whole characters, and bring into harmony with themselves all our feelings in regard to our fellow men, and all our views of labor and of duty.

Looking to God as our Father, we shall regard our fellow-men, of every class and condition, of every race and hue, as brethren of the same spiritual family with ourselves, to be regarded with fraternal affection, and treated with fraternal kindness. Our gratitude and love to the common Father, and our devotion to his will, will generate a deep interest in every brother of the common family. As our piety to God becomes more warm and ardent, our love to man will become more extensive in its reach, more active and energetic in its manifestation.

The erring we shall seek to reclaim, the criminal to reform, the suffering to relieve, the ignorant to enlighten, the enslaved to set free. In regard to our brethren who are intemperate, who are oppressed with the heavy burden of poverty, who have fallen the victims of sin, and are branded as criminals, or those who have almost lost their manhood through the heart-withering influences of an involuntary oppression, and hopeless servitude, we shall desire, not merely to speak to them a few kind words, not merely to afford to them some slight temporary relief; we shall desire to take them by the hand, cordially and affectionately, and raise them up to the same level, in these respects, upon which we ourselves are standing; to take them by the hand and say to them, as Peter said to Cornelius, "stand up, for we ourselves are also men," stand up in the enjoyment of liberty, in the possession of the comforts of life, of opportunities for social, intellectual and moral improvement, and be ye also men.

And then, too, in regard to the labors of life, we shall feel that they are all the allotments of our Father in Heaven, appointed as the instrumentalities of our moral and spiritual growth; and that how widely soever different pursuits may be separated from each other in the opinions of men, as honorable or dishonorable, they are all alike in the sight of God; and in the true Christian view are all placed upon the same high level, when they are performed under the influence of the same holy motive, an affectionate and conscientious regard for the will of our all-perfect Father.

With the states of soul of which I have spoken in regard to God, and in regard to our fellow-men, our union of heart with our blessed Saviour will be close and intimate: and our communion with him, delightful and improving. Our hearts will be filled with gratitude and . love to him, as the sanctified and sent of the Father, as the moral manifestation of the divinity, and the living representation of perfection in humanity; as having revealed to us our Father in Heaven, rescued us from a distressing orphanage, and brought us near to him in affection and feeling, in devotion of purpose, and obedience of life. And in the enjoyment of this near communion with the pure and holy Jesus, we shall be constantly becoming more and more Christ-like in feeling and in character. We shall breathe the spirit of Christ, and speak the words of Christ, and be governed by the principles of Christ. Through the power of his life, and of his death, we shall be freed from the love of sin, and from the power of sin. We shall put on the Lord Jesus, we shall have Christ formed within us the hope of glory. I have thus pointed out the feelings and the characters which we should seek to attain, in order that the purposes of the Gospel may be fully accomplished in us as individuals. I have endeavored to show that it should be the ultimate object of each one's religious efforts to become truly Christ-like in feeling, principle and conduct, to possess and manifest his spirit of unreserved devotion to the will of God, his spirit of all-embracing and self-sacrificing love to man. When these traits are perfected in our characters, then will the final purposes of the Gospel be accomplished in regard to us as individuals. Then shall we be in the enjoyment of what is ultimate, final and absolute in religion.

To the question, Into what state should we seek to bring the community, in order that it may be in reality and in all respects a truly Christian community? I answer that communities are composed of individuals, and that the Gospel deals with communities, and accomplishes its purposes in regard to them, only as it exerts its controlling and transforming influence upon the affections, the principles and the conduct of individuals. If then, the ultimate purposes of the Gospel are accomplished in regard to the separate members of communities, as individuals, they will be in regard to the community itself, considered as a whole. The truth of this inference would seem, at first thought, to be perfectly obvious. And yet there are striking facts, evident upon the very surface of society, which seem to contradict its truth. There are professedly Christian communities, the members of which, in their individual capacity, and in the devotional aspect of their characters, seem to be truly Christian, while yet there are prevalent in these same communities many unchristian notions, practices, customs and institutions. There are nations, for example, which profess to regard themselves as the followers of the Prince of Peace, and among the members of which the Scriptures of the New Testament containing the instructions of the Saviour are freely circulated, in which they read his injunctions inculcating upon all his followers a spirit of long-suffering, forbearance under ill-treatment, and of forgiveness of enemies, while yet these nations engage in destructive wars with each other, and often too, upon the most frivolous pretences. Nay, more. They cherish, in various ways, and openly avow, and distinctly manifest the unchristian spirit of revenge. Then too, there are communities nominally Christian; and among the members of which there is undoubtedly much devotional feeling; in whose ears are often read the precepts of the Saviour, requiring his disciples to love their neighbors as themselves, and to do in all things to others, as they would have others do to them, while yet they seize upon their more ignorant and defenceless fellow-men, and call them property, buy them and sell them as they do their horses and their mules; beat them, and often maim them; deprive them of the means of knowledge; close against them the Volume of God's Holy

Word, and compel them to contract that most holy of all earthly relations, the marriage union, without regard to the affectionate attachment upon which it should ever be based, or to dissolve it simply at the arbitrary command of another, or as fluctuations in business, or changes in property may determine. Then, still further, there are those, even in our own beloved New-England, who encourage by their indulgences, or sustain by their pursuits, customs and fashions fraught with the direst evils to the community. There are those who still continue the traffic' in intoxicating drinks, by which their fellow men are reduced to a condition ten-fold worse than death; and others who by their invitations and their example, by their social drinking of wine, or their moderate indulgence in ardent spirits, are lending their influence to the encouragement, support and countenance of intemperance in our midst, while yet they claim to be regarded as Christians. All these unchristian practices, customs and institutions, together with many others which I have not time to enumerate, prevail in communities professedly Christian, and among those who regard themselves as good and true followers of the Lord Jesus.

And not only so; there are prevalent even in Christian communities. false notions in regard to public sins and social wrongs. There are those, who, if we may judge by their conduct, seem to think that a man may be a very good Christian, and yet neglect, entirely, to carry his Christian principles and Christian spirit into his business transactions, his political efforts, or his official acts. The idea seems to be prevalent with some, that business is one thing and religion another, and a different thing; that a political caucus and a social prayer meeting are so very different, the one from the other, as to authorize, if not require entirely different principles of conduct, and an entirely different spirit. It seems to be thought that as a Christian, and in all Christian efforts, a man is bound to speak the truth, but that as a politician, and to promote the interests of his political party, he may be permitted to exaggerate, misrepresent and deceive; that as a Christian, he must do to others as he would have others do to him; but that as a man of business he may look safely to his own interests, and may take the advantage, whenever he can, of the ignorance and of the necessities of his brothren. It is by many considered as altogether unchristian for a man to meet his fellow-man in the deadly conflict of the duel, but not unchristian for the same man to use all his influence as a ruler to plunge his nation into war with a neighboring nation; as a general to lead his army to battle; or as a soldier to plunge his sword into the heart of his fellow-man. Christian principle, it seems to be thought by some, must not be applied to these positions, acts and pursuits; or if applied to

them at all, it must be in some peculiar way. Indeed, attempts are made to palliate, excuse and even justify these things, and show that they are consistent with the requirements of the Gospel.

Since then there are prevalent in Christian communities many social evils and public wrongs, which seem to be inconsistent with the highest and holiest manifestations of Christian influences; something more is necessary than simply to interest individuals in their individual capacity in the claims and requirements of the Gospel. Efforts must be put forth for the especial purpose of reforming Christian communities, and banishing from them all unchristian ideas, customs, fashions and institutions. For Christianity wages a war, a war of love it is true, but at the same time, a war of uncompromising hostility, and of utter extermination against all sin, whether personal or organic, whether in the individual or in the body politic. It seeks to remove from our world all personal unholiness, all public sin, all social wrong doing, and to fill the whole earth with purity and holiness, with peace and love. It would do this, it is true, in its own way and by its own instrumentalities; not by harsh denunciation, not by bitter reproaches; but by the power of truth uttered in the spirit of love, by kindness in presenting and urging home upon the attention the precepts of the Gospel, united with firmness in adhering to their requisitions. Indeed, Christianity wages a war not only against the prevalent sins of a community, but also against all manifestation of an unchristian spirit, and all pursuit of unchristian measures, even in efforts to remove sin from the world. What, then, the question returns upon us, what are we to seek to accomplish in regard to any community, in order that it may be in reality and in all respects a truly Christian community? I answer that, by Christian instrumentalities, and in the exercise of a Christian spirit we are to seek to bring the community, in its associated capacity, into subjection to Christian principles, and to the manifestation of the Christian spirit in all its social efforts and public acts. We are to strive to bring about that period, when the acts of every legislative assembly shall be based upon Christian principles, shall be marked by a Christian spirit, and shall aim at Christian results; that period when the same regard for Christian principle, and the same manifestation of the Christian spirit shall characterize all political consultations and exertions, all business transactions, and all social intercourse. In short, we are to strive to hasten on that glorious period, hinted at in the prophecies of old, when men "shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning hooks; when nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more; that period when they shall not hurt nor destroy in all the holy mountain of the Lord, when the earth 15* VOL. IV.

shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the seas." When any community is brought into this state, then may we feel that the ultimate purposes of the Gospel in regard to it are accomplished, and that it is in reality and in all respects truly a Christian community.

You will have observed in the remarks which have been offered upon the ultimate objects and final purposes of the Gospel, that the question. whether they are accomplished in regard to any individual or any community, will not be satisfactorily answered by the statement that certain doctrines have been embraced, certain forms of worship observed. or certain modes of Christian effort adopted. The question has reference to something above and beyond all this; it refers to the heart and the life of the individual, to the prevalent ideas, practices, customs and institutions of the community. If you ask whether the ultimate purposes of the Gospel have been accomplished in regard to an individual. it will not be a sufficient answer to say that he has embraced this or that particular form of belief, that he has connected himself with this or that Christian church, that he is constant in the observance of this or that particular form of worship. These answers relate to things which are important in themselves, and in their influences. But they fall short of the point to which your question is directed. You wish to go beyond all these, and learn whether his having adopted and applied these instrumentalities has made him a Christ-like man in all his feelings, principles, purposes and character. If you ask whether the ultimate purposes of the Gospel have been accomplished in regard to any community, it will not be a satisfactory answer to say that they are zealous members of this or that religious sect, that they have erected many and splendid edifices of worship, that they are constant in their attendance upon social meetings for conference and prayer. You will rejoice to hear all this, and will regard it as the adoption of important religious instrumentalities. But the mere fact that these things are so, will not constitute a satisfactory answer to your question, will not reach the point to which that is directed. You wish to go farther, and ascertain whether, by the adoption of these instrumentalities, they have acquired, and are manifesting the spirit of the Gospel in all their various practices, customs and institutions. Nor yet will it be a sufficient answer to your question to say that they are earnestly devoted to the philanthropic reforms of the day; that they are zealous temperance men; earnest advocates of universal peace; decided and active Abolitionists. You will rejoice to hear this, to learn that they are engaged in the promotion of these important objects of benevolent and Christian effort. But they may be active in these philanthropic reforms, while yet in

their personal and private character, they may not be Christ-like in feeling, purpose and conduct; while yet they may perhaps neglect to breathe the Christian spirit, or forget to pursue Christian measures in their efforts to remove sin and suffering from the world. You wish to know whether they unite in their characters personal purity and holiness, with warm-hearted benevolence, and active philanthropy; whether they are seeking to reform the world by the power of Christian truth, uttered in the spirit of Christian love.

I have thus endeavored to point out what is ultimate, absolute and permanent in religion; in other words, to show when the final purposes of the Gospel may be considered as accomplished in regard to individuals and communities. All else is subordinate and subsidiary to this great end. In this light principally, as instrumentalities for the accomplishment of the ultimate purposes of the Gospel, should we regard the doctrines of religion which we may embrace. The simple circumstance that, in the cold and speculative belief of the head, we have embraced this doctrine or that, will not of itself constitute us true and devoted followers of the Lord Jesus. But our belief in the doctrines of the Gospel may be improved by us to the spiritual regeneration of our hearts, to the moral purification of our lives. If I believe in God as a universal, ever-present, all-perfect Father, ordering or permitting all the events of my life in the exercise of wisdom and of love, I may improve that belief as the efficient means of filling my heart with gratitude in prosperity, with trust and resignation in adversity, and with a spirit of devoted obedience in duty. If I believe in God as of purer eyes than to look with pleasure upon sin, the more I dwell upon this belief, the more shall I be filled with a holy dread of wrong-doing. If I believe in Jesus of Nazareth as an all-sufficient Saviour, the more I contemplate this soul-sustaining truth, the more entirely shall I cast myself upon him for salvation, in a life of devoted and unreserved obedience to all his instructions. If I believe that the renewing, sanctifying, enlightening and strengthening influences of the Holy Spirit will be granted to all who earnestly and fervently seek for them, I may so cherish this belief, so bring it home to my own heart and feelings, to my own wants and weaknesses, as to fill my heart with courage and confidence in all doubt and difficulty, in all duty and trial. If I believe in the common, the universal brotherhood of man, and seriously inquire for the duties which grow out of this relation, shall I not be led to cherish a more sincere and expansive regard for the whole human race? shall I not be prompted to do what may be in my power for the promotion of human happiness and improvement, for the relief of human distress, and for securing to the whole human family the enjoyment of

their just rights? If I believe in my own spiritual nature, and in the immortality of the soul, shall I not be led by my belief to live more for the soul and for eternity, and less for the body and for time? If I believe that every unholy thought which may be cherished, every sinful desire which may be indulged, and every vain imagination which may be dwelt upon, will leave a stain of sinful pollution upon the soul, unfitting it for the enjoyment of God, shall I not be moved by that belief to watch most carefully over all my thoughts, feelings and affections? In this way a belief in the various doctrines of the Gospel may be so improved by us, may be so brought home to our hearts' best affections, and so applied to our own daily walk, as to become powerful instrumentalities in accomplishing within us the ultimate purposes of the Gospel, in making us truly Christ-like in feeling and character. It is in this view, as subsidiary to holiness of heart and life, that the doctrines of the Gospel are chiefly valuable. For this purpose should they be studied and embraced, to the accomplishment of this object should they be improved.

In this light also, as instrumentalities adapted to make us more pure and holy, more benevolent and philanthropic, more Christ-like in the inward states of the soul, and in the outward manifestations of character, should we regard all exercises of religious worship, and all the observance of the ordinances of religion. If you draw near to God in prayer you perform a sacred and important duty, a duty in accordance with God's will, and to the right performance of which God's promise is attached. But the chief value even of prayer is to be found in its influences upon the soul itself, as an instrumentality in keeping alive, and strengthening within us, all devotional feelings, in bringing the soul into a Christ-like state, in rendering more permanent and powerful all religious feelings and all spiritual emotions. If, under the influence of filial love, confiding trust and sincere devotion, you draw near to God in prayer, you do by that act exercise and thereby strengthen the feelings and principles by which prayer is prompted. If, in the exercise of all-embracing love to man, you draw near to God, you have done something to deepen and strengthen that love, and to render it influential over the conduct. If, with a holy dread of sin, you ask of God heavenly guidance and spiritual strength, you have, by the very supplication you have offered, increased and rendered more efficient your abhorrence of every thing wrong. In this way, every act of prayer and of praise is instrumental in keeping alive, in rendering brighter and warmer, the flame of pure devotion in the soul. In this way, is God's promise to hear and answer prayer verified to the soul of him who prays. Prayer is a privilege, a precious, a glorious privilege, in which frail, fallible, erring, sinful man is permitted to hold communion with the infinite, all-perfect and holy One. The practice of prayer is a solemn duty, to the performance of which we are bound by the strongest obligations of dependence, of gratitude, and of hope. The answer to prayer is so experienced when it is blessed to the purification of the soul, the elevation and enlargement of the affections, and the confirmation of all holy and virtuous principles. Would that we might all cherish a more just appreciation of the preciousness of prayer, both private and social, as a privilege, of its importance as a duty, and of its value as an instrumentality for the promotion of purity of heart and boliness of life.

In the same light are we to regard the observance of the ordinances of religion. These were appointed by Christ, who knew what was in man, in adaptation to our weakness and our spiritual wants. The request "this do in remembrance of me," is a most tender and touching request, addressed to the deepest affections of the heart, coming as it does from one, who was ready to lay down his life for our salvation. But one of the most endearing views of this ordinance is that which regards it as appointed to become a help to our weakness, and an instrument of our spiritual strength and growth. Here we are, weak and frail, with appetites and passions requiring control, surrounded with temptations difficult to withstand, driven by the labors and distracted by the cares of earth. How kind and gracious is our Saviour, to establish this ordinance, so well adapted, in all the holy associations by which it is surrounded, in all the touching reminiscences which it awakens, and in all the spiritual influences which flow from it. to strengthen us in our weakness, to sustain us under our trials, and to help forward our constantly increasing preparation for heavenly bliss. Will not all who love the Lord Jesus, rejoice to comply with his tender request, come to the table of remembrance, and secure the influence of an appropriate and powerful religious instrumentality, adapted to perfect them in all the virtues and graces of the Christian walk? But let no one think that he has done all, when he has seated himself at the table of remembrance, and partaken of the emblems of Christ's body and blood. If you have done this, you have reason to bless God that you have been enabled to avail yourselves of a powerful instrumentality, which, if improved aright, may essentially aid you in your endeavors to become truly Christ-like in feeling and in character. If, as you daw near to the table of remembrance, you consider the evil of sin, its hatefulness in the sight of God, its polluting and debasing influence upon the human soul; if you consider the worth of your own spiritual nature, as indicated by the provision which God has made for its deliv-

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erance from sin, and by the sufferings the Saviour was willing to endure for its salvation; if, as you are seated at the table, you dwell upon the disclosures, the precepts, the example of Christ, devout gratitude will be awakened in your hearts, your souls will be filled with holy, spiritual aspirations, and you will be led, at every successive observance of the ordinance, to renew your consecration of yourselves to the service of your God, in the Gospel of his Son. In this way, your observance of the ordinance of the supper will become a constantly operating instrumentality for the promotion of your personal religious improvement. It is for this, among other reasons, that this ordinance should be highly valued, and to this end more especially should it be observed and improved.

And, finally, correct moral conduct, valuable as it is in life, important as it is to the community, derives its chief value to the individual himself, from being regarded as instrumental to something higher, more important and more enduring than itself. The community, it is true, cannot look beyond the outward conduct. If that is in accordance with Gospel precepts, the purposes of the Gospel, so far as the community is concerned, are accomplished. But with the individual the outward conduct derives its character and its value from the motive by which it is prompted, and from being regarded principally as a manifestation of the state of the heart. An act of friendship may be very important in itself, but it will be valued principally as an indication of a friendly state of the affections. And especially to the individual who performs the act, will its value depend upon its being a true manifestation of his feelings. For its reflex influence upon his own soul will depend upon this, since it is only as a true manifestation of the affections that it can exercise them, and by exercising deepen and strengthen them, and render them more powerful and influential. an act of moral honesty, of long-suffering, forbearance, of kindness in social intercourse, a course of unswerving devotion to duty amid difficulties and in the face of obstacles, will be chiefly regarded by the individual who performs and pursues them, as a manifestation of the state of his feelings and principles, and will be especially valued because by exercising they strengthen right feelings and principles, and in this way promote the religious improvement of the soul. Perhaps I may differ from others in the view I take of moral conduct as instrumental of spiritual growth. But it seems to me a very important view, tending to enhance the value and importance of correct moral conduct, and to expose an error which sometimes prevails in regard to it. For surely when it is considered that every instance of correct moral deportment exerts an influence for good, and every instance of moral

delinquency exerts an influence for evil, upon the spiritual and immortal nature, the importance of pursuing the one and avoiding the other, will be enhanced in our estimation. Correct moral conduct will be valued, not merely for what it is in itself, and in its influence upon standing and reputation in the community, but, more especially, for what it is in its influence upon the soul itself, in advancing its preparation for the enjoyment of God's presence. Then too there is an error abroad in regard to the sufficiency of correct moral conduct in securing eternal bliss. The question is often asked, "if a man be a correct moral man, is not that sufficient? What matter if he be not a devout, holy, spiritually-minded man?" To the community it may not matter; for devoutness of affections, holiness of heart, spirituality of mind lie beyond the cognizance of the community. But to the individual himself it will be a matter of the utmost importance, since the true value of his correctness of moral conduct in the sight of God, and its beneficial effect upon his own soul will depend upon the motives by which it is prompted, upon its being based upon and proceeding from high, holy, spiritual feelings and principles. The honesty of the truly religious man may not be of more value to the community than the honesty of the irreligious man, excepting as it is based upon a more fixed principle, and is therefore more to be depended upon. But to the individual himself, a simple act of honesty proceeding from religious principle, is of tenfold more value, is vastly more beneficial in its reflex influence upon his own soul, than the same act of honesty performed under the influence of a lower, a worldly motive. It seems to me important, then, that we should look upon even outward moral conduct as instrumental in its relation to the soul, and the soul's best welfare.

The views which I have in this discourse advanced, I helieve to be of the utmost importance in their practical bearings. There is, with many, a tendency to idolize means and instrumentalities, and to rest satisfied with an outward attention to them, without even inquiring whether they have exerted or are exerting their appropriate influence upon the heart and life. Are there not many who rejoice to be called by this or that sectarian name, and congratulate themselves that they have embraced this or that system of doctrines; are there not many who attend regularly upon the services of the Sabbath; are there not some who seat themselves from time to time at the table of remembrance, and who feel that simply in consequence of these acts they are more acceptable in the sight of God and more certain of heavenly happiness, without asking whether their attention to these instrumentalities is making them better men, more pure in heart, more holy in life? Are there not many who rejoice in the moral correctness of their out-

ward conduct, and feel that this is all that is necessary to secure for them the enjoyment of heavenly blessedness, while yet they ask not whether the heart be right with God, whether the soul be in a pure, holy and spiritual frame? It is important, then, that we should have a clear conception of the precise objects we are to seek, in our attention to religious instrumentalities, both in regard to ourselves, and in regard to the community around us. Then shall we understand in what way all these instrumentalities are to be employed and improved. The doctrines we embrace will no longer remain mere intellectual abstractions, they will become living principles of action, and their influence upon the heart and the life will be distinctly manifested in the daily walk and conversation. Our forms of worship and our observance of the ordinances of religion will cease to be mere formalities. They will become occasions of holy communion with God and of spiritual fellowship with Christ, and with one another, seasons of refreshment from the Lord, when Christian principles are strengthened, religious feelings deepened, and heavenward aspirations rendered more ardent. And our correctness of moral deportment will cease to be a mere conformity with outward rules of propriety, and will become the manifestation and the exercise of our fixed principles of devotion to God and of benevolence to man. It will no longer be a matter of mere worldly policy, it will become a matter of conscience and of duty, instrumental of the soul's developement and growth in all that is pure, lovely and of good report.

Then again there is a tendency, with some, to undervalue the doctrines of the Gospel, the exercises of worship, the ordinances of religion. If an individual have love to man and love to God, what matter, say some, whether he embrace one system of doctrines or another, or whether he have any religious belief at all, what matter whether he pray or neglect prayer, whether he seat himself at the table of remembrance or turn away from it? In this query it is forgotten that these things, truths believed, worship offered, ordinances observed, are the means, the instruments of holiness. The views I have advanced, if true, will serve to enhance in our estimation the value of all these. We shall regard them, not merely as they are in themselves, but as they are in relation to spiritual growth and eternal happiness. The more we value these, the more ardent our desire for spiritual improvement and eternal bliss, the more earnestly shall we seek for a pure faith, a sincere worship, a devout observance of the ordinances. this connection we hear of "the transient and the permanent in Chris-A belief in the miraculous origin of our religion is placed among the things which are transient, and which are destined to pass

away, while purity of heart and holiness of life, love to God, and love to man are justly regarded as absolute and permanent. It is sometimes asked if the soul is sustained upon the bed of death by a belief in the miraculous origin of our religion, rather than by its own holy union with God through the power of faith and love. The proper answer to this question is, that a belief in the miraculous origin and divine authority of our religion, has been the instrument of bringing the soul into this holy union. What may perhaps with truth be regarded as in itself transient becomes of vast importance and of permanent value from its connection with what is ultimate and absolute. And then too. that which is transient with the individual becomes permanent with the community and the race. It is with the individual an instrumentality to a permanent end. As an instrumentality, it is needed by all other members of the community, who have not enjoyed it, and will be as important to them as it has been to those who have already experienced its beneficial influences. As an instrumentality, it will be as important to all succeeding generations, as it has been to those which have gone before. It is then only from the vast and unspeakable importance of the ends they are intended to accomplish, that the true value of all religious instrumentalities is to be learned. While therefore we should ever assign them their true place, as instrumentalities, we should also assign them their true value, enhanced as it is by their relation to the spiritual growth and eternal welfare of the soul.

My friends of this religious society,* I have supposed that the subject of my discourse, and the remarks which I have offered might not be inappropriate to this occasion. As my brother, this day, takes upon him, more formally, the vows of that ministry among you, to which you have invited him, you will perceive that in his labors, you are henceforth to enjoy an important religious instrumentality. But remember, I beseech you, that it depends much upon the light in which you may regard that instrumentality, and the manner in which you may improve it, whether its influence upon you shall be for your good or for your hurt; that the word preached will not profit unless it be mixed with faith in the hearers. You will bear it in mind that your pastor comes among you, not that he may be religious in your stead, but that, under God's guidance and with God's blessing, he may aid you in your endeavors to work out your own salvation. He comes, not that he may stand between you and your God, between you and your Saviour, but that he may conduct you, in your own persons, to a near, intimate and holy union of heart with your Saviour and your God. Re-

^{*} Preached at the Installation of Rev. Mr Dall, in Needham, Mass.

ceive, then, your pastor to your hearts. Give him your confidence, and your affections. Let your regard for him be manifested by your warm-hearted and active co-operation with him in every good word and work; by your attendance upon the institutions and your observance of the ordinances of the Gospel, by the purity and holiness of your hearts, the uprightness and integrity of your lives, and the expansion of your philanthropic affections. Seek to build up for yourselves, in peace and harmony, by prayer and by effort, that kingdom of righteousness, peace and joy in the Holy Spirit, which your pastor will strive, as an instrument in God's hand, to build up among you. By so doing, you will secure the blessed influences of God's Holy Spirit, and will receive the "end of your faith," the end of all your labors and efforts, the end of all the religious instrumentalities with which you are favored, "even the salvation of your souls."

And, my brother, the views which I have presented, place, as it seems to me, that blessed ministry of reconciliation, in which we have been permitted to take part, upon its truest and most exalted foundation. We are instruments in the hands of God, laboring to accomplish his holy purposes on earth, beseeching our fellow-men "in Christ's stead to be reconciled to our Father in heaven." Regarding our ministry as a divinely appointed instrumentality for the accomplishment of high and holy purposes among men, we shall look to God for guidance in our course, for strength with which to labor, and for that blessing without which all our efforts will be in vain. With these views I extend. to you this right hand of Christian fellowship, and, in the name of our common Christianity, bid you welcome to this part of our Lord's vineyard on the earth. You come among this people, not that you may preach yourself, but that you may preach "Christ and him crucified;" not to make your hearers proselytes to your own peculiar opinions, but that you may lead them to your Master, that they may learn of him. You come among them not that you may display your learning or talents, but that, consecrating them to God and to Christ as instrumentalities for the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom, they may be all employed in setting forth the riches of the Gospel of God's grace. Having been led by God's grace to desire a part in this ministry, to share in this instrumentality for the good of your fellow-men, and having been guided by God's Providence to this field of labor, I would renewedly welcome you to all the hopes and joys, to all the labors and results of your ministry here. And, while I would pledge to you the sympathy, the counsels, the prayers of your brethren in the ministry, and would express to you the desire that you in return may be to us as a brother, true and faithful, I would bid you God speed in your work,

with the prayer that, at the close of your ministry here, whether it may be of longer or of shorter duration, you may enjoy the greatest consolation, which a true minister of the Lord Jesus can experience, in the thought that, through God's grace, you have been an efficient instrument in his hands, in building up the Redeemer's kingdom of righteousness, joy and peace among this people.

NEHEMIAH'S RIDE AROUND JERUSALEM.*

Tis night; a horseman now is seen alone, Winding the Valley through the fallen stone. And halts at last where half a column lay Basking beneath the moonbeam's silver rav.— With weeds o'ergrown; the purple thistle there Grows rank and wild in Judah's scented air; Dark violet hues are resting on the crest Of Judah's mountains, coloring all the west. Towers and ruins spread around in light, And falling columns rouse the slumbering night, Far echoing off through solitudes afar, Startling the fox in dreamy slumbers there. All now is still; all but himself alone, All but the breeze that gently makes its moan Through trellised vines, from tower and turret hung, Sporting its flowers that to the marble clung, Like some dear friend when cold afflictions bow The gentle soul, and earth's bright hopes are low; He passed the Dragon-well and viewed the wall, Sought the lone fountain, thro' the weedy soil; Paused at the pool where once its waters lay In regal splendor on its festal day; But all was still; all but the bittern there, Chanting its wild note to the desert air. Oh, think you not Samaria thought its light Was quenched in darkness that disastrous night! With swords unsheathed and trumpets' stirring sound It rises glorious still, though foes surround. H. B. A.

Nehemiah, chap. xi.

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SCHILLER.

BY REV. SAMUEL OSGOOD.

The charming little volume of translations recently put forth by our friend Brooks, of Newport, R. I., is one of the constantly increasing number of proofs that German literature is not to be consigned by public opinion to the empire of mist, and the communion of bats and owls. The poems here given, address themselves directly to the mind and heart. They do not need to have it said in excuse of their peculiar sentiment, that they are German, and that the Germans are a strange people; nor need it be stated in explanation of the language, that boldness and inelegance must be expected in all translations.

Schiller's beautiful poem of the 'Homage of the Arts' stands at the head of the collection. It must have been one of his very latest efforts, and therefore brings before us this best of German poets in the maturity of his powers, and on the brink of his premature grave. This is not a great poem, nor does it pretend to be. It is a Lyric Drama written in compliment to the Russian bride of the Grand Duke of Weimar. But genius in its more playful moods is genius still. The deep intellect and moral earnestness of the poet show themselves in this little drama, whilst fancy at will guides the changes of the scenic There is something touching in the thought of a great poet, sick and wasted, giving his mind to such beautiful musings. The dance of the peasants around the orange tree, introduces the drama exquisitely, and prepares the way for the entrance of Genius and the Arts. It is well that genius may live in a realm of spiritual beauty to the last, and fragrance more balmy and perennial than of orange blossoms may solace its parting hour and embalm it for the tomb.

The best memento is sometimes a little thing—a line, a name, a ring, a book, a pressed flower. We look upon the cherished token, and immediately, as by magic, the past is present, the absent returns. The little poem before us may account or apologize for a few words of remembrance of Schiller. We may be excused for saying that we can never think of Schiller apart from the revered instructor who first interpreted to us his beauty and wisdom. The pupils of Follen will understand what we mean.

Scotland and Germany have good cause to remember the year 1759. On the banks of the Doon, Ayrshire, Scotland, day first dawned upon Robert Burns; and on the banks of the Neckar, Wurtemburg, Germany, Friedrich Schiller first saw the light. Next to Luther, we

believe, his nation has cause to rank him among her mental and moral benefactors.

Schiller's lot was cast in humble life, not indeed in poverty, much less degradation. His father had been a surgeon in the Bavarian army, and had subsequently obtained a commission under his native prince. The boy lived six years at Marbach, then three years at Lorch, and from his ninth to his fourteenth year was at Ludwigsburgh. He was a sober youth, and looked to the Christian ministry as his profession. At fourteen, however, he was called to the Grand Duke's School at Stuttgard, and almost forced to study law. Loathing this study, he was allowed to exchange it for the study of medicine. At twenty-one he was admitted to practise as surgeon.

Schiller's literary life divides itself into three periods, according to its predominant tendencies.

His literary career began with an open defiance of the world and its ways. Never was a more wild and impassioned poem written, than the play of the "Robbers." Who can wonder at its spirit, who understands the position of the writer when it was composed? A nobleminded and enthusiastic youth in a military school which was virtually a prison, in which all tastes and talents were subjected to the same iron rule, embodied his aspirations and discontent in a drama. Deep answered unto deep. Written at a time when the young hearts of the age were yearning to throw off the burden of antiquated etiquette and formalism, the work was received with a burst of enthusiasm. The author's fame with the public was his disgrace with the duke. Ere long the poet escaped from intolerable tyranny, and committed his destiny to his genius and the wide world.

Something of the spirit of the "Robbers" appeared in his next productions. It was years before the "Storm and Prepare Period" with him, as critics call it, was wholly over. The incongruity between man's aspirations and circumstances haunted him like a ghost, now in the form of the defeat of patriotism by faction, now the triumph of intrigue over love. In Don Carlos, however, a clearer light and calmer spirit appear. The interval of seven years, from the age of nineteen to twenty-six, may be called the *rebellious* period of his career.

Next came a time of transition. Schiller's fire burned less fiercely, and it appeared as if about to settle down into the steady torch of the scholar and philosopher. Nine years spent chiefly in Saxony and Weimar, were given chiefly to historical and philosophical studies. Love, and a college professorship of history promised to tame down the young radical into a comfortable conservative. Still, even the grave pursuits of history and metaphysics were carried on with his wonted

fire. His history of the Thirty Years' War has an epic life and power. In his philosophic letters he showed what genius can do to make dry bones live. At the poet's touch, the skeleton of Kant's system rises up with flesh and blood, and voice.

But poetry was not to lose her favorite. The third and closing part of Schiller's life was sacredly devoted to the high art that had won his earliest love. In the society of Goethe and the lesser dignitaries of the kingdom of letters around Weimar, Schiller passed the remaining eleven years of his course. His most brilliant works now were produced—chief among them stand "Wallenstein," and "The Maid of Orleans;"—last not least, came "William Tell." The favor of princes and contentment of success had not made him the apologist of tyranny, or the upholder of time-honored abuses. The German radical did not end his literary career as some of his distinguished English brethren. The author of the Robbers, with aspiration sobered, not quenched by experience, devoted his genius to the cause of liberty to the last. He was far more true to the good cause in his thrilling portraiture of the Swiss patriot than of the sentimental bandit.

Schiller died at Weimar in 1805. When we say that Goethe wept at his death, we say a great deal in token of Schiller's power. To draw tears from marble like that of which Goethe was made, is an achievement of no common mortal.

The poet was buried at midnight, by torch-light. Students and artists bore his body to the grave. The nightingales sang in the dark groves. The moon broke forth in all her beauty as the body was laid in the earth. Then the clouds gathered over again, and the world was darker because Schiller's light had gone.

Gone, we say. Yet the light of a true genius is always brightened and exalted by death. Such has been the case with Schiller. Conspicuous in the public square of Stuttgard, stands the statue of the poet in colossal grandeur. He who left that city by stealth, a voluntary exile from the petty oppression of Duke Charles, more than once returned in triumph. Travellers look now far more earnestly upon the poet's statue than upon the stately walls of the palace in which the descendant of the Duke now wears a kingly crown.

For an analysis of Schiller's literary character we have not space. It is enough to say that he united much of Byron's fiery heart with much of Milton's moral earnestness and spiritual aspiration — much of Wordsworth's reflective intellect. Goethe may win more of our wonder, but not so much of our love. Germany loves Schiller for his true German heart. The free and earnest minds of Christendom should sacredly cherish his memory as second to none among that blessed company — the Poets of Humanity.

THE MISSIONARIES.

CHAPTER II.

WE have said, that the young missionaries, introduced in our last chapter, had already experienced unforeseen and peculiar trials; but to appreciate these aright, we must revert, briefly, to an earlier period of their lives.

Henry Maywood was left in infancy, to the sole guidance of a tender and pious mother, a conscientious woman, whose good sense and firm principles of duty restrained her from weak indulgence, and thus shielded him from the dangerous consequences of an exclusive and too partial affection. She felt her responsibility deeply; and with prayerful anxiousness, she sought to bring up her child in the "nurture and admonition of the Lord." No one could have performed more faithfully what she considered the office of a Christian mother, and no child could have regarded a parent with deeper reverence, or warmer affection.

Henry early evinced a taste for intellectual pursuits; and with every aid to mental developement, which education could afford, and surrounded by the lovely influences of nature, and the rich enjoyment of domestic affection, his mind and character unfolded with peculiar grace; but as yet, they wanted the strength and fit proportions which are usually observed in those who are early taught self-dependence, and whose faculties have been freely exercised and brought into conflict with stronger and more vigorous intellects.

Mrs. Maywood's favorite point in education, was to guard her son from all influences which could counteract her precepts, or endanger the purity of his character; and to a certain extent, she was undoubtedly right; yet the principles which are never tried can scarcely be relied on, for "the trees of knowledge of good and evil" were both planted in the garden of life, that man might exercise his free will, and prove the strength of his virtue, and his power to resist temptation. She, alas, committed the common, but very natural error of moulding his religious opinions exactly on the model of her own; and having been, herself, thoroughly imbued with the popular theology of the day, she carefully indoctrinated him with the same views, turning in pious alarm from the bare idea of innovation on the ancient dogmas of orthodoxy, as if religion could make no progress! as if the human soul, in its earnest strivings after truth, could rest forever satisfied with

the husks of by-gone error! as if theology, the science most worthy an immortal mind, would not rise like a giant from the sleep of ages, and cast off the fetters which have so long bound it to the car of worldly interest, and linked it with priestcraft, ignorance and error! Often and earnestly she besought him to hold fast the truths of the Gospel, as he had received them,— to cherish the faith which was transmitted to him from pious ancestors, and to turn a deaf ear to the seductive arguments of those who taught the progress of religious truth, and the fallibility of human creeds.

Mrs. Maywood instructed her son precisely as she had been herself instructed; what she had received as sacred truths, without doubt or investigation, from the revered guardians of her youth, she regarded as a sacred deposit which she was bound to perpetuate; and thus do thousands, ay, tens of thousands, daily perpetuate error in the Christian world! With the best intentions, it may be, and in perfect sincerity, but with a narrow-mindedness unworthy a free and intelligent being, they take the Bible in their hands, and even with its pure and simple truths engraven on their hearts, they blot over its blessed pages with creeds and confessions - the device of man in the darkest ages of Christianity; and while regarding with pity or condemnation the deluded votaries of popery, they themselves prove false to the noblest principles of Protestantism, denying its glory and defence, the right of private judgment, and the liberty of following out the honest convictions of sincere and inquiring minds. Like Saul of Tarsus, in their blindness they think they do God service; but how few, like Paul, the apostle, open their minds to conviction, and fearlessly root out the errors which early education had implanted in them! But, thank God! a better dawn is arising; a day of fearless inquiry, in which error and superstition will be resolved into their original elements; and when that day has advanced, and the pure, unshackled religion of Jesus regains its primitive simplicity and spiritual loveliness, then, and not till then, will the long predicted millenium commence its reign on earth!

Young Maywood passed safely through his collegiate life, untainted by the thousand temptations which assail unguarded youth, even in the most orthodox institutions; and his mother's fondest hopes were fully realized, when, having graduated with honors sufficiently flattering to tempt his ambition to a more worldly course, he avowed his earnest wish, to become a minister of Christ. He accordingly entered on his theological course of studies at the well known seminary of A———, that "school of the prophets," from which so many young men have gone forth, full of hope and ardor, to labor with various success in different portions of the Lord's vineyard.

One kind and judicious friend of Henry, alone, received his determination with sincere regret. This was Mr. D——, an early and valued friend, and near relative of Mr. Maywood, who, on his death-bed had commended his wife and child to his friendly care, and intrusted all their worldly interest to his guardianship. Notwithstanding their difference of religious opinion, a cordial intercourse had always been kept up between the two families; the summer holidays were ever welcomed by Mrs. Maywood and her son, for they brought the young members of Mr. D's household, to enliven their pleasant, secluded home; and before many years had flitted away, Henry and Anna became conscious that the sports of childhood, and the enjoyments of ripening youth, which they had shared together, had indissolubly linked their hearts, and united their hopes; and with pleasure, which needed no reverse to give it zest, they received their parents' sanction to their union, whenever circumstances should render it expedient.

Mr. D- did not object to Henry's choice of a profession, but he deeply regretted that he should enter upon it, with a mind cramped by old opinions, which had been pressed upon him from childhood, as truths which might not be questioned. He knew that he had been educated with limited and partial views, on the most important of all subjects, and that his mind had been refused that free decision, and unbiassed choice, to which every immortal soul can justly lav a claim. Mr. D- had never attempted to influence the religious opinions of his ward, feeling that he had no right to interfere in the most sacred of maternal duties; but when he entered on his sacred studies, he earnestly and affectionately advised him to search the Scriptures with a free and candid mind, and judge for himself, what was true and right. But it is not easy for one who has been nurtured in the "freedom wherewith Christ hath made us free," to appreciate the trial of those, who with an honest anxiety to learn the truth, are yet bound by early habit and strong feeling to a system which forbids inquiry, and represents reason as at war with revelation. The light of truth is readily admitted through a pure and transparent medium; but when the mists of error and the clouds of prejudice intervene, its divine rays are obstructed, and distorted images alone are reflected from the turbid surface.

Henry Maywood had naturally a candid and inquiring mind, and his gentle nature revolted from the harsh extremes of orthodoxy. As he pursued his studies, and compared the original Scriptures with translated copies, doubts would often arise to perplex and distress him. And as he knelt in humble prayer, before the one God and Father of all, the intervening deities, whom a popular theology places around the Vol. 17.

throne, distracted his mind, caused his thoughts to wander, and divided the homage which was due to One alone. With his usual frankness, these doubts and inquries were all made known to the spiritual guides to whom he looked for assistance and enlightenment. But these questionings of an awakened spirit were treated by them as the promptings of an unregenerate soul, which sought to be wise above what is written, and with unhallowed boldness to penetrate the mysteries of God.

Henry was sensitive to a fault, and humble in his own opinion; and he had been so long accustomed to lean on others whom he revered and honored, that he knew not the strength of his judgment, or the power of his own mind. Like many a Christian martyr, he could have meekly embraced the stake, for conscience's sake; but he could not, like the bold reformers, have stood forth and bid defiance to an astonished world.

Professor —— thought it useless to waste arguments on a youth, too immature to trust his own judgment, and too timid to challenge opposition; but his severe reproof repressed inquiry, and chilled the sanguine confidence which prompted him to seek instruction, from those whose duty it was to impart it.

The plausible expositions of Dr. — were equally unsatisfactory; the arguments of his opponents were never brought forward in fair array, and if any of the controversial books of the day were admitted into the library of the institution, they were reserved for the Professor's private leisure, or, if opened to the students, they were read with such cautious annotations, or in such detached passages as to neutralize the influence which a candid and impartial investigation might have produced.

Thus, time after time, were Maywood's doubts treated, his troubled thoughts alarmed; and, like thousands of others, he went on the beaten path, till an unlooked for event changed the current of his thoughts, and the destiny of his life.

[&]quot;BE as conscionable and strict in the duties of your relations and dealings with men, as in the duties of holiness to be performed more directly to God. Make as much conscience, care, study, diligence about being just, that you wrong no man in buying or selling, as you do in the duties of holiness, praying, receiving, hearing."

THE THOUGHTFUL HEART.

In early youth my soul was sad, Because it was at times too gay; Vain, wild excitements made me glad, And swiftly passed such moods away.

With care maturer life came fraught, My brow was knit, my heart was vexed, Each day its task and murmurs brought, My faithless spirit was perplexed.

And now my buoyant step is gone, Time's touch leaves silver on my brow, My hand finds more than can be done, But oh! how happy am I now!

Life's use to me hath been revealed, Its cares their mission have declared, Each task with God's behest is sealed, Each change I see is God-prepared.

The thoughtless heart hath saddest hours, For "without God" it journeys on; The thoughtful heart turns thorns to flowers, And so a steady peace is won.

L. J. H.

"LEARN the holy skill of improving every condition God shall case you into. If you have skill and heart, there is advantage to be got by all. Know the danger and the duty of every condition; study them before they come upon you, that they do not surprise you."

EDITOR'S COLLECTANEA. V.

WE respectfully acknowledge having received the Critical and Miscellaneous Essays of Alexander H. Everett. As many of our readers must already know, they are a valuable contribution to any scholar's library, not only as examples of an excellent style of composition, but also as exhibiting the fruits of extensive literary attainments and accomplishments. The topics embraced within their discriminating, learned and eloquent discussions cover a wide field, - embracing statesmanship, art, metaphysics, biography, poetry, fiction, and general letters. They are the work of no pretender, but of a thorough master in belles-lettres studies. It would be well if the community were more given to such reading. - Mr. Livermore's Dedication Sermon at Windsor, Vt., is in many respects a good model for such performances. It has a point, and an object. It wastes no words. Its meaning is distinct and intelligible. It is an honest plea for the preacher's independent views of Christian truth, and is equally calculated to draw favor to them and respect to him. - Rev. J. H. Allen's Sermon on taking leave of his parish at Jamaica Plain, we should also say is a model, — if its perfect naturalness, and simplicity, and truthfulness to a personal and painful experience, did not place it quite out of the reach of imitation. If the majority of the society, that was lately his, do not feel the fact, that what has been done cannot be undone, to be in this case a very painful fact, they must be made up of materials unlike those that go to constitute any specimens of humanity that we have ever met with. - Rev. Dr. Gannett's Discourse on the Character of the late Judge Davis, -a "good old man," - we cannot pass by, without remarking on the privilege he must have felt it to be to record his testimonial to so much private and public worth, and on the chasteness and beauty and appropriateness and dignity of the tribute he has rendered.

One of the most precious instances we have lately seen of the cant of a hardhearted and inhumane sanctimoniousness, calling itself piety, is in the following passage from the editorial department of the second No. of the "Christian Observatory."

"Revivals.—The greater part of the churches of this land have now, for a long time been wearing the garb of mourning, and sitting in sackcloth and dust. 'The children of the bridechamber' have been lamenting the absence of the Heavenly Bridegroom. And yet it has been a singular fact, that revivals have been somewhat numerous all this while within the bounds of the slaveholding states. We cannot



suppose that there is any thing in that 'peculiar institution' which is favorable to the work of the Holy Spirit. Far otherwise. We may explain the matter, in part, by the fact that the churches there are free from 'exciting discussions' on almost any of the subjects which have agitated the North; and it is well known that such discussions are nearly certain to interrupt the progress of a work of grace in a community. It is better to refer the explanation to the distinguishing grace of a sovereign God, which often abounds the most where sin has most abounded; making the last to be first, and the first last. But now, the gracious visitation of the Holy Spirit appears to be returning to us at the North in gentle and refreshing showers, falling here and there on the thirsty valleys. There seems to be 'a sound of abundance of rain.'"

The italics are ours. "They bind heavy burdens and grievous to be borne, and lay them on men's shoulders; but they themselves will not move them with one of their fingers. Wo unto you, scribes and pharisees, hypocrites, for ye pay tithe of mint, and anise and cummin, and have omitted the weightier matters of the law, — judgment, mercy and faith; ye ——&c."

Speaking of the "Christian Observatory," the editor of that journal does not seem to have been gratified, judging from his animadversions upon us, by the little notice with which we greeted its appearance. Probably this is natural enough; and yet we are a little surprised and disappointed; for, to tell the truth, we strained a point, and went to the extreme limit our conscience allowed us, for the sake of saying a civil thing of our new neighbor. We alluded to its faults and its dangers but lightly - without very sanguine expectations that our suggestions would be of much use. We did not specify, as we might, the evident inborn tendency to vulgarity; the vanity; the narrowness of spirit; the unscrupulous partizanship; which were easy enough to be detected at the outset, and which have been growing worse and worse, so far as we have observed, ever since; we did not mention these things, as other persons did, and yet the "Observatory" is stirred. However, it is no great matter. Yet we are sorry that the "Observatory" should chafe, and lose its temper. Bad temper always makes a man ludicrous, and a person in danger of being so from other causes, should be good-natured; should avoid all provocatives of ridicule, where he can. If he is constructed on a scale of unfortunate dimensions, he should not be peevish, and draw attention to his weaker side. The "Observatory" thinks the "Monthly" is very, very dull - compares it to every thing that is dull except, indeed, the very dullest thing in the world, - which we take to be. Orthodox preaching. We should be very slow to deny that there is too much truth in this charge; and can only say that the editor, and we doubt not, the contributors, are sorry they are not a thousand times livelier than they are. The editor of the "Observatory" has the advantage of us in having pointed out our deficiency, since it is often a friendlier office to blame than to praise. We will endeavor to atone for our neglect by notifying him at once, that we regard his chief and pressing peril to be that of an excessive inflation, likely to terminate either in a collapse, or an explosion. He appears, from his remarks on our humble Magazine, and on Horace Mann's Report, to stand in mortal dread of "fine writing" - a needless alarm, one would think. after reading his pages. For a careless omission, we sincerely solicit his pardon. It was inadvertently that we wrote his name without the prefix "Rev.," to which we now understand he is entitled. Our only excuse is sheer ignorance of the fact. We had never heard the gentleman's name, in any connexion, before; and there was nothing in his style of writing to apprize us of his profession, but rather the con-

In this place, there is fair occasion to say that when a sect begins to resort to dubious or low instruments for defence and propagation, it is a sign of its conscious weakness and coming decline. And when an organ is established which sets its face flatly against all the advancing light, and liberty, and science and humanity of the age, to stickle for dead, dry formulas and a party cause; which makes it the abominable sin of the Secretary of the Board of Education, that he is an able and efficient officer, which betrays a sore uneasiness at Dr. Howe because he is an honest despiser of sectarianism, and which carps at Dr. Gannett because he is logically consistent and bold enough to carry out views of inspiration which the Calvinists themselves must come to, as soon as they are brave enough to be consistent also; and which whines over the whole Unitarian denomination because they are liberal enough to do more than their share in endowing Harvard University and other noble and enlightened institutions, and have influence and wisdom enough to secure a fair proportion of the confidence of the community; - then, it is some satisfaction to find that such an organ is as impotent. as it is bigoted; that it carries with it the visible seeds of its own decay, and that even the sensible members of the denomination it attaches itself to, feel its alliance to be a reproach and a shame.

INTELLIGENCE.

ORDINATION AT SALEM, MASS.—Mr. Octavius Brooks Frothingham, recently of the Cambridge Divinity School, was ordained as Minister of the North Church, in Salem, formerly under the charge of Rev. Dr. Brazer, on the tenth of March, 1847. The usual preliminaries having been adjusted by an uncommonly large Council, the exercises proceeded in the following order,—interspersed with the singing of some excellent hymns:—Introductory Prayer and Reading of the Scriptures, by Rev. Dr. Flint of Salem; Sermon, by Rev. Dr. Frothingham (father of the candidate) of Boston; Prayer of Ordination, by Rev. Dr. Parkman of Boston; Right Hand of Fellowship, by Rev. Mr. Stone of Salem; Charge, by Rev. Dr. Putnam of Roxbury; Concluding Prayer, by Rev. Mr. Thompson of Salem.

The Sermon was on the Right Administration of Christian Truth, and was a very able, discriminating and fair, as well as timely, presentation of the several departments of that really difficult subject. Besides a great deal of valuable discussion, it contained, at the close, a few local and personal allusions, of peculiar interest. It showed those fine qualities of style, which are every where known to belong, in an eminent degree, to its author,—terseness, classical purity, and an elegant exactness, combined with a certain delicate mastery over a whole kingdom of compressed, suggestive and poetic imagery.

ORDINATION AT EAST BOSTON, MASS. — The Unitarian Society recently gathered at East Boston, being duly organized, and in a very promising and sound condition, Mr. Leonard Jarvis Livermore, recently of the Cambridge Divinity School, was ordained there, on the evening of March 24, 1847. The services were as follows:—Introductory Prayer and Reading of the Scriptures, by Rev. Mr. Ware of Cambridgeport; Sermon, by Rev. Dr. Putnam of Roxbury; Prayer of Ordination, by Rev. Mr. Thompson of Salem; Right Hand of Fellowship, by Rev. Mr. Adams of Templeton; Charge, by Rev. Mr. Lincoln of Fitchburg; Address to the Society, by Rev. Mr. Robbins of Boston; Concluding Prayer, by Rev. Mr. Coolidge of Boston.—We have not room for an account of the Sermon, farther than to say, that its subject was, The Position, Uses and Duties of the Christian Parish.

DEDICATION AT WESTFORD, MASS.—The First Congregational Society in Westford, having remodelled their meetinghouse, it was dedicated anew to its sacred purposes, January 7, 1847. The Sermon was preached by Rev. Mr.

White of Littleton, from Psalm xx. 2; The Prayer of Dedication was offered by Rev. Mr. Thayer of Chelmsford; and the other services were conducted by Rev. Messrs. White and Thayer.

SEMI-CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION AT BROOKLINE, MASS. - Rev. John Pierce, D. D., of Brookline, is widely, we had almost ventured to write, universally, known in New England, as a long-laboring and faithful minister of the Gospel and a Liberal Christian; as a man of remarkable powers of memory and an enthusiastic fondness for statistical investigations, especially in the realm of genealogical, ecclesiastical, and local-historical knowledge; of a most charitable and kindly heart; of pure, frank and cordial manners; of industrious and wholesome habits, and of a singularly sound, active and vigorous physical constitution. He had been fifty years in the ministry over one parish, since his ordination, on the fifteenth of March, 1847. It was fit that to such a man, on such an occasion, should be paid the honor of a public testimonial and observance. The citizens of Brookline recognized the propriety of the act. and arranged an entertainment, which was conducted and consummated with entire success. Services were held in the afternoon in the church. Religious services were performed by the ministers of the Baptist and Orthodox societies. An Address was delivered by Dr. Pierce, crowded from beginning to end with abundant evidence of a most extraordinary amount of local and biographical information, and presenting an array of facts formidable enough to intimidate any ordinary memory. In the evening a highly agreeable collation was provided in a spacious hall, where several hundreds of ladies and gentlemen, of Brookline, Boston, and the vicinity, passed some hours with the greatest satisfaction and good feeling. Dr. Wild acted as the presiding officer. Sentiments were offered, and were responded to in appropriate and spirited speeches by Rev. Dr. Codman of Dorchester, G. F. Thayer, Esq., schoolteacher, of Boston, Hon. Josiah Quincy, late President of Harvard University, Rev. Dr. Sharp of Boston, Rev. Messrs. Shailer and Haven of Brookline, Rev. Dr. Putnam of Roxbury, Hon. James Savage of Boston, Rev. Prof. Sears of Newton Theological Seminary, and Rev. Mr. Choules of Jamaica Plain. Several hymns and songs were sung. In the course of the evening, several rich gifts were presented to the venerable guest, among which was a splendid service of silver plate, which we understood to be from members of the Society, and a beautiful silver vase with flowers offered by the hands of a young daughter of Rev. Mr. Shailer, in an exceedingly interesting and delightful manner, in behalf of the ladies of the Baptist Society. Indeed, one of the most striking, not to say most pleasing, features of the whole occasion, was the evidence of the harmony prevailing, not only at the moment, but during previous years, with no exception or interruption, between the various religious denominations in the town; a circumstance to be noted, because it is too rare among us, and because it reflects great credit on all the parties. - We close with wishing prosperity to Brookline, and prolonged health and peace to Dr. Pierce; and if it were not cruel towards him, we should say, for the sake of the community amidst which he moves, may he live fifty years more!

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NO. 5.

A SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF FRANCIS WILLIAM GREEN-WOOD.

A YOUNG man who dies before he has reached the full age of manhood, and while yet in the preparatory studies of life, can seldom hope to be known or remembered beyond the circle of his immediate friends. However well founded may have been the hopes entertained of him, they will have little weight when he is gone. He has as yet filled no place on the theatre of life. He has left no work unfinished, to remind men of his departure. His labors, thus far, have been upon himself; and the character he was forming, and the efforts which he made, have disappeared together.

We have felt all this while speaking of our late friend, Francis W. Greenwood. Perhaps upon no young man in our community, were more hopes resting, than upon him. The name which he had inherited from his father, the profession which he had chosen, and his own high character, all made him an object of general attention. Many who loved the memory of the father, hoped to see him coming back to them in the person of his son.

Still, these were but hopes, and, except with a very few, all was yet uncertain. He had done little which could make them good. His life was passed in quiet studies and preparation for more active duties in the future. We do not expect that many will feel about him as we have done. Still, the beauty of his character and his early death may make him an object of some interest, even to those who cannot remember him as a friend.

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The pieces of his own composition which are interwoven with the present sketch, were found in his desk after his death. They were written mostly in pencil, and, with one or two exceptions, had never been seen but by a single intimate friend.

Francis William Greenwood, eldest son of the late F. W. P. Greenwood, D. D., was born in Boston, on the 1st of July, 1826. His childhood was marked by few incidents which are now worthy of remembrance. With such a father and mother as God had given him, it could hardly fail of being innocent and happy. His brother Charles, nearly two years younger than himself, was his constant companion, and the two boys found, in each other's society, a substitute for the playfellows whom the chances of a large city might otherwise have thrown in their way. Notwithstanding their difference in age, it was the wish of their parents that the two boys should be always together, at school as well as at home; and the mind of Charles was developed too early to make it ever necessary to keep Frank back from the studies suitable to his years. They were both usually in advance of their schoolmates of Frank's age.

No boys could have been more exclusively under good influences than they. A large garden adjoined the house in which they spent many of their early years, and here they passed their hours of play-time. On their half-holidays, they took long rambles with their father through the fields adjoining Boston, in search of different objects in Natural History. And, in the summer vacations, they lived in the country, joining in all the sports common to their years, but always under the same watchful eyes. Their after lives were the natural result of this early care.

At an early age, they entered the Public Latin School, where they passed nearly five years. The influences here exerted upon them agreed well with those of home. Although open to boys from all classes of society, the Latin School is pre-eminent for the high moral tone which exists among its scholars. The strictness and perfect regularity of its laws fill the boys' minds, insensibly, with a regard for order and justice, and the entire confidence reposed in their honor makes the love of truth almost universal among them. The intellectual character of the School is too well known to require comment.

Frank and Charles were not remarkably hard students, but they attended faithfully to their school duties, and found time beside, for several studies of a lighter character. Their moral habits were irreproachable, and were never, at home or at school, in a single instance, called into suspicion. They still kept together in their studies, always

in the same division, and usually side by side. At the time of leaving school, the marks of the whole preceding year were added together, and, although amounting for each, to several thousands, the sums total of Frank and Charles differed but by a single unit.

At the Commencement of 1841, they entered Harvard College. Both were still very young, Frank being but fifteen and Charles thirteen years old; but they had the natural impatience of boys to get onward in life, and as they had already waited one year more at the Latin School than was necessary, their parents saw no good reason for detaining them longer. They enjoyed the freedom of college life, and entered with alacrity into its pursuits. Charles took the greatest interest in the college studies, and gave himself to them with a constancy which, with his talents, promised the most brilliant success. Frank, on the contrary, although holding a sufficiently high rank in his class, devoted many hours in every day to other pursuits, and especially to music, for which he had always a great fondness.

Previous to their entering college, many of the friends of the two boys had observed this difference of tastes, and foreseeing that Charles, although the younger, would probably gain the higher rank, had begged their parents not to expose them, as class-mates, to the ill-feelings which might arise from the comparison. But their parents knew too well the dispositions of the boys, and the strength of their mutual affection, to listen to such fears. A little incident, at the beginning of their second year in college, showed how groundless these fears were.

At the beginning of the Sophomore year, it is customary to distribute among those who have most distinguished themselves as Freshmen, a number of prizes, known as "Deturs," and purchased from the Hopkins Fund. On this occasion, Charles received a valuable book, while Frank was omitted. Charles evidently felt disappointed as he received his prize, and placed the volume silently upon the shelf, while it was only through Frank and the pleasure which he showed in his brother's success, that their parents knew of the occurrence. No feeling of triumph or jealousy ever, through life, interrupted their affectionate intercourse. It seems strange, as we now look back upon their characters, that the existence of such a feeling could ever have been feared.

Their father died at the end of their second college year. His memory is yet too fresh with most who will read these pages, for us to dwell upon his loss; but the following lines, written by Frank, nearly three years after, show the depth of his affection for his father, and the influence it ever continued to exercise upon him. They were

written upon his last birthday, and while he was busy in preparing the volume of his father's Miscellanies, which he published in the autumn.

TO MY PATHER.

In other days my spirit dwells, Of other days my heart's tone tells, When all of good I found in thee, And thou an anxious hope in me.

When darkened round the evening gloom, And shadows stole across the room; I sat a child upon thy knee, And thou and I were company.

Then in the silent evening gray, What words of wonder thou did'st say; Or filled my heart with words of love, Or words that raised my thoughts above.

Alas, forgotten! save whene'er Some dying memories, nurtured there, Have come a faded, broken band, To tell me of their native land.

And thou, too, art no longer here: —
Long since I stood beside thy bier —
And I must tread the world alone,
Without thy friendly look and tone.

Yet, in the solemn twilight, thou Wilt come and sit beside me now; And keep my tottering soul from stain, And make me yet a child again.

July 1st, 1846.

A few weeks after their father's death, the two boys returned to college. Life seemed a graver thing to them than it had done before, and they engaged in their duties with a more determined spirit. They had never passed so studious a term. Although not so gay as before, they were soon cheerful, and took a renewed interest in all around them. To each other they were more than they had ever been. They left college for the winter vacation, hoping to return together with the

coming term. But it was ordered otherwise. Charles was attacked by rapid consumption, and, when the term opened, was far too ill to return to college. On the 13th of March, he died. Who can describe the desolation which must have filled Frank's heart, when he felt that he was gone forever?

No young person could have been more generally lamented than Charles Greenwood. There was a charm about his first appearance which won every heart. Persons who saw him but once, yet remember his high, clear forehead and dark eyes, and the strange union of deep thought and almost childlike beauty in his face. His more intimate classmates loved him as a younger brother, and in many of their memories he has left a place which no one else will fill.

In character, he was as nearly faultless as any person whom we have ever known; and, in intellect, he was inferior to no one of his fellows. Although only sixteen on the day he died, and the youngest of his classmates, he had already received a rank at the very first exhibition, and was distinguished in every study. In the classics he was among the first, and his original compositions received the highest marks of the department. No hope seemed too bright for his coming years.

And yet, bitter as his departure was to his friends, which of them could have stood by his early grave, and calmly wished him back again? He died with the dew of youth yet bright upon him; before the breath of the world had sullied his pure heart, or disappointment dimmed his hopes. The freshness of morning was yet upon the world as he closed his eyes upon it, to open them upon a brighter scene. Who would have detained him to labor with them in the hot noon, or watch through the dark night which might have followed?

Many persons might have shrunk from returning to a scene so full of sad associations as Cambridge must have now been to Frank; but he had a manliness of character which never hesitated before his duty. He went back to his now solitary room and resumed his former studies. During the remaining year and a half of his college life, he lived alone. No one, he said, could take the place which Charles had left vacant. Still, he gave himself up to no feelings of despondency. He felt the increased responsibilities which the death of his father and brother had laid upon him, and, burying in his own heart the sorrow of their loss, he was soon as calm and cheerful as ever. To many he might have seemed even cold. But his more intimate friends knew the depth of the feelings which it required so stern an effort to repress. His ambition for college honors, never strong, had now wholly vanished, and he gave himself more than ever to the studies which were best 17* VOL. IV.

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suited to his peculiar tastes. Of these, metaphysics was, during his last year, most conspicuous. He graduated in the summer of 1845, with a respectable rank, sufficient to give him a place among the members of the Phi Beta Kappa Society; but no one felt that the part assigned to him at Commencement, was any adequate measure of his true attainments.

The following extract from a letter written since his death, shows the feelings with which he was regarded by his more intimate college friends.

"It is always pleasant to speak and to hear of what was good and noble in the dead; but very delightful is it, when we can tell all, all that we know of the dead, and still speak only what was good and noble. So is it now. At college, young men are so closely associated, that they may scan each other's every act, and may discern in each other if not thoughts, at least habits of thought. I look back at my college intimacy with Frank, and recall not one word or deed of his, which I cannot praise and admire.

When I first went to Cambridge, I had the good fortune to find among my companions some who were not ashamed to resist temptation, to love virtue for virtue's sake, and to do right because it was right. Chief among these was Frank. And, though somewhat younger than myself, he has ever since been to me a moral teacher and a guide. I had many conversations with him on practical religion, and always on such occasions did I leave him with feelings of gratitude for having been made better by his words. And such gratitude thousands would have felt towards him as a public moral teacher, had he been spared to mankind. For his truly Christian manners aided the influence of his truly Christian goodness. None could charge him with illiberality; none could ever suspect him of assuming to be what he was not. And his intellect was such, that he could convince those whom his example did not persuade."

A few months before graduating, his classmates met to choose an Orator and Poet for their parting "Class Day;" and each office was repeatedly offered for his acceptance. They even went so far as to elect him Poet, contrary to his expressed wishes. But he steadily declined all such distinctions. In accordance with his friends' wishes, however, he wrote the following lines, which were sung as a parting sang at the private meeting of his classmates in the evening.

AIR. - Auld Lang Syne.

FAREWELL!—the time has come, at last,
To say our parting here,
And break the bonds of student life,
That we have held so dear.

Four happy years of life and work
Have to a moment shrunk;
And all the fire that in them burned
Has in its ashes sunk.

We are the same who came at eve,
When childhood's sports were done,
To muse away a pleasant night,
And wait the rising sun.
But the night has deepened soberly,
And the mighty stars have shone,
And graves have opened at our feet,
And we have hurried on.

We've hardly felt that we must part
So surely and so soon;
And we've lingered on, as if we'd ask
Of time a farther boon.
But the dew is fading from the flowers,
And bright is morning's gate;
We know this is the parting hour,
And we sadly feel its weight.

Join hands! it is a holy time,
And asks a holy thought;
And may there be one look, one grasp,
One friendly blessing sought.
For though right onward is our course,
And moving is our line,
We'll take one right guid willie-waught
For Auld Lang Syne.

For several years before leaving college, he had looked forward to the Christian ministry as the chosen field of his future labors. The example of his father, his own high character, and the strong interest which he took in studies peculiar to the profession, all seemed to mark this as his proper course. Still he felt the deep responsibilities which rested on such a choice, and as he was yet very young, he determined to take a year in which to review his thoughts, and decide calmly upon the great question of his life. He passed a pleasant and useful year in Boston and its neighborhood, dividing his time between study and instruction. He reviewed many of his youthful studies, and perfected himself in some branches, especially the early mathematics, to which his taste had not before inclined him. He found also much time for

his favorite pursuit of music. His taste and proficiency in this were very remarkable. Few persons of his age had more thoroughly studied the science of music, and none could enjoy more deeply its effects. A symphony of Beethoven or an air of Mozart seemed to open to him a new world of thought and feeling. This taste prevented a moment from ever hanging heavily upon his hands. As long as he had a piano or organ near him, he needed no other companion, and would sit for hours, listening to his old favorites, or finding an answer to his own feelings in the impromptu strains which he called forth.

He was still, as we have said, undecided upon his profession, but the feelings with which he looked forward upon life, may be gathered from the following description. It was written by him a few months after leaving college, and under the circumstances which he himself mentions. A few friends came in upon him as he sat musing before his fire, and asked him to tell them what he was thinking about so solemnly. Half an hour after, he joined them, with the paper from which the following is printed, in his hand.

"I had graduated from college. After many delays and disappointments, I found myself sitting in a pleasant room by a quiet fire, as an afternoon which had been occupied in disposing my things drew to its close. It was late in autumn.

Having completed my elementary education, and thus in a manner set out upon the journey of life, I fell a thinking of the course I was about to pursue, and my cogitations took their tinge from the objects which were around me. I sat before my fire with my feet in a chair, and I pleased myself with thinking that the shadows or illustrations of the future might be found in the little arrangements I had made. To the right of the fireplace was my table, the uncertain light falling upon it from a window still farther to the right. Upon the table stood a small book-case with many of the standard English writers, both in prose and poetry, which together with the air of the table itself, with its portfolio and inkstand, seemed to denote that my life was to be a literary, or at least a professional one. That I did not mean to be a mere butterfly in the fields of learning, was shown by the Latin and Greek books, which, with a mixture of dictionaries and grammars, and a history or two, stood on the shelves or were strewn about the table. Among them lay a hammer that I had been using, and meant to my fancy that entire ease was not to be attained or sought, but that a work was to be done, which required a strong hand and a patient heart. And the position of the whole near the window signified that the student was not to rust over his books, but must look out and up.

Over the book-case, I had hung a small sketch in oil by Morland. It was very simple — just two little knolls with straggling bushes, and a road between. A rude covered cart with a horse tied behind, was just getting out of sight behind the rising ground. A few clouds that looked old, they were so grey and lazy, hung idly in the sky. It was one of those bits that we see at every few steps on a country road, which have no value but to the poet, and no meaning except in the hands of the true artist.

Rather lower than this, between the book-case and the window, was another picture, of a very different character. Like the first it was simple and rough, but of a bolder touch. A great white cliff, jutting out against a sky which seemed from its thick blackness, to cover close over the scene, and the dim waves thundering below, filled up nearly all of the picture which was not occupied by the principal figure in the foreground. Seated on a rock, he gazed down among the boiling waters, apparently unconscious of the mighty conflict around him. His dress was rude, but picturesque, and his attitude full of careless and powerful grace. His long and coarse hair streamed wildly behind him. From his bronzed features and fiery eye breathed a determination which a cast of ferocity rendered more terrible. A wrecker's hook rested against his shoulder and told his vocation; and the masts of a stranded vessel, hardly visible through the gloom, seemed to call for its use. I never knew the artist's name. He appeared to be one whose power of conception exceeded his knowledge of detail, or had in the present instance outstripped it. So that when the eve wandered from the canvass, and the imagination grew hot with the dark splendor of the painter's idea, it returned dissatisfied, as if the sketch were unable to feed that excitement which itself had awakened. Still there was much merit, even to the mere connoisseur, in the fire and force with which the man was drawn. As the first picture was Nature in all its simplicity and repose, so this was man with his passions and energies, wasted and buffeted by the elements, but conquering in return.

There was one thing more, still different. Against the window was a transparency in porcelain. Upon a cross, fixed on a barren rock, hung the Saviour of the world. There was no other figure. Far away behind stretched savage mountains. The clouds gloomed around like the banners of death, but athwart their rolling masses streamed the light from heaven. Here were no thieves with their human malignity, or soldiers with their unhallowed pageant, to break in upon the awfulness of the scene; even the gentle women who wept below, were away; — you stood at the foot of the cross and looked up, and then away over the desert. The Redeemer seemed to die alone in the great 'wilderness!

Then thought I, around my table are the three only existences, God, Man, Nature. And thus may every man bring home to his own soul, and ponder over, the great frame of things in all its parts; and thus ought every man who toils or studies for his race, to look not on one side of the eternal structure, but to open all his ears to the trio which sounds through the universe.

But, thought I, how shall I account for the position of the pictures? Why is that of nature higher than that of man, who is nobler? Because nature, though revered, loved, is at a distance, cannot be handled. Man is the appointed work for man. He is to be brought near, grasped, moulded, ruled, inspired.

The room grew darker as I mused, and the moon rose before my window. The table, the pictures, faded — only the outlines of the Christ gleamed faintly in the twilight. Thus, thought I, may my life be."

No one who reads the last sentences, can doubt what was their writer's choice in life. In September, 1846, he entered the Divinity School at Cambridge, and began the studies of his profession. brought to them an undivided mind and a firm resolve to consecrate himself to the highest usefulness. His lighter studies were for the time thrown aside, and he even denied himself the luxury of a musical instrument in his room, lest it might take his time from more important pursuits. He still, however, made music his favorite recreation, and was in the habit of meeting every week a few friends whom he had collected, for the purpose of singing the masses and other music of the ancient Catholic Church. Like his father, although his intellect was fully satisfied with the simple truths of Unitarian Christianity, his religious sentiment craved more than can usually be found in the plain forms of Congregational worship; and these old chants, sacred with the associations of centuries and the dim traditions of the early Church, were far more to him than mere strains of solemn music, or the sources of innocent gratification for the passing hour.

His time was divided among the regular studies of the term;—the Hebrew language and Poetry; the principles of Biblical Interpretation; the Evidences of Natural Religion, and the Criticism of the New Testament. He also read several volumes in general literature, and devoted an especial attention to the modern English writers upon Logic, whose treatises, particularly that of Mill, he read with great care.

During the autumn months, he was in the habit of taking long walks, either alone, or with a single friend, in the woods about Mt. Auburn, both for the necessary exercise and the pleasure which he always took

in natural objects. He had a true love of nature. His mind was indeed often too full of his former studies to pay much heed to the scene about him, and in the perplexed questions of Metaphysics, or the nice distinctions of Logic, he forgot to admire its external beauties; but when he once gave himself up to them, nothing of beauty — from the graceful curve of the branch above his head, to the glories of the autumn sunset — ever escaped his eye. Almost his first wish during his illness, was for flowers, and when some were brought, he begged that the curtain of the window opposite his bed might be rolled up, and the flowers placed there between him and the blue sky beyond. He must have a bit of Nature, he said, to cheer him as he lay there.

During one of the solitary walks of which I have spoken, he composed the following lines. Like most of his productions, they were written for himself alone, and were found as he probably first wrote them, with a pencil, in the twilight. He thought far too lightly of his own poetical powers, and could seldom be prevailed on to write for any eyes but his own. One can hardly read such lines as these without feeling that he lacked only the ambition, to make him a true poet.

The light is dead along the glimmering west,
His evening pomp the sun has left behind,
And all the attending clouds that ushered him to rest,
Not in their robed and cushioned gold,
As when they wrapped his sinking head,
But in garments dull and old,
As if they mourned their king as dead,
Creep slowly homeward on the moving wind.

All on the earth is still,
Watching the journey of the rolling clouds.
The elms that lift their feathery arms upon the hill,
Are watching — so are the humbler trees
That brood together in the dell.

The breeze
That sits within its leafy cell,
The spectre shadows dim
That haunt the river's brim,
The bats that sound not as they pass,
The cattle that lie all night on the dewy grass —
All have their silent vigilance; and keep
Watch while tired mortals sleep.

The following fragment was written on the same sheet.

Soul! ope thy casement to the gentle air
That flits without
As half in doubt

If it will enter there.

Let in the music breeze that flies
From many voiced flowers,
And weaves a tender tale of sighs
To make more sweet these twilight hours;
While every lingering note that dies
Scatters a stillness through thy dreamy bowers.

Alas! we walk this earth too stern and cold, Forgetting we are brothers to its mould.

Although apparently very happy in his life at Cambridge, he never wholly recovered from the influence which his early losses had had upon his mind. The remembrance of his father and brother had ceased to give him pain, but it was apparently seldom absent. He seldom gave himself wholly to the feelings of the passing moment, but, in his gayest hours, had a reserve of manner, which showed the presence of other thoughts than those which were upon his lips. The great thoughts of eternity and of the future life had been interwoven in his every day meditations. He was fond, too, of musing upon the occurrences of his past years. His union of the pleasant memories of childhood with stern resolves for his future life, is finely shown in the following fragments.

"How stream on the days of youth and childhood like a silver brook! What a beautiful dream to look back upon! How strange that all should have passed in me who am sitting here—that I am the sole possessor of all this loveliness. How much of it is still hidden in my soul, to be called out by some trifle hereafter. How has all had its influence, its soothing or its excitement. Far away in the mist lies the land of my childhood. Wondering, half unconscious, stood I amid its dimness, until my youth stepped bravely forth upon the hills. Yet among these shadows was I formed. Much of strange beauty have I lost, much of bold strength have I gained, or developed rather; for may not all have been in me at first? When I was a child with

waving hair, was I not a man in all but power and practice? How fortunate for me that I may look back! How glorious a gift memory!

O let me not a useless being live,
Nor grovel in the filth of time and words,
When work of faith and strong resolve is near;
But in this dim and flickering light of time,
May some high purpose well accomplished show
That I have passed along the eternal shore."

Dimly and sweetly an old memory Comes trailing o'er the heart's repose, Sweeping along the arches of the soul, And softly sighing as it goes.

Whence do its strange, mysterious moanings rise? Or is its home some far-off sphere? — Such shadowy spirits from the voiceful past Could never have their birth-place here.

For years I've heard the self-same strain, Perhaps at twilight's solemn hour, In lonely woods or in the closing year;— But ever with the self-same power.

Visions of old and gray autumnal trees
Mourning above their leafy dead,
And troops of sunny, smiling children there,
Flitting beneath with happy tread.

'T is now for years that I remember these, Or rather to remember seem; I know not if it be a thing of truth, Or if a shadow and a dream,

T is vain to ask, 't were vain, perhaps, to know,
'T is one of things without a name,
That glimmer faintly in the silent past,
But give the very soul its frame.

Nothing was more remarkable in Francis Greenwood than his exquisite taste. Many young men who enjoy as high advantages of society and education as he, gain a certain conventional elegance in expression, vol. 1v. 18

and even in thought; but with him there was far more than this. His mind seemed cast originally in a finer mould, and everything that passed through it, bore its peculiar stamp. This was evident not only in what he wrote, but in all he did and said, in the hanging of a picture, or the arrangements of a bunch of flowers, as well as in the notes of his piano, or the choice of his sentences. Closely allied with this was the love of the beautiful, which in him amounted almost to a passion.

His intellectual powers were various, and admirably adapted to the profession which he had chosen. Of his imagination and talent for description, we have already had glimpses. His logical faculties were good, and bore a larger proportion, perhaps, to the other parts of his mind, than those of his father, whom, in many respects, he so closely resembled. His ambition was to lead a useful, hard-working life, and he had therefore devoted more time to the cultivation of these faculties, than his tastes might otherwise have prompted.

His independence of character was very remarkable. He seemed to care nothing for the opinion of the world, but followed his own convictions of duty, regardless of the remarks of those around him. In forming his opinions, he showed great fearlessness, approaching the difficult points of his professional studies as open questions, and fighting his own way to a satisfactory solution. At the same time, his excellent taste and strong love for existing institutions, prevented him from running into extremes.

One who knew him well, says: "Frank's independence of character was singularly combined with a childlike simplicity of obedience for those who were wiser and older than himself. His gentleness at home made him a blessing in the family circle. His uniform affection and consideration for his mother and the younger children, were very striking. For the aged among his relations, his deference and kindness were remarkable, and his constant attention to those little observances which none but a kind heart ever remembers, but which are so grateful to the old, won for him their fervent affection."

His humility and the want which he felt of the continual presence of a Power mightier than his own, are shown in the following prayer written upon entering the Divinity School. No one who saw him before his death, can doubt but it had been answered.

Am I in truth to be thy servant, Lord,
With this dull heart and all these vain desires,
Standing unmoved before the mighty fires
That flow from out the besom of thy Word?
Thy Spirit to my sluggard soul afford,
That lacks not will, yet is not all awake
Her watchful count of that great Love to take,

Which thou of old through all thy works hast poured.
Alone, O God, she cannot keep the bright
And steadfast colors of a noble life,
But pales her fading plumes and drooping might
Before the toys of time and passion's strife;
And needs to be relumed and warmed by thee,
Ere she is winged for immortality.

Sept. 13, 1846.

There was one trait in his character, to which we have before alluded, which often prevented him from being fully known by those around him. He had a natural reserve of manner, increased doubtless by his early trials, which did little justice to the true warmth of his feelings. To many he may have seemed cold and indifferent. Perhaps only one intimate friend knew the deep enthusiasm with which he often regarded subjects in which to the world he seemed little interested.

During his last illness, this reserve passed away. He could speak but few words; but as the veil which wraps our spirits in this world grew thinner and thinner, the deep affections of his heart shone through with an unwonted brightness. He was never happy but with one of those he loved, sitting by him and holding his hand, and his only care seemed to be lest others should suffer from seeing the pain, which he himself bore without a murmur.

After the winter vacation, passed at home and in a visit to some friends in New York, he had returned to enter upon a new term st Cambridge. But he was suddenly seized with a disorder, which for twelve days baffled all human skill. He died on the 13th of March, four months before he had completed his twenty-first year.

For several days before his death, he was often too much enhausted with the terrible pain which he had suffered, to be conscious of what was around him. But, on that morning, his mind came back to him with all its wonted vigor. He remembered that it was the day on which his brother Charles had died, three years before, and said he should soon go to join him. He wished to bid his younger brother and sisters good-bye. Then he was ready. They gathered round his bed, and to each he spoke a few words of affectionate counsel. They had been five, he said. They were now but three. And they must live to fill in their mother's heart, the places which he and Charles had left vacant.

His last audible words were — "Our Father who art in Heaven" — uttered in a faint voice, and with his hands clasped in prayer. A few moments more passed of pain and forgetfulness, and then a smile

came upon his face, his eyes opened as if looking into some far-off, beautiful country, and his spirit passed without a murmur unto Him who gave it.

God in his infinite mercy be with those whom he has left behind! If his departure has made this life seem to them desolate, may they find consolation in the thought of that happier life, in which he now is, with those whom they loved with him on earth. And may the memory of their virtues animate us in our career of duty here, "that, by the grace of God, we may join them in another world, where friendship will be uninterrupted, and virtue eternal." G. S. E.

THE ARTIST'S LESSON.

BY MRS. M. G. SLEEPER.

Ar a short distance from my dwelling winds a mountain stream. Now, it steals demurely from beneath the rustic bridge, and now, peeps out from the hiding-place it has hollowed among the roots of a huge cak. Here it bounds forward, baring its bosom to the sun-light, there it falls in liquid gems from the wheel of the clattering mill, and, still farther on, it loses its identity in the bright waters of the Merrimack. A very Proteus, it changes its aspect at every step, as if seeking in its glad gratitude to multiply its worship. Sometimes it spreads into a mimic lake, and then contracts itself, until it wins the infant foot from the firm log to the stones jutting like piers into its dancing waves. With shout and laugh, musical as that of childhood, it springs over the high rock, and sports and frolics at its foot; then gracefully glides away to rest in the neighboring thicket.

Its sleep is short. Waking, it challenges the birds to a concert. Listen! the little song-sparrow first answers the call, then comes the bluebird with his warble, and the robin pouring his love tale into the ear of his bride. Ah! the cat-bird arrives and makes a discord with his cry; the jingling tones of the king-bird follow, and the prolonged mote of the pewit fly-catcher is drowned in the harsh rattle of the king-fisher. Yonder, the meadow-lark rejoices with his whole soul in the merry spring, glancing, meantime, at the oriole in his court-dress of erange and vermillion. But there is a sudden stillness, and then a solo from the thrush, clear, and sweet, and soothing. Let us pass on now, for I would fain keep the echo of that strain perfect in memory.

Upon the banks of this my woodland treasure grows the branching cak with its acorns in sculptured cups. There the pine cherishes its

seedy cones for the spotted crossbill, and the beach lures the squirrel to its boughs, and ever and anon shakes down its fruit to the little wood-mouse beneath. Away, away flies the rabbit, when through the partial foliage of the birch the sunbeams dart into the glen, and the sly for croeps stealthily out from the shadow of the maple. There the has hums cheerily, for the arbutus and the blue violet lay up stores of honey for her in their cells, and the butterfly hovers over the polished monotropa, or balances a moment on the curved petals of the wakerobin. There, too, are the spicebush, and shadbush with snowy flowers. The purple liverleaf, the cardinal flower robed in scarlet, the glossy wintergreen shading its crimson fruit, the fuschsia, with which children deck their tresses, the wild columbine, and the yellow violet gladdening the eye like a gleam of sunlight.

My heart has grown to that melodious stream, though it is not very long since my foot pressed for the first time its mossy margin. It was summer then, and I longed for the deep dingles and cool glens where I had played in childhood. I reproached myself for not having loved them more, and wondered I could have cared so little for the gnarled oak under which the Indian smoked his pipe, and the tall pine rives and shivered by the lightning. Doubtfully I looked upon the long rows of houses filled with strangers. Should I hear in them kind words, and meet friendly glances? Should I find there those in whom I could trust? I had been deeply chastened, and my wounded spirit shrank from new sympathies, from new associations, from the new altar erected for its worship. I was too selfish, at first, to heed the rivulet, but it mang on, and, at length, from habit rather than design I bent to the crystal water. Why had I not listened before! It was singing a song of welcome, and I could hear in the soft, dreamlike tones of its chorus, "All men are brothers." Like "the shadow of a great rock" to the desert wayfarer was to me that beautiful utterance. I paused to meditate upon the glorious truth, and then turned again to the village. I almost doubted its identity, so true is it that we invest the outward with the hues of the inner world. The garden spots smiling with flowers, the trees with their wooing, whispering foliage, the distant graves, and the church spire eloquent of life and hope, formed a lovely picture. So I gazed until I had enclosed within the grasp of my affections all, all, from the grandfather of three-score winters to the bounding child. Ah! the little brook had linked me to the villagers with a chain lighter than air, yet stronger than adamant; and, as we retain the image of one who procures for us pleasant companionship, so I treasure its every aspect, and dwell upon every grace.

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It seems to me a peculiar blessing, that the language of Nature is so unlike that by which we communicate with each other, that it is subtle and delicate, and most eloquent in stillness. There are times when the very sound of the human voice, though its accent be familiar, and as sweet as the echo of our cradle hymn, may wound rather than heal. But we never shrink from that ministry which the spirit can receive, sitting alone and in silence. I was very sorrowful, and, that I might not hear the words which I knew were welling to the lips of loving enes. I went out and sought communion with the mountain stream. was a bleak day in March. Patches of earth alternated with banks of snow, and, occasionally, the biting blast bore hail and sleet on its pinions. I crossed the bridge and entered the hollow just beyond. There, not wholly shielded from, nor yet bearing the whole weight of the tempest, I found a little flower. It bent and shivered, and a tear lay in its centre, yet it looked upward, sadly, but not altogether without hope. "I will test it still farther," I said, and I pulled a petal, another, and another. Still it claimed no regard from the soil beneath, no shelter from the low shrubs around; steadily it continued gazing on the cold, unsympathizing sky. A whole volume of instruction gathered I from that simple blossom.

Higher up the stream there is a succession of cascades filling the glen with coolness and melody. Clear and cold as that of the Clitumnus when Pliny steed upon its shores, flows the water, rounding and polishing the dark rocks to its own mellow music. Here it falls in a blue mass purer than the crystal of the lapidary, there it runs over a broad stone, and drips down its stained and mossy sides. Now there are two currents, and now, united, they play and eddy in a basin secoped out by their own restless motion. Sitting with the foam cireling at your feet, and the spray-drops falling upon you in dewy showers, you may pass the live-long summer day without being once reminded of the busy, working world. Galleries cut in the precipices upon either hand, are covered with mosses, green and brown and gold, and climbing plants, loaded with flowers or fruit, wreathe every projecting point, and every sharp angle of the rough crag. From above the pine and the larch, the birch and aspen, the maple and the elm cast their long shadows, and color the soft light to the hue of emeralds.

One glorious May-day I went there with a friend, an artist. He was young and ardent, full of genius and fancy, not wholly without religious sentiment, yet destitute of whole-souled, earnest piety. He carried his sketch-book and pencil, and I, a volume of quaint old poems. Descending the bank, we crept silently along a terrace, occasionally letting ourselves down the steep, by the aid of overhanging bushes. Presently

we heard the solemn, beseeching tones of prayer, and saw, through the green net-work, a young girl kneeling upon a flat rock, which jutted almost across the stream. Around her delicate features fell tresses of rich auburn, and her long lashes lay upon cheeks rendered colorless by sorrow. She was the only child of a desolate, broken-hearted widow, and her lot was dark and cheerless. We were just turning away, when she thus beautifully concluded her orison. "And above all, O! my Father! I thank Thee, that my thought answers unto thine." She rose, and a shower of rays pierced the mist-wreath which floated around her head, crowning her with a halo of brightness.

I looked back to observe the effect of the scene upon my friend. He was leaning forward in an attitude of attention, but he saw neither the golden garland, nor the humble worshipper, nor the sparkling brook. There was a degree of abstraction in his air that told me he was gazing into the distant past, and straining his inner ear to re-gather the echoes which his soul had given to its Creator's touch. By the convulsive movement of his muscles, the wildness of his fixed eye, and his difficult, almost suppressed respiration, I knew that the review was painful. It almost seemed as if the lines upon his brow were traced too deeply for erasure, and that his lips would never regain their easy and graceful curves. Presently he relinquished the bough he had been grasping, and threw himself upon the earth with the despairing exclamation, "O! God! in my whole life, no thought has answered unto thine."

It was fitting that the child should remain alone with his Father, and I stole forward to the now deserted oratory. An hour passed and my friend rejoined me, not with the joyous gaiety of the early morning, but with a tender, regretful sadness. From that time he applied himself to the close study of Divine truth. The Bible became his constant companion, and he frequently perused it, sitting on the spot where he received his first permanent religious impressions.

His easel has been destroyed, and his pallet broken. Far away in a leafy valley stands a small stone parsonage, with a green lawn before it, dotted with elms. An antique church, shrouded by weeping willows, is visible from the study windows. There sits a man still young, impulsive, ardent, but with every power consecrated to God. A gentle girl, fair as a white rose at its first opening, and a meek, loving matron sit near, and, sometimes, they look with happy tears upon an exquisitely finished picture of a white-winged cascade, and a female with a pale, sweet face half veiled in glowing mist, which they term, and rightly term, "The Artist's Lesson."

NATIONAL SINS.

A SERMON, BY REV. N. L. FROTHINGHAM, D. D.

ISAIAH viii. 12, 13, 14. Say ye not, A Confederacy, to all them to whom this people shall say, A Confederacy; neither fear ye their fear, nor be afraid. Sanctify the Lord of hosts himself; and let him be your fear, and let him be your dread. And he shall be for a sanctuary.

THERE is just that degree of obscurity in this passage, which permits us to see plainly its general meaning and yet leaves room for imagination and some freedom of conjecture as to the interpretation of particular parts. What kind of confederacy it was to which the prophet alludes, we may not exactly know. But it was evidently a political and party one. And the object of the prophet was to raise the minds of the people above them all; above the fear of them when they looked threatening to the public welfare; and above any undue confidence in them when they promised the most flattering results by offering to do the Lord's work in the world's way. Those conspiracies should do no harm to the righteous cause that relied upon its righteousness, no harm at all but to their contrivers. And those expedients should do no good, however boastful might be their talk and however strong their combination, that were not founded on some sacred principle. He wished to convince them that their only safety was in faithfulness to their divine law; and that the greatest of their dangers, the only real one, was apostacy from that. The subject that we draw from the text, then, is the duty of maintaining an independent judgment and adhering to principle in troubled and distracted times. Such times were those upon which the prophet had fallen. The tribes of his favored nation had long been divided, ten against two; and only Judah and Benjamin remained loval to the house of David. The division had led to animosity, and the hands of brother states were lifted against each other in unnatural warfare. They sought alliances among foreigners, and here was an abundant source of intrigues and miseries. The Assyrian power had gained the mastery in that part of the world, and was overrunning the land with its invading troops. These were the circumstances under which the prophet spoke. There was the sound of war

^{*} Preached on Fast Day - April 8.

within his hearing. There were the cabals of scheming politicians. There were convulsions of opinion in the general mind. In the midst of all these disorders he stood up, recalling the thoughts of men to the old rules of their duty. He told them to trust in the truth, however unpopular it might be, and not in any material force or artificial devices. He told them to make the Lord of hosts their dread, and He would make himself their "sanctuary."

Among the variety of topics that it is proper to treat of, as this day's solemnity comes yearly round, none seems to me better suited to the present occasion than the one here named. The condition of public affairs is now connected, in a peculiar manner and to a very high degree, with moral questions. Religion and the fear of God have much to do with the views that it becomes every citizen of this country to take in regard to the measures of its policy and the acts of its leading statesmen; and these highest of all considerations are in extreme danger of being forgotten or thrust aside by the interests, the prejudices, the passions of political strife. We listen from a distance to the confused noise of the battle, though we are not near enough to see the garments that have been rolled in blood. We have seen in our streets the mustering of soldiery for fields of slaughter that lie certainly beyond the limits of our wide republic however pretended to be bounded. We have friends that have gone to the war, and whom our blessing and anxious good wishes accompany as they go. We hear of the valor and military skill of our countrymen, and should feel ashamed if we heard the reverse; for we cannot keep down all such risings of national pride. We cannot but admit that courage in every form has something noble in its quality, and we must feel a sympathy with those who are our own. We hear of their victories; and while we shudder at the fight, and are filled with horror at the carnage, we cannot help preferring those achievements to defeats. And thus the consciences of the most thoughtful persons become painfully perplexed. And there is reason to fear lest they who are less reflecting or less scrupulous should be wholly carried away by the fervors of an excited time: lest in their eves success should be a sufficient gilding for injustice; lest they should forget the woe and the sin of the invasion in the shout of the conquest.

That war is not only a scourge but a crime, has now come to be generally conceded by the public sentiment of the most enlightened parts of the world. It is a crime in itself, abstractly considered. It is a crime in one at least of the parties engaged in it. No Christian power can now wage it against another without offering an apology for it, as not being the aggressor, before the tribunal of humanity. Even

that in which we are at present engaged did not fail to astonish the cabinets of Europe by the assertion that ours was the injured and assailed side. This war, moreover, beside its own wrong, is connected closely with another but for which it would never have existed. not claim to be very conversant with all the discussions connected with the subject to which I now allude. I am sensible that there are those present, who are much more familiar with them than I am. But there are some considerations too obvious to have escaped the notice of any one who feels an interest in the true honor of his birth-place; and of too serious a bearing not only on the national reputation, but what is of far greater importance on the cause of righteousness and mercy, to admit of being passed over in silence. It is conceded, I suppose, by persons of the most opposite political persuasions, that there would have been no war beyond our territories if there had been no slavery within them. Here, then, we have to look upon a dark brotherhood of sins, and we must look at them. There is no need of trying to forget their kindred. There is no use in declining to speak of their guilt. It would not become the spirit of the pulpit to discourse of them ever with violence or bitterness; and it has other and better things to do than to call attention to them often. But the occasion on which we are met seems almost to demand that we should turn our thoughts towards them. The proclamation of our Chief Magistrate, which has summoned us together, mentions them in a pointed manner as two of the most prominent things to be remembered in our devotions. And then Fast day, separated in the manner it is from the rest of our boly seasons, bearing a civil as well as sacred character, and with its look of humiliation upon its face, appears more fitting than any other to make lowly confession of these two mighty wrongs, and to deprecate the mischiefs that they may yet further bring upon our Country. They are peculiarly national sins; to be deplored as such; to be expiated, perhaps, as such - though we cannot penetrate the cloudy future or the beavenly judgments to tell how that shall be; -to be heeded as such, so far as wisdom and benevolence may be able to point out a remedy.

It is of some importance both to the distinctness and justness of our views in this direction, to perceive that there are really such things as national offences; literally and strictly so, and not in the sense of being prevalent among a people; not as an aggregate; not according to the number of those who are answerable for them. They who deny the existence of them because a community is nothing but the individuals of whom it is composed, pronounce superficially, I think. The state is a moral person, and all the acts that it does are to be tried by precisely the same rules of judgment that we apply to single mess. If these

actions are bad, their turpitude is not hidden among generalities. It is not lessened, but increased rather, by the multitudes that contributed by their hand, or word, or passiveness, to have them done. "Wee unto thee, Chorazin! Woe unto thee, Bethsaida!" said Christ. This land stands reproved before the moral sense of mankind, and before the bar of God, for the iniquity of this war, which it has strangely brought upon itself by a concert and yet by a surprise, and which it pursued without so much as the stern decencies of a public resolve; not thinking it worth while to imitate the formalities that even the barbarous Romans did not forget, who never went out against their enemy till they had first declared him such, and had sent an embassy of priests to see if no terms could be made, and then hurled a bloodless spear across his borders before they followed in battle array. And if the war is of such a character—the result of a crooked policy and an unlawful baste, from an ignoble motive and not from hard necessity, for comquest and not for defence, no circumstances of favoring fortune can make anything better of it. No personal bravery can render it otherwise than reproachful. No trophies can give it honor, and no spoils can pay any indemnity for it, and no bloody splendor of triumph can cover over the meanness of its origin or the crimes of its course, the miseries that it produces, and the condemnation that it deserves. At the same time, it would be unjust to involve in this terrible censure those whose situation has compelled them to take an active part in these deplorable hostilities. They are not answerable for them. They did nothing to bring them on. They are but in the discharge of a fearful duty, that it would be dastardly to evade - that they cannot evade. The profession of arms has still to be maintained a while longer among men. The national ship must be strong to protect whatever sails under the common flag. It must carry its thunders under its canvass clouds. Upon the land, too, force must represent sovereignty. And this indispensable military power must move where it is sent, for it is a part of its essence to be subordinate to command. No such thing can be thought of as the freedom to choose; and the qualities of a "good soldier" and a brave man may be displayed on one field as well as another. When we hear of the fall of the high spirited youth or the honored veteran, we lament his loss to his friends and to his country's service. And what person of discernment or aensibility can mingle any blame with that lamentation? The blame attaches elsewhere; and theirs is the mournful praise of having fulfilled the obligation that was laid upon them fatally well. At least this is my way of looking at the subject. And if any, seating themselves upon some lofty ground of abstraction, should object, that it creates a confusion of moral ideas;

that it raises exceptions to the most sacred commandments; that it allows men to do, and calls upon them to do, as holding certain relations to the republic, what they would be criminal in doing as private men; and that it permits circumstances to justify as right, what is in its nature essentially wrong; - I reply that this inconsistency is rather in expression and seeming than in fact. You often imagine it where it does not exist; and even in cases where it cannot be wholly explained away, it is a part of the heavenly administration over the affairs of the world that so it must be. I do not know that there is any law so absolute over our mixed condition, that it can be looked at simply by itself, and without reference to relations or consequences. Even that which says, "Thou shalt not kill," permits exceptions that amount to a positive duty to break it. Circumstances may alter obligations. This is matter of frequent experience. And we may acknowledge this without shaking in the least the foundations or impairing the sovereign rule of justice. We must look round as well as up. Not like the loose disciples of expediency, who make all precepts convenient, but as Godfearing men, we must be governed by the principles that are of holiest authority, while at the same time we observe with all good conscience the proprieties and claims of the position in which we stand. Great Father is served best, as I love to think, not with a zeal that wears blinds, and not with the exclusiveness of a single idea; but with a large survey and a thoughtful discrimination and a regard to what is due to the various necessities of a social state.

The discourse has alluded to another subject as a proper one to be brought to mind on this occasion - the institution of slavery. It is far removed, indeed, from the limits of our own Commonwealth, and as far from the feelings of all its people as it is from its bounds. But it is connected with the name of our Country wherever that name is spoken, and always with reprobation. It may be called, therefore, a national sin, as that phrase has already been defined. It is stigmatized as such by the nations of the earth, and by all the organs of public opinion among ourselves. With no other than humbled, disturbed and foreboding feelings can we make mention of it. It is full of hard political problems, that it is not the preacher's province to deal with. It is full of menace to that brotherly union of these States which is so important to be cherished. May the merciful Providence, who has hitherto always opened a way for us through perplexity and peril, deliver us now; and avert from us the evils that seem to be approaching, and to thicken more and more.

What has just been said of war has an application to this wrong also. Leaving to statesmen and to the incessant press all its political

bearings, for to these such themes pertain, and considering it only in its Christian point of view, we recognize it as a wrong. It began in unrighteousness. It was carried on, and has been strengthened till now, by the most sordid passions. It has been the occasion of unnumbered and unmeasured crimes. It is in its nature an abuse. It carries upon it the sign as of a curse. But it becomes us to take into our survey not only its abstract character and its wicked history, but the various arrangements and postures of things which so long a course of time has established around it, and the many dependencies connected with We shall then hesitate, I think, before we charge any part of its criminality upon high-minded, humane and religious men. - and doubtless there are great numbers of such, - whose lot it is to possess slaves, in those parts of the country where they are held as property. It is not for me, nor I think for any one else, to prescribe to them what they ought to do in that situation, beyond the general duty of caring kindly for those who have thus been thrown under their power. The opprobrious epithets, that it is so common to heap upon them, seem to me as little conformable to the equity of the case as they can be conducive to any valuable result. Let the truth be spoken on this point as on every other, in the proper time and place and way; but let it be the truth only; and spoken simply, dispassionately, and with no other motive or wish or temper than those of doing good.

And now, in taking leave of a subject that has rather been assigned than chosen, let us repeat the text: "Say ye not, A Confederacy, to all them to whom this people shall say, A Confederacy; neither fear ye their fear, nor be afraid. Sanctify the Lord of hosts himself; and let him be your fear, and let him be your dread. And he shall be for a sanctuary." Let us trust in God and his truth more than in any plans of men, and trust in nothing that sets itself apart from the purest principles. Let us fear the heavenly decrees, and no human combination that dares to oppose them. Above all the associations that would embody opinion, or create it, or compel it, let us hold only to what our consciences approve. Whatever strifes and divisions may then arise we shall preserve our freedom, and in all the real fast-days and feast-days of life shall find a ground of confidence.

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HUMILIATION FOR THE WAR.

BY REV. J. I. T. COOLIDGE.

THERE is reason for humiliation, deep, prostrate humiliation. There is ample reason to clothe ourselves in sackcloth and go about mourning. if we would. There is reason for a National Fast, if ever there was There are sins heavy and weighty enough to sink our nation's heart in the depths of woe. What news have lately come to us from the seat of the iniquitous war in which we are now engaged! How full of dreadful import! How melancholy and sad! A victory has been gained, dearly lost and dearly bought! A victory for which we must need mock heaven's ear with rejoicing and innocuous cannonpeals. A victory, over which it is said it were a traitor's part not to rejoice! And we will rejoice that our army was not there utterly destroyed; that they have another opportunity to return to their own country, and stand where they ought to stand, and where alone they have a right to stand, within its acknowledged boundaries. But we cannot rejoice over that bloody battle. Tears are the natural tribute to that scene of carnage and murder; yes, and bitter, burning tears for our Country's shame, that such a scene should ever have been enacted beneath God's eye. Rejoicing for a victory! What is a victory? What is this particular victory? An army has invaded another's country, taken possession of towns and fields and treasures not their own, carried anxiety and misery into homes, and violated those sanctuaries to which alone the rights of hospitality could have given them the claim of admittance. And this army has driven back and slaughtered by thousands those who stood where God had given them birth, and in defence of their own Father-land. The cause of exultation, if there is any, in a victory like this, can be found only in counting the dead.

But is the reason for rejoicing, that our little army, left alone to struggle there as it best might, and for whom we had the most fearful apprehensions, was rescued? Is the rejoicing simply that — simply a revulsion of feeling? Pray God, it may be, and that our first demand be, that it come back to a position where it shall no longer be the cause of terrible anxiety to us, and to those whose dearest are among them.

But again this victory, have we calmly considered what it is? Have we called to our imagination that terrible scene when the smoke and dust rolled off it, and it lay beneath the calm stars or the broad garish eye of day? Have we seen the heaps of mangled bodies — on every

face the distortion of rage, in every hand a deadly weapon, every breast rent open with gashes? Have we seen the flash of the artillery mowing down whole battalions and strewing the ground with the dead and the wounded? Oh, death were then the happiest fate, for the wounded fall to expose themselves to a fate still more terrible. cavalry crossing the field in every direction, trample them under foot, and dye their horses' hoofs with their blood; the artillery, in advance or retreat, mangle them with its wheels. Have we thought of the burning, agonizing thirst of those whose gaping wounds were chilled by the evening air, and heard the innumerable groans go up from that field of death and the passions of hell? Who can conceive the actual miseries of that battle! Ah, that flight of vultures was not without its significance. Who can bear, even in thought, to look into the crowded hospitals of the wounded and see their fearful gashes, and hear their horrible moans! What bitter memories rush upon their minds, of mother or wife and little children, whom they have left! Who shall give the guage and dimensions of the sorrow which has penetrated innumerable homes in both these republics? Oh, that such things should be on this earth of God, on this footstool of the All Pure. All Merciful, All Loving! And for what, what wise end, what worthy purpose, for what, was this scene enacted? Was it to repel invasion? Was it for the cause of freedom, to defend our homes and laws, that this saddest duty, if it ever be a duty, that this saddest duty of man was done? No, a baser motive never prompted war, than the wicked and shameful objects that are there battled for. And we are asked to rejoice in this victory! No, in mourning that such things are, in sackcloth and ashes, in deepest humiliation, will we pray God to forgive us and let not his righteous retribution fall upon us, deep and fearful as is our sin.

This war, I fear, will yet be fruitful of sorrow and misery to us all. There will come many from the baneful influence of that climate with broken constitutions, health undermined and bodies shattered not only by the enginery of murder, but by the dread hand of malignant fever. They may come back to impart and scatter the seeds of fatal disease far and wide. It would be no strange and unprecedented event, if the pestilence, springing from the army, from the crowded, deadly hospitals there, should march with terrific tread over the whole land; the pestilence, generated by the malaria there, should be borne on an evil wind through the whole nation and slay its thousands and tens of thousands; a pestilence to walk our streets at noonday, spreading silence and desolation in its course. It is a dreadful anticipation and we would not dwell upon it. But surely the prayer should ascend with deepest

fervency that God may spare us such a visitation of his just displeasure.

But again, what is to become of that army when at last the decree shall go forth that the sword devour no more? What shall come of the disbanded soldiery? They are not a safe element in a republic. Trained as they have been in the school of war to ferocity, to plunder and prodigality, restrained only by the iron discipline of the camp, they will become unfitted for the calm and peaceful pursuits of ordinary life. And from such men, what ought to be expected but contempt of human rights and of the laws of God and man? Is an element like this safe in such a republic as ours? Can we look without apprehension upon the dispersion of men like these through our community? We have nothing, almost absolutely nothing but the majesty of law to protect us. If that is lost, what remains for our safeguard? We have scarcely no power behind the simple dignity of law-established order. And it has hitherto been enough and our pride and boast that it was enough. But if it is destroyed or greatly weakened; if the letting loose in any community of our land a band who have learned to despise it or to feel not its pressure, by reason of the heavier voke of the campdiscipline, shall break this allegiance of our citizens, who may not see the disaster that shall fall, the mad, riotous, rebellious spirit that shall be kindled? Already, they who went out from among us to this school of lawlessness gave no slight hint of this peril to which we are exposed. A peaceful meeting of our citizens was disturbed and broken up by their mad and unrestrained spirit. And it would seem from scenes which have lately desecrated that ancient Hall of Liberty, dear to all our hearts, the most sacred spot, save our homes and our altars, to our associations, it would seem from scenes recently enacted there, that we are not too slow to learn of their evil example. spreads so rapidly as the spirit of lawlessness, of the rule of the mob; and most deeply shall we have it to deplore if it gains any fresh impulse from the unquiet, restless, ferocious disposition of disbanded soldiery. God save us from rebellion and the fevered passions of a licentious populace.

It is sometimes urged in extenuation of this shameful war, that it will advantage in many ways the people with whom it is waged. Miserable and impudent apology! Without doubt, God will overrule this terrible evil to good; but ours will forever be the shame and the sin, His, the glory and the honor. This war will do great good. It will do much to hasten the time when nations shall learn this art invented of hell, no more. Already the omens are auspicious. It has not and cannot with all its brilliant achievements awaken the sympathies of the

people, at least of the people of these Eastern States - these vigorous plants of the Puritans' sowing. Their noble and elevated principles have not wholly gone from our hearts. They still keep our eye somewhat single, single enough at all events to make this war an abomination to us in heart and feeling and principle. The real character, also, of war is being exposed as never before. Once the trade of nations, prowess in which was the true grandeur of nations, how are its flimsy trappings, its gilded gewgaws torn away, and it shown to be the monster which it is! How are its laurels fading, and men who have stood on the very pinnacle of fame because they have mangled, tortured and slain multitudes of their fellow-men and sent "far and wide the sad inheritance of the broken heart," are coming down from that elevation which has been found to be due only to the benefactors of their race. who bring comfort where before there was wretchedness, who pour oil on the wounds of the unfortunate, who enrich humanity by their virtuous genius in art, in science and literature, who are ready to suffer and die for the sake of human welfare. War is not the glorious game it once was. It may take yet a long time before men shall see this matter altogether as it is, see it as murder, murder on a large scale indeed, but murder still; and that God will require each drop of blood at the slaver's hand; that the word of Christ still stands, "But I say unto you, Love your enemies." It may be, it will take yet a long time before this shall be well understood. But who sees not that public sentiment is flowing evermore into the right direction, mightily aided by this war which is now going on? Who has not felt, for instance, that that Mexican woman at Monterey, who went forth in the battle there to give water to the wounded of both armies, and some word of holy cheer it may be to the dying, and was there shot down, was an object of far greater interest in the sight of God, yes of men' too, than all those whose names have been proclaimed far and wide through the land, as having covered themselves with glory there? That noble act shall be told as a memorial of her, when they shall have gone into silence and oblivion.

Or, to come nearer home — a ship of war carrying food to a famishing nation! It is the first time in the annals of the world that such a vessel has borne such a freight. Her mission has hitherto been to carry the messengers of death, not the means of life. She has spread her sails as a bird of prey. She goes now on humanity's errand. She will speed on her course with a blessing from those ready to perish. How many eyes will strain out into the far, dim horizon to catch the first rising of her mast on the heaving waste! What crowds will gather and lift the grateful thanksgiving as she enters the harbor! What you.

multitudes of hands will be stretched forth to be filled, and the fainting be made strong, and the dying return to life! Ah! how different her coming on this errand of Christian charity than on her usual mission! Now if the cannon find a voice, it will be of welcome, not defiance. If fires light the hilltops, it will be the signal of gladness, not of dismay; and the gathering shall be for joy and the grasp of friendly hands, and not for the stern array and embattled armies. There shall be union of families, not severance. The father shall be restored in the strength of his manhood to wife and children, not torn from them and sent back maimed and disabled forever. The pestilence shall be stayed, not awakened, and famine's haggard countenance be changed to fulness and health, not caused and triumphed in. One cannot contemplate this event without emotion and the happiest auguries for the future; the impression it makes shall not be forgotten. Who shall number the prayers that ascend to heaven for her safe guidance across the bosom of the wide Atlantic? God's blessing be upon her, His hand hold her, the breath of His wind bear her quickly on her course! Not long since there were other ships sent on their way from our harbor, with what a different freight, for what a different purpose! Silently and sadly they left us: there were prayers for them too, but with how changed a note! the note of weeping from the broken-hearted mother and the deserted wife. They have gone to their work of blood - God spare them from the accomplishment of their unhallowed design! Not soon can those two departures be forgotten, the one to fulfil the law of God, "Thou shalt deal thy bread to the hungry," the other to break his command, "Thou shalt not kill." Shall not these things make for peace? Shall they not hasten the time when nations shall learn war no more, but strive to excel one another in deeds of charity and Christian love? Shall they not bring on the long prophecied time, when there shall be none to hurt or destroy in all the holy mountain of God? May that day come and come quickly! We will not despair, but hope and trust. One of the beautiful pictures, it is said, adorning the dome of a church in Rome by that master of art, the divine Raffaelle, represents Mars in the attitude of war, with a drawn sword uplifted and ready to strike. while an unarmed angel from behind with gentle but irresistible force arrests and holds the descending arm. Beautiful emblem of the power of the peaceful spirit of Christ. It shall one day hold back the fierce passion of the demon-god of war. We will not, we need not despair. All things are preparing the time when

> "The warrior's name shall be a name abhorred; And every nation that shall lift again Its hand against its brother, on its forehead Will wear forevermore the curse of Cain."

HOW TO SPOIL A GOOD CITIZEN.

[Continued.]

"HI! Ned," said a reedy, parrot-like voice, as Edward Harland entered a hardware store, and stood gazing about for the shopman.

Edward turned his glassy and bloodshot eyes to the corner whence the voice seemed to come. He saw only piles of pots, kettles, cooking stoves, furnaces, pans, &c., arranged in an orderly confusion, the picturesque of an ironmonger's fancy.

"Hi, Ned!" Uprose a little figure wearing a dish-cover for a cap, and a necklace of muffin-rings and skewers about its neck. In one hand it brandished a spit, and in the other held up a shining pot-lid, and it danced, and leaped, and threw itself into all the droll attitudes which the limits of a brass kettle would allow, in the vain endeavor to bring a smile upon the gloomy countenance of the spectator.

- "Get down, boy, and call your father."
- "Can't get down. And if I call ever so loud, father won't come. That I can tell you, Ned Harland."

Edward took the boy by the collar, and made him execute a flying leap to the floor, screaming distractedly all the way, like a hen flying out at a barn-chamber window.

- "Now run for your father. I want to speak to him."
- "I won't. You hurt me, you did."
- "Go, I say. I am in haste. Run."
- "Rather think I could not catch up with the steamboat. Maybe I can, though," said the child, jumping into a bathing-tub, and beginning to row with all gravity.
 - "Then he's gone up to Boston? Hey?"
 - "Yes, to buy me a brass cannon, maybe."
- "Gone! Confound him. That's my luck!" said Harland, frowning and stamping.

Terrified at his wild looks, the child threw down his clanging ornaments, and ran, screaming at the top of his lungs, "Uncle John—Uncle Jo—o—o—hn! Come! Co—o—o—me!"

A woman with a handkerchief tied over her hair, and a broom in her hand, peeped in at a side door; a man with a smutched face, and bare, brawny arms, looked down from a trap-door above; a boy emerged from the cellar, with an oil-pot in one hand, and a brush in the other; and at the same moment "Uncle John," a young man of Harland's age, and formerly one of his associates, came running to the rescue of his doughty nephew, leaving a great blot upon a column of figures in the day-book, which, pen in hand, he had been engaged in adding up.

Having ascertained that his pet had neither bruises nor broken limbs, he advanced towards Harland, and shook hands with him, with a hearty "How are you?"

Edward was surprised, and even confused by a greeting so unexpectedly cordial, and a momentary flush passed over his sallow cheek. John talked of the weather, in a cheerful, brisk tone, his face beaming with a genuine kindly feeling towards his old companion, who felt it, but not being at his ease, looked sullen and haughty.

- "I came in on a little business with your brother, but if he is not at home -----."
- "Perhaps, as you have rather lost sight of your old friends lately, you do not know that he has taken me into partnership. Cannot I be of service? I act for my brother in his absence, and know all about his affairs."
- "Well, then I My father a your brother owes him somewhere about fifty dollars yes, just fifty; he borrowed it to pay for your substitute, just before I went to Madawaska, I remember."
- "It would have been better, for the old man, if he had spent it in hiring a substitute for you, Edward," said John, shaking his head, sadly.
- "Perhaps so, but you need not be too sure that I may not get above your head yet, John, for all your partnership, and your new patent inventions."
- "You rejoice me," said John, with unfeigned sincerity; "if you have taken a turn for the better, I do not know a man more able to rise. I would gladly lend a hand to help you; yes, to get above my head, if you choose. You can, no doubt, if you will. You were always higher than I, you know; I could not hold a candle to you, at school."

Edward smiled, but his smile was bitter and derisive. "You are a good-natured fellow, John, a very good sort of chap — but you were born to be a plodder. As for me, I trust my brains will help me to a shorter cut to fortune than drudgery in a workshop or behind a counter. Come — where is that money? I must be off. I have an engagement at the Indian Pipe."

"What money?" said John, his countenance overcast with sudden suspicion and anxiety.

Harland took a note from his pocket-book, and laid it on the counter.

- "Did you say your father desired you to collect this?" said John, looking earnestly at Edward.
- "He he has a payment to make, and must have it," said Harland, avoiding his eye, "and if you could spare him a small sum in addition ——."

John showed him in silence a receipt in full of all demands signed by his father the day before. The debt had been paid by degrees, in articles from the store, and the note, now not worth a farthing, would have been destroyed, only that Mr. Harland could not find it, his son having already stolen it, with what view the reader knows.

Edward was confounded, and speechless. But, of the two young men, John was the most agitated, the most completely overwhelmed. He felt more shame for Edward than he was now capable of feeling for himself. His lips trembled, his face was crimson, and he looked down, as if he were the guilty one. "I did not think you could sink so low as this, Edward," he said, in a low voice, and without raising his eyes to his face.

- "Poverty will drive a man to anything," murmured Edward, playing with the note, to hide his confusion.
- "Poverty! why need you be poor? Say idleness, Edward! But for idleness, you would not be in bad company, who have led you into vice, such vice as led to this. I have been hoping, all along, that you would be disgusted, and abandon them and their vile practices. I supposed you had become infatuated, and had some way of excusing, or palliating your conduct, to your own conscience. But you must be totally changed, to descend to lying and stealing; such meanness as this shows that you have given yourself up, without reserve, and I know not what can be left in you as a foundation for hope. Yet I cannot give you up. O Edward! who would have dreamed this of Edward Harland, one year ago? Who would have believed his own eyes, had you been seen then arm in arm with such fellows as ——."
- "I certainly do not intend to be in such a set always," said Harland, "I despise them as heartily as you do. But _____."
- "Why do you not shake yourself free of them at once then? You see what disgrace and dishonor they have already brought you to."

Edward shrugged his shoulders, but looked sullen and dogged.

- "Your character has suffered enough already. As for this transaction it shall remain a secret between us, I give you my word."
 - "Well, thank you, that is friendly."
- "Come won't you take a stand at once? Give me your hand upon it. You will return to us? Join our Young Mens' Temperance Society. That one measure will announce and fix your intentions.

Dear Edward, do this, and we will all meet you warmly. You shall not be reproached, you shall no longer be an outcast. You can recover your standing, if you will but sincerely attempt it. You need not think, either, that we shall be suspicious, all looking askance at you, and thinking of the past. Come frankly, and be frankly welcomed. Return while you are yet able, before you have been drawn into some crime which can never be effaced from your name; stop, I beseech you, before you lose all claim to honor, all remains of self-respect. Have pity on yourself—and have you no feeling for your poor mother, who will die of a broken heart? Think of Mary Lee, too."

Tears flowed plentifully down Edward's cheeks, and John's heart swelled with the delightful hope he had saved him. He held out his hand, and it was warmly grasped. "John, I thank you. I know you are right. I am more wretched at times than you can conceive of, and the last year seems like a horrible dream. I wish I could wake up, light-hearted and healthy as you are, and as I once was. But still, I cannot —I cannot do as you would have me. I have not nerve enough left. I have not the courage to take my stand before the eyes of good and bad, and confess myself a reprobate by my open reform."

- "But are there no eyes upon you now? no pointing fingers when -----"
- "Enough—I will reform some time, but I can do it in my own way better. First, I must make my fortune— and then the good opinion of the world will come fast enough. My change of life will have a better grace, when I am to get nothing by it. To get rich, I must pursue my own path, John."
- "You have made it manifest to me that it is a dishonorable one," said John. "I know of no other road to fortune for an idle and dissolute man. You are only going to sink yourself deeper. Think, before you move one step."
- "I have made up my mind. If I do think, I may go mad, but I shall not change."
- "Well, I see you are not a cool judge in your own case. Look at mine. Would you advise me to turn my new workshop into a counterfeiter's den, to arrive at sudden riches? Would you think me a gainer by the loss of my peace of mind, my safety, my reputation—to be secure of nothing, after all, but a lodging for life in the State's prison? You see and feel that the straight and open road is the only one for me, and it is the only safe one for you, for everybody."
- "Once get out of it, though, and it is not so easy to get back again. I am desperate I shall go ahead you'll see where I come out."

- "Not easy getting back? Nothing easier. If you dislike your father's business, come here to us. I will give you something to do at once, and, in time, your talents will ———."
- "Had I seen you before Mary cast me off, I might possibly have taken up with your offer. As it is, I have no hope left strong enough to overcome my repugnance to any kind of regular business. I have hopes, however, of another kind; I may roll in my carriage before your eyes, yet and I wish I might ride over the necks of the tale-bearers and spies who have deprived me of Mary's affection. May I ———"
 - "I am sorry for you, but I think you have only yourself to blame."
 - "I care not what becomes of me. What matters it?"
- "If you have lost Mary, you have still parents, who doat on their only son, and whose love can never change."
- "My mother Ah, poor mother! I hope to rise yet, for her sake. As for father, he has grown as severe as stern close as ——"
 - "But he would not be so, if you would be yourself again ---- "
- "Can you lend me a trifle fifty dollars say? I ask it for old acquaintance' sake."
 - "Believe me, Edward ---- "
- "Ah, I knew beforehand you would refuse. I do not wonder you have no confidence in me. I don't deserve any. Frankly, if you let me have it, I may not be able to pay you immediately, though it is equally possible you may have it back tomorrow morning. I shall risk it, every cent, at the gaming table. This is my last stake. If I should lose it, I should then be content to settle down again to daily drudgery. Help me to try this once, and only once. I know—I feel certain—sure—I shall have a run of luck."
- "You may suppose, as we are starting a manufacturing branch to our business, and have many hands to pay, we have occasion for every dollar we can muster. We have even been obliged to hire money, the apparatus required to put my brother's invention into practice is so expensive. Our returns more than equal our calculations, but I think we have little right to lend or give, while we are in debt. Ah, Edward! why will you persist in this visionary, if not criminal scheme?"
- "Very well, John, a simple no would have done just as well, as all this talk. One excuse is as good as another; I knew you would not do it, even to keep me from resorting to different means."
- "If I had fifty dollars of my own, I would give it freely this instant, to be sure you would lose it, and be induced to give up your dissipated way of life. I am not sure I should be right in giving it, on any other condition."

Little Johnny broke off the conversation at this point, by a furious rub-a-dub upon a tin-pail. While his good natured uncle was proposing some less noisy diversion, and persuading the little rogue to be quiet, Harland departed.

[To be continued.]

SPRING REMOTE FROM HOME.

BY REV. JAMES FLINT, D. D.

— " vernal joy, "Able to drive all sadness but despair."—Milton.

Sweet vernal airs, and thou, heart-cheering May,
Why do I find me here so sad,
While in her flowery mantle clad,
Blithe nature bids all hearts be glad,
And hail with joy her annual holiday?

Airs of the South, fair month of song and flowers, I've come a long and weary way
To meet you, where your earlier sway
Beneath the sun's more genial ray,
Might lap my soul in bliss amid your bowers.

Yes, gentle airs, and smiling May, we've met;
I've left pale winter's lingering train
Far north upon my native plain,
Where Eurus, shivering from the main,
Waves his dark wings with chilling moisture wet.

Sweet vernal airs, and joy-inspiring May, I breathe your odors, pluck your flowers, List to your songs in groves and bowers, And greet at morn the rosy hours, Yet I am sad, while all things else are gay.

"T is not sweet vernal airs, nor songs of May, Nor the young verdure's gladdening smile, Nor blooming bowers, vocal the while With melody, that can beguile The stranger's gloom, whose home is far away.

Though vernal airs, with every charm of Spring And kindliest welcome meet me here, I miss the smiles that always cheer, The voice of love, the joys so dear, That keep at home, nor roam with vagrant wing.

Domestic bliss through all the circling year
Breathes sweets surpassing vernal airs,—
An amaranthine wreath she wears,—
Her bowers the blast of winter spares,
And where she dwells perpetual Spring is near.

^{*} The following lines were written during a visit of the author to the South for his health.

BROTHERHOOD IN THE SANCTUARY.

BY REV. A. B. MUZERY.

Ar the time when this language was uttered, no form of religion was so liberal in its provisions for worshippers as Judaism. It was far in advance, in this respect, of every system in the Gentile werld. The temple at Jerusalem did not, it is true, admit all nations to bring their offerings to the same altar with the Israelites. But it did much in providing an outer court for the Gentiles; and while it did this, its prophets uttered the glorious prediction that in coming and brighter ages the middle wall of partition should be broken down, and all nations and all individuals, irrespective of rank, caste, or condition, should be admitted to the inner court, and with one heart and one voice bow down and worship together before their common God and Pather.

To accomplish this high object was the mission of Jesus Christ. He was sent to abolish those false distinctions that had separated man from his brother man, and bring the whole race to unite as equals, as in other relations, so in their acts of social and public devotion. We have erected this house in the hope of doing something to illustrate this great truth; and I propose now to speak of those characteristics of Christianity which tend to unite its disciples of all classes in worshipping at the same altar. I shall ask you, in conclusion, to look at some of the features of our own age which indicate an approach to this result.

The language of Jesus to his disciples was uniformly this: "All ye are brethren;" "One is your Father." The tone of Christianity is always liberal, its spirit is enlarged and generous, its charity comprehends the wide world. Our religion becomes a bond of universal sympathy and fellowship by its great doctrine of Human Brotherhood. It teaches the essential equality of all mankind, and represents no distinctions as important, except those based upon character. It thus awakens an interest in every human being; the simple circumstance that one is a spiritual, immortal creature, fashioned in the image of God, and capable of everlasting progress in virtue, purity and piety, draws

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WOL 1V.

^{*} Preached at the Dedication of the Lee Street Church, Cambridge, March 25, 1847, — from Isaiah Ivi. 7: " Mine house shall be called an house of prayer for all people.

our hearts, when we see and feel its truth, irresistibly toward him. Who can but see that a prominent purpose of our faith is to elevate the poor, to shield the unfortunate, and to protect the weak? Who can lose sight of its fearful admonitions to the prospered, its withering rebukes to those who devote their gains to self-indulgence alone? How terrific is its language to those who take the uppermost seats in life, and stop their ears against the cries of the obscure and the needy? With what a serene countenance, and in how divine a temper did its Founder espouse the interests of those whom the world had scorned or neglected. Sweet was that voice to the despised sinner; light, and healing and life went out from that gentle hand as it lifted up the fallen outcast.

To be true then to the Gospel, every house of worship, dedicated to God and his Son Jesus Christ, should be, as far as practicable, open to all people. The rich and poor should there meet together. Whatever has separated them in the world, nothing should part them at the altar. Together, as heirs of a common nature, as subject to the same discipline in life, as partakers alike of the ordinary bounties of Providence, exposed all to cares, trials, disappointments and sorrows, dependent mutually on each other, dependent in common upon God, fellow-sinners, fellow-suppliants, their bodies doomed to mingle in the same dust, and their spirits to stand side by side before the same final Judge, — together certainly ought they to blend their prayers, confess their sins, and seek the way of truth and life within consecrated walls.

I have sometimes feared - let me say it frankly, I trust it is in no unworthy spirit - I have feared that we were deviating in some of our present tastes and arrangements for the public worship of God, from the course prescribed by the genius of Christianity. Some, in these days, seem disposed, instead of uniting at this point more closely the opposite classes of society, to separate them more and more widely. On the one extreme we are building magnificent churches, which almost unavoidably exclude those of humble fortunes, and on the other extreme we are establishing and sustaining exclusive "ministries to the poor." Now, both these tendencies are unfriendly to the widest and purest influences of Christianity. I believe many who engage in the erection of our costliest churches regret their effect in debarring the destitute from their walls; and I am sure that no one possessed of the spirit of him who came to preach the Gospel both to the rich and the poor, can fail to see and lament the evil, amid much that is good, which often follows from gathering the poor by themselves, in churches built and supported by the more favored classes.

They tend to destroy a due self-respect among the needy. The "ragged schools" of London have done much, it is said, by their unpopular name, and by making the beggar a conspicuous object, to create in this class a sense of degradation, and hence do them moral harm. Give the poor man an opportunity, I would say, to contribute something, if it be the smallest sum, toward the pecuniary maintenance of the worship in which he joins. Jesus commended the widow who gave but two mites to the temple of her faith. There was a wisdom, no less than benevolence in this example we should do well to imitate. God hasten the day when it can be said, not of the Catholic church alone, as is now, I believe, the case, but of every denomination and sect in Christendom, that the humblest of its worshippers brings his tribute, according to his ability to that altar, where the poor man should "rejoice in that he is exalted, and the rich in that he is made low."

I do not say that Christianity forbids all those distinctions that rest upon the outward possessions and relations of life. It allows every man to enjoy the fruits of his own industry, and protects him in his rights both of person and property. There is nothing agrarian in its spirit; it does not level downward; it never arrays one class against another; it never stimulates to selfishness and rapacity. On the contrary, it breathes everywhere, between all men, and at all times, a spirit of consideration, gentleness and kindness.

Among the signs of our own age friendly to the union of all classes at the altar is the growing recognition of the great doctrine of Human Brotherhood. No longer do Christian men shut up their sympathies within their own nation, sect, or cast. A new meaning is now given to that once narrow phrase, "Our neighbor." No more is it confined to the Jew; it is not circumscribed by lines and localities; but, taking the widest possible survey,

"Our neighbor is the suffering man, Though at the farthest pole removed."

A beautiful illustration of this sentiment is furnished at this moment in the relief afforded by our country to the famishing millions of Ireland and Scotland. The call for charity has been obeyed on the instant; east, west, north and south, our people as one have responded to the appeal. All sects and all parties vie with each other in the noble work, and the rulers of the nation commission one of her vessels to bear these generous gifts to our perishing brethren. It is a blessed and a blessing spectacle. We owe it to the genius of Christianity, and to her be the praise.

Look where we will, we see our religion receiving large and still larger numbers in its kindly embrace. No age can be compared with the present in the extent of its philanthropy. We have associations for the relief of every form of suffering and for the extension of new rights and privileges to the whole human race. We have societies called the "Brotherhood of Nations," and the "League of Universal Brotherhood;" we have even "World's Conventions" in the cause of humanity. No class are overlooked, no form of evil is forgotten, no human being is thought too low to be regarded and saved. The inebriate is no longer despised and trampled beneath our feet, but he is taken up. reformed, and becomes a man. The slave is finding every day new friends; it is felt more and more widely that man cannot hold property in the image of God; the master feels it, and let appearances be adverse as they may to freedom in any quarter for the moment, they are only appearances. The great tide of freedom is setting through the world, and wherever Christianity is received and obeyed, the enslaved must be emancipated. Heaven above and earth beneath have pronounced the fiat, that the day dawns when by the joint agency of civilization and religion, slavery shall be no more. The great cause of Peace is enlisting more and more hearts; war is unpopular; it requires an apology; it cannot abide the light of this age; it cannot look the Gospel in the face. The criminal is now visited in his cell; legislation looks kindly upon him, and his restoration to virtue and honor is advocated. The poor seaman is pitied and befriended; ave. the alien is welcomed by the philanthropist. The time hastens on when humanity shall be deemed even greater than patriotism. God bless these Christian enterprises, and give us still larger mental conceptions on this subject, and still deeper and sincerer aspirations for the practical prevalence of the great sentiment that the whole race are " members one of another."

It is an encouraging feature of our age that Christianity is becoming more and more the basis of philanthropic action. During the French Revolution, our religion was openly and formally divorced from its rightful connection with the cause of popular progress. A disposition has been manifested in some quarters, even in our own day, to continue this unhallowed disunion of "what God hath joined together." There are those who would exclude all recognition of religion from the Temperance reform; there are those who make the abolition of slavery a mere party and political movement; so are there many whose averaion to war arises chiefly from its disastrous effects in a commercial and economical aspect. But I believe multitudes are coming to oppose these and other great evils in society on Christian grounds. It is

seen and felt how utterly irreconcilable they are with the spirit of Christ and the principles of his religion. To attempt now the defence of these evils from the Bible shocks nearly the whole civilized world. They are admitted to be wrong, but justified, if at all, as necessary evils. There is a moral sensibility spreading more and more widely, which regards the practices referred to as violations of the law of God and at war with the principle of human brotherhood. To increase this tenderness of conscience, by mild yet earnest and persevering measures, to hold up what is wrong in society before the mirror of Christianity, is the special mission of this age. To awaken a deep piety which shall inspire all men to be dutiful to God as their common Father, and to cherish an unaffected spirit of good will to man and an active benevolence, is our glorious ministry.

It is easy to demonstrate that if society, if individuals and the masses, are ever to be delivered from the burdens which now oppress them, it can be done only by the power of sincere Christian love. Bitterness and personal hostility will fail; violence will fail; law, let its penalties be ever so wise or severe, may fail; but love, Christian charity, never fails. Jesus Christ relied wholly upon this; he was gentle and meek; he did " not cry, nor cause his voice to be heard in the streets;" and yet look at the work he accomplished. Amid those who employed violence and wrath against him, he moved on calm and firm. and put his whole trust in those spiritual weapons which, age after age have proved to be divinely tempered, and able, through God, to quench the fiery darts of passion and force. The mob can destroy. but Christianity alone can build up; selfishness, pride, or recklessness may overthrow existing institutions, but Christianity alone can erect upon their ruins the enduring monuments of wisdom and beneficence. It alone is positive, constructive, the all-embracing, all-elevating and sanctifying principle, whether in associated or individual action. The men who are to save our race must purify their own souls into an unfeigned love; they must be born, not of the will of the flesh, not of corruptible seed, but of incorruptible, by the word of God, which liveth and abideth forever.

No one can fail to observe the benign influence of the Gospel in its effect on some of the present Associations for the improvement of society. To many minds our age appears marked by a spirit of collision, contention and discord, breaking forth in politics, in business, in many social relations, and in private affairs. We have associations and communities formed by those who are impressed and pained by this wide-spread antagonism. Experiments have been tried to remove it, but most of them have failed: and that because they excluded the 20*

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doctrines, the spirit and the worship of Christianity. It is an omen of new success that they begin now to pay homage to the once rejected Christ. We hear of the "Religious Union of Associationists," and of "The Church of Humanity;" this is a noble name; may it be honorably sustained; let us have, the world over, one grand "Church of Humanity;" let our children be baptized into its blessed spirit; and let us one and all partake of its earth-including communion.

We may take courage from the advance of humane and liberal principles which Christianity is now causing in Civil Government. Much as we see in legislation to regret as Christians, we cannot but perceive evidences that the expansive temper of the Gospel is affecting the councils of many nations. There is a strife among parties for the palm of genuine democracy; the interests of the masses are regarded, commerce is conducted on more enlarged and generous principles, and our judicial tribunals and courts of justice manifest a higher consideration for the claims of all classes of society. We hear of mass meetings for various objects, and the name of Christ is respected by them. Kings and princes, cabinets and administrations are yielding to his sway. Even the frozen realms of Papacy have now a brighter coronation; Rome herself has a reformer in her present pontiff. He has heard the sighing of the prisoner, and seems resolved to "do justice and love mercy" in many of his public relations. God grant that we, distinguished above all nations by our free institutions, may drink in the Christian principle of the brotherhood of man until we become really and universally a living branch of God's great family of spiritual neemen.

In the province of Education, we may remark the growing influence of Christian sentiments. Institutions for the instruction of a favored few are less and less popular, while the call increases for "Common Schools." The people demand that the children of all classes shall be taught together, in free schools. Commensurate also with the diffusion of education is the elevation of its moral tone. While we would bar our schools against sectarian efforts, all sects are emulous of an increased Christian influence, and desire morality and piety to prevail among teachers and pupils. Our literature, which is but another instrument for popular instruction, is pervaded more and more with Christian ideas, and suited to inspire the philanthropy of the New Testament. We owe our "People's Journals," books of knowledge for the people, libraries, lectures, &c. given for their benefit, primarily to religion. Not to lose sight of the numbers of corrupting books poured forth in some sections, we cannot take a large view of literature and science, without perceiving that in the main they do respect the Christian religion; nay, they are imbued to no ordinary extent with its spirit and principles. There are masses of impure writings now in circulation; yet even they, like the eternal glaciers amid the Alps, do feel the "Sun of righteousness," and if not melted, they are moved, by the genial beams of the Gospel.

To come directly to the province of Christian institutions, we find these more faithful than ever before to the law of Christ. The Sunday school was commenced for the instruction of one class, the poor alone; it is now open to all classes, and our children on the holy day unite in one blessed fraternity. The Bible was once allowed only to the priesthood; but Protestantism, one of whose main arteries is the doctrine of human equality, has given the Bible to the laity, and now it is wasted over all waters; and the little tract, on dove-like wings, is flying over the wide globe and carrying light and love to all souls. The missionary spirit is spreading far and wide; it is felt by the Christian world that our holy religion should be, like the gifts of nature and Providence, presented to all people, regardless of color, caste or clan. It is contemplated even to send the Bible to the slave, - and who can object? how can we withhold it from him? Send it forth, till the glad tidings shall irradiate bond and free, ruler and ruled, high and low.

In the spirit of our times, pervaded as it has so far been, by Christianity, it is beginning to be felt that he is the genuine Christian whose creed is,

"Love all below, and worship all above."

And hence the doctrine of human brotherhood is entering into the arrangements of many of our houses for public worship. In our own country, the great truth that "all men are born free and equal," is exerting an increased power in the Church, no less than in our civil and political relations. As the elective franchise is more widely extended, and the rights of all classes are more generally acknowledged, the sad incongruity of distinctions in the house of God, based on worldly conaiderations alone, begins to be seen and felt. Accordingly all denominations, Catholic and Protestant, Orthodox and Liberal, Partialist and Universalist, are now establishing "free churches." In some of our cities the voluntary principle has been introduced in part, and the effort is making to extend it still farther. It has become manifest that the Gospel cannot be preached in its whole range either to the poor or the rich alone, and that it is inconsistent with the impartial affluence of the Christian dispensation to exclude any from the sanctuary for their outward circumstances alone; that it is better to take upon oneself "the

form of a servant" while in the house of God, yes, better to incur the odium of being a friend of publicans and sinners" even, than to bar the doors of the church against any man, be his condition what it may, who desires to hear the word of God preached.

Animated by these views and feelings, and desirous not only of personal benefit, but of doing something for the spiritual edification of the needy, you have formed in this fair portion of our city, a new Religious Society. The success that has thus far attended your efforts has shown the wisdom of the movement. Amid a population rapidly increasing and incommoded by their distance from the present houses of worship, you have erected another temple to the service of the Most High. On these beautiful grounds and from this elevated spot you desire to look far and wide, and invite "every one that thirsteth" to come and "take the water of life freely." It is our hope that "the rich and poor may here meet together," and that, according to the ability which God hath given them, and as their unbidden liberality shall dictate, they may contribute to the support of this altar. With a generous faith in human nature, in a spirit of humility, and looking up to God for the increase, you have given yourselves, - I cannot forbear saying it, - devotedly, both by unwearied personal exertions and sacrifices, and by your worldly goods, to the prosecution of this arduous enterprise. To-day you behold in this goodly structure, the result of your efforts. Thanks be to Him who has so signally prospered your undertaking. May its high spiritual purpose be helped forward and blessed by the same Guardian Power.

To myself,—impressed as I have been for these many years with a growing conviction of the importance of the principle set forth in this discourse, and having repeatedly, in private and in public, expressed my desire to see the experiment fairly tried of a church built and supported upon the broad Christian ground of voluntary contributions, and of opening wide the door to all who hunger for the bread of life,—this is an hour of no ordinary emotions. Thanks be to Him who permits me at length to lift up my voice within walls dedicated to the free spirit of the Gospel. Here and in a cause so emphatically divine would I spend and be spent; no situation deserves labors and sacrifices like this. God help pastor and people to be true to their trust.

To this great work we would now dedicate these walls. Let them be sacred to the one living and true God, to that Being who is no respector of persons, the universal Father of mankind. We dedicate this house to Jesus Christ, who came to seek and to save that which was lost, who was "anointed to preach the Gospel to the poor"; who was sent "to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and to set at liberty them that are bruised." Here may Christ be ever set forth as the Saviour of the ends of the earth, as the way, the truth and the life, and through him may God manifest in the flesh, prove to multitudes the salvation of their souls.

We dedicate our church to the Holy Spirit, the Sanctifier, the Comforter, the Dispenser of grace, mercy and peace, to the penitent. We devote it to the worship of the Father, in spirit and in truth. In this the most solemn of our acts in the house of God, may all who come up hither, reverently unite; and whether, according to our present form of service, you shall respond to the inspirations of the Psalmist, or join in the prayer of our Lord, or follow him who guides your unwritten devotions, may it be to you individually, an heart-felt offering. When, at the close of each discourse, you are invited to meditate on the spoken word, and to commune with your own heart, and with your Pather in heaven, let the solemn silence of that season bear witness that God is verily in your thoughts. We dedicate this house to the songs of thanksgiving and praise, and to the penitential hymn. Throughout the congregation may many join in the sweet fellowship of our sacred harmony; and may every voice that shall here utter the language of melody be filled with the emotions of piety.

We consecrate this pulpit to instruction in the simple doctrine of the Gospel, to the dissemination of the free, broad, spiritual, and all-comprehending truth as it is in Jesus. May every mind that shall here minister, watch for new light to break forth from the Word of God, and keep back nothing that shall be profitable for this people. We dedicate our baptismal font to imprinting the seal of God's love through Christ on the brow of our offspring; and this communion table to the remembrance of him whose love for us was stronger than death.

We consecrate this house to the inculcation of Christian Philanthropy. May there be kindled on this altar a fire of love that shall burn brighter and brighter until those evils and sins, which now afflict humanity, shall be consumed by the power of the blessed Gospel of the Son of God. May the worshippers who shall gather within these walls in all coming days, be filled to overflowing with the tender, the enlarged and all-conquering spirit of Christianity. May those great principles be here imbibed, whose aim and end is to secure freedom, temperance, righteousness and peace to every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation.

As the root of this high virtue, let there be ever set forth in this bouse the paramount and all-commanding claims of private Purity

and personal Holiness. Let piety and benevolence always be united, always represented as twin-branches of the tree of life.

"Be the heart all humanity, the soul all God's."

We have now offered up this building to the Father of lights and of mercies. We have consecrated it to sacred services. That the sacrifice may be accepted, let us each and all consecrate ourselves to the Ever Living One. "Know ye not that ye are the temple of God?" Come with this impression on your minds, and your very presence shall hallow this place. Come as those filled with the Spirit of God: come as his conscious, immortal offspring, and each passing year diviner and sweeter associations shall cluster round these walls. Here. amid the cares of life, when toil, perplexity, privation and want are your lot, you shall find rest to your soul. Here, in hours of gladness, you shall drink delight from your Father; and when trouble overtakes vou, when your loved ones have passed away, "passed on," and your hearts are disconsolate, amid bereavement and sorrows, with which no stranger can intermeddle, you shall meet here the God of all peace. You shall never turn from this Zion of your affections without a deeper Faith, a more enlarged Love, a new thirst for Heaven, and new power to meet the temptations, and vanquish the sins, and bear the burdens of this eventful world.

A Majestic Flower .- "We find in an exchange paper, a description of a flowering tree, which is found in the interior of Ceylon, and may be considered as a wonderful curiosity, excelling in beauty and grandeur, all other plants in the vegetable kingdom. The body of the tree is sixty feet high, and straight as a ship's mast, without limb or leaf, but supporting at the top an immense tuft of leaves, each of which is ten or twelve feet long. The stalks of these leaves clasp the body of the tree, and incline outward, the long leaves bending over in a graceful curve. This vast crown of evergreen, is of itself very grand; but when the tree is about fifty years old, there rises from its centre a cone, several feet in height, which gradually enlarges until at length it bursts with a loud explosion, and a vast brilliant golden-colored flower twelve feet in diameter, appears over the elevated tuft of leaves, as a gorgeous diadem on the head of this queen of the forest. The tree never blossoms but once, and does not long survive this grand display of magnificence."

INTELLIGENCE.

ORDINATION AT ASHBY, MASS.—Rev. Theophilus Pipon Doggett, late of South Bridgewater, was installed as Pastor of the first Church and Society in Ashby, Mass., February 24, 1847. The Sermon was preached by Rev. Mr. Barrett of Boston, from 2 Peter iii. 11; the Prayer of Installation was offered by Rev. Mr. White of Littleton; the Charge was given by Rev. Mr. Doggett of Raynham; the Right Hand of Fellowship by Rev. Mr. Babbidge of Pepperell; the Address to the People, by Rev. Mr. Lincoln of Fitchburg; and the other services by Rev. Messrs. Smith of Groton, and Chandler of Shirley.

ORDINATION AT BRATTLEBORO', VT.—The Ordination of Mr. Farrington McIntyre, lately of the Theological School at Cambridge, took place April 15, 1847, at Brattleboro', Vt. The following is the order of exercises:—Introductory Prayer, by Rev. Mr. Everett; Reading of the Scriptures, by Rev. Mr. Bridge; Hymn; Sermon, by Rev. Mr. Lincoln of Fitchburg; Hymn; Ordaining Prayer, by Rev. A. Brown; Charge, by Rev. Dr. Gannett; Right Hand of Fellowship, by Rev. Mr. Moors; Hymn; Address to the Society, by Rev. Mr. Livermore; Benediction by the Pastor.

ORDINATION AT HUBBARDSTON, MASS.—Rev. George T. Hill, late of the Theological School at Meadville, Penn., was ordained as Pastor of the First Congregational Church and Society in Hubbardston, Mass., on Wednesday, April 14, 1847. The services proceeded in the following order:—Introductory Prayer, by Rev. Mr. Bond of Barre; Reading of the Scriptures, by Rev. Mr. Bradford of Bridgewater; Sermon, by Rev. Henry F. Harrington of Albany, N. Y., from John xvii. 17; Ordaining Prayer, by Rev. Mr. Wellington of Templeton; Charge, by Rev. Mr. Hill of Worcester; Right Hand of Fellowship, by Rev. Mr. Nute of Petersham; Address to the Society, by Rev. Mr. Hale of Worcester; Concluding Prayer, by Rev. Mr. Adams of Templeton.

BENEVOLENT FRATERNITY OF CHURCHES.—The Benevolent Fraternity of Churches held their Thirteenth Anniversary at the Rev. Dr. Gannett's church on the evening of Fast Day, April 8th. Prayer was offered by Rev. Dr. Parkman, after which the President, Henry B. Rogers, Esq., made some appropriate remarks, on the Origin and Purposes of the Ministry at Large. The Annual Report was then presented by the Secretary, Rev. R. C. Waterston, which embodied an abstract from the Report of the various Ministers at Large,—

Rev. Messrs. Cruft, Winkley, Bigelow, Burton, Ware, and also an abstract from a Report, by Mr. Barnard. Two additional ministers had been appointed during the year—Rev. Mr. Winkley, and Rev. William Ware. Two of the ministers had charge of chapels, and the others have devoted themselves wholly to visiting.

Rev. Mr. Crust had made during the year, in addition to his chapel labors, 2000 visits. Rev. Dr. Bigelow had made 2100 visits; another within six months had made 1500 visits. Rev. Mr. Burton has passed his time in visiting among the destitute and has given much attention to the subject of juvenile vagrancy. The Rev. Mr. Barnard stated that having been in this field of labor for fifteen years, he was more deeply impressed than ever with its im portance. His Report gave some account of his experience and presented some important results. Rev. Mr. Ware had been in the work but a short time, but he had seen enough to know that there was much poverty and suffering, and great need for Christian effort. The Secretary then went on to show that much of the good order, morality and industry of our community was owing to the influence of this ministry. He stated that during the past year more than 15,000 foreigners had arrived at this port, and since the first of January over 2000 more, many in the deepest poverty and extreme suffering. When we remember this fact alone - so far from wondering at the smount of poverty and suffering which exists - we may only wonder that there is no more. We have now five ministers besides Mr. Barnard, and yet who will say this is too many? Who will say that with a population of 120,000 it is enough?

The Report embodied many valuable facts and gave an encouraging account of the present condition of this Ministry, though it stated that an additional sum would be needed to defray the necessary expenses during the coming year.

After the reading of the Report, appropriate and eloquent addresses were made by Rev. S. K. Lothrop, Rev. George E. Ellis of Charlestown, and Benjamin Seaver, Esq. of Boston—after which the Report was accepted, and the interesting services of the evening were closed by singing the Doxology.

At the Business Meeting of the Fraternity held April 19th, the following Officers were chosen for the present year:—H. B. Rogers, Esq., President; Benjamin Seaver, Esq., Treasurer; Rev. R. C. Waterston, Secretary; and Rev. S. K. Lothrop, and Abiel Chandler, Esq., Members of the Executive Committee.

THE TABLES TURNED UPON A VICAR.—The Puseyite vicar of North Shields had the tables very elegantly turned upon him on Sunday. For some time past he has hindered the churchwardens from taking collections for any purposes in the church — and during the cold weather, when they wanted a collection, they have had to stand, bareheaded, outside the church, to receive it. On Sunday he read the Queen's letter; and, after doing so, marched up to the altar and commenced reading the offertory, expecting that the worshipful the churchwardens would go about and take a collection on behalf of the poor Irish; but, no! they struck; and after exhausting his subject he made a solema pause, and then pronounced the benediction; the congregation departing with anything but solemn phizes. — Nonconformist.

THE

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NO. 6.

CHRISTIAN COURTESY.

BY REV. E. B. HALL.

No age has failed to recognize the connection between manners and morals. No religion has wholly overlooked this connection, or disdained to lend it its sanction. The religions of the heathen, and the ethics of the philosopher, made perhaps too much of the importance of manners. Yet if they had brought equally into view other virtues and graces, or had traced this to its true source, and given it its right character and place, few would desire to subtract from the praises they have bestowed or the importance they have ascribed to it. Christians, on the other hand, both in their writings and practical lessons, may have made too little of this virtue. But if it be so, it is not the fault of their religion. In the light of Christian precept, as of common observation, it is manifest, that the highest morality, the deepest piety, the most finished character, would receive addition and ornament, recommendation and power, from the grace of a good deportment, and uniform kindness of manner.

Courtesy is a part of character and influence. It is kindness, and the expression of kindness. It is a quality of the heart, consisting in true goodness of heart, and making itself felt in the hand, seen in the eye, heard from the lips, perceived and understood through the whole deportment of the man, in all circumstances, and toward all persons. This may serve for a general definition, to be extended and illustrated, as we consider the nature of courtesy, with its relative importance and positive worth.

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The nature of this quality has been singularly mistaken. Courtesy has been confounded with two qualities, differing from each other, and differing yet more from itself. One is a general and studied propriety of manner, such as the name of Chesterfield commonly suggests; the other is a forced, occasional civility, assumed to cover a real dislike, and deserving no gentler name than hypocrisy. It is chiefly owing to such error and confusion, that a noble virtue has been so often degraded into a vice or a folly. Courtesy, as a part of education, and in general society, has either been neglected and despised, or if regarded and inculcated, it has been only as an art. Hence, when worn at all, it has been put on as a best garment for the Sabbath and other holidays, or as a sunny smile appearing in company, from mere habit or for actual deception. We have seen a recorded conversation on courtesy, as connected with duty and religion, in which a lady declared that she abhorred 'politeness,' and never would be polite. And in explanation, as well as proof of her freedom from the sin, she said - 'I never invite a person to see me, whom I do not wish to see. I never say, I am happy to see any one, when I wish he had staid away.' This probably represents the common error, as well as a common practice. Politeness, or courtesy, is made to stand for a large class of expressions and acts which are thought necessary in good society, and are allowed in some form in all the intercourse of life, though they involve the very essence of deceit and falsehood. Is it said, they do not deceive, but are regarded as mere common-place civility, and so are not false? Of some forms of speech and modes of address, this is no doubt true, and it is not well to be 'righteous overmuch' as to all the little civilities of life, which are well-meant, and do good rather than harm, though they might not bear the strictest test of truth. But allowing this, there are other forms which are not necessary, and do deceive. Many of the honest and simple of every age are deceived by them; and children always, until they come to see and practise them as a matter of course, and thus are dulled in their perceptions of truth, and made to believe in the necessity first, and next the policy, and then the innocence and truthfulness of a lie. What has that mother to answer for, who receives a neighbor, or visits a friend, with smiles and a show of uncommon interest and affection, and then expresses before her children the real indifference, contempt, envy, or hatred of her heart? This is done, not alone by the fashionable and reckless, so classed and so professed. It is done by some of all grades, in the church and out, who scorn affectation, as they say, and disclaim all mere politeness, priding ' themselves on their plainness and honesty, yet allowing themselves in a habit that is not honest, and carrying it very far when an object is to be accomplished. By whomsoever done, and for whatever object, this is evil. It is hurtful to the doer and the observer. It is specially hurtful to religion; and no faith, no piety, charity or fidelity in other things, can atone for it.

Courtesy, in the true and the Christian sense, has no such properties, requires no such latitude. It begins in principle, the principle of truth and goodness. Its seat is in the heart, a heart that feels for others, and without any effort or any law but that of love, seeks to gratify and help others, by every expression of true interest, and every act of true kindness in its power. It neither disdains nor affects the ordinary decencies and civilities of society. It refuses not to express pleasure from the fear of expressing more than it feels, and it attempts not to give pleasure for the selfish gratification of being admired or called polite. It is neither rough and rude for the sake of appearing honest, nor complaisant and sycophantic in obedience to rules or in respect of persons. The latter is an evil much condemned, and deservedly. But I believe it not more common than the former. There is, after all, more danger of an excess of incivility and real coldness, than of the opposite. Insincerity is in itself so hateful, and flattery so disgusting, that we are often driven, sometimes from principle and a good motive, to the extreme of reserve, and a chilling distance or silence. This danger is to be guarded against. All coldness, even when right in its motive, is liable to misconstruction, and at best loses many opportunities and means of doing good. That courtesy which comes of affection and principle, will not depend upon others for its existence or its exercise, their kindness or coldness, sincerity or hypocrisy. It will not be icy because some are overflowing, nor churlish because the many are civil. It will never be uncivil or unkind - never. It works by no conventional rules or capricious fancies. It bows to no authority but that of truth. A principle is independent. A sentiment of the soul is involuntary in its expression. The really good will be always just. The really kind will be polite to all. They will never withhold a gratification that they can bestow. They will not injure the feelings of a single being, whatever his place or character.

The truest courtesy is the largest humanity, tempered by Christian humility and guided by Christian charity. Humble it is, for it knows its own wants and its dependence upon others. Charitable and thoughtful it will ever be, considerate of every weakness, tender of every feeling, mindful of appearances as well as realities, and only anxious that these should agree; knowing how much a word, a look, a quicker step or quicker thought, the smallest service, the least expression of sympathy and offer of kindness, may affect the feelings, and perhaps

decide the conduct of another. Seeing it all, and never disdaining to take it into account in all plans and places, most of all in relation to the destitute and despised, the suspicious and the hostile, this courtesy, without a particle of servility, may grow into the highest nobleness of justice and generosity; becoming an element of the character, a discriminating but uniform kindness of heart and deportment, such as all will feel, and none mistake. This, so far as we can put it into words, is our idea of Christian courtesy. And we gladly avail ourselves of the help of Spencer, in his quaint but beautiful description of it, in the "Fairie Queane."

Amongst them all, grows not a fayrer flowre Than is the bloom of comlie courtesie — Which though it in a lowlie stalke doe bowre, Yet brancheth forth in true nobilitie.

The gentle minde by gentle deedes is knowne, For a man by nothing is so well bewrayed, As by his manners.

The relative importance of courtesy is to be learned from its positive worth. Men will prize it differently, and Christians will give it a different moral rank, according to their definition of the term. As we have defined it, there can be but one opinion. There is no virtue, there can be no condition, to which a kind and perfectly honest deportment will not lend a grace, and bring a blessing. If it be difficult to fix its exact relation and value, it is because it enters into all the virtues. Is a man pure? How readily and constantly will it be seen in his outward bearing, the delicacy of speech and action which he will always observe and always honor, and which, towards either sex, is the true politeness. Is a man humble? He will not offend or wrong another, by exaggerating his own importance, and crowding his own claims; he will honor all men, and forget or postpone himself sooner than the meanest. Is he just and honest? It will be expressed and helped, by his bearing towards all with whom he deals. Beneath either a fawning or a surly manner, we look for a mean and designing heart. Is he a Christian? He will aim to let his light not only burn, but shine, in an open face, an affable address, and free communication. Christianity indeed has given this virtue a high place in its precepts, and a sacredness in its most perfect examples. All its commendations of justice, gentleness and love, go to this point, as well as the many special directions as to deportment and the treatment of others. To resist not evil, to overcome evil with good, to abstain from all appearance of evil, to shun the evil communications which corrupt good manners, to prefer one another in honor, to be gentle toward all men, to love as brethren, be pitiful, be courteous — while they relate most to the spirit, ask of us to cherish and manifest that spirit, and give it full power, by an ever considerate and kind demeanor.

But the examples of Christianity are yet more to the purpose. great example, the Exampler, is all in all. We may hesitate to apply to Jesus a term to which the world has given lower associations. the virtue is there, and is hallowed. Kindness and urbanity mark his whole deportment. The word that is often used to describe his manper and his treatment of all who approached him, is condescension. In its true sense it is pertinent and just. But in its common signification, it does not express the temper of Jesus, even so well as the term we are using. The Son of God does not come down from his high eminence, but lifts others up. Instead of stooping to those beneath him, he never intimates by a word or act, not even by his mode of blessing them, that he thinks of them as beneath him. What name will better express his habitual temper and demeanor, than that which he himself has authorized us to give him - brother? Brotherly love is his whole expression. It is gentleness, meekness, kindness. It is truth pouring itself out in sympathy and humanity. If you have ever seen, or have pictured to your own satisfaction, the person of Jesus, as he moved among men, and entered their dwellings, and soothed their sorrows. and blessed their children, we will venture to say, that you have made him a pattern in this, as in all graces — this not least — the look, the voice, the whole aspect and bearing of genuine kindness.

Hannah More was not too much disposed to exalt the external and social virtues. Yet she gives to civility and a polite address, no mean place. It is one of her encomiums on the character of an apostle, that "on every occasion which calls both qualities, gentleness and lowliness, into exercise, St. Paul shows himself to be not only the humblest, but the politest of men." Let any one follow this apostle through his varied life, observe him especially in the most trying positions, and study those harangues which called for the greatest wisdom and moderation, as well as boldness, while they exposed to imminent danger, he will see abundant proof of the correctness of the opinion just quoted, and of the religious worth of courtesy.

As one application of our remarks on this theme, we may refer to a province seldom associated with the virtue or the duty here considered, viz: the province of domestic life. It is remarkable that the moralists and gentlemen who have made most of courtesy, have connected it least, if at all, with the treatment of family and near friends, among whom life is chiefly passed. It is equally remarkable, that some of vol. 17.

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the politest of men and women in all other relations and places, are the sourcest at home. Worse than this - some of the highest Christians, so regarded, the most sound in faith, and scrupulous in observance, are known and noted for their meanness, petulance and crabbedness toward Of the consistency or Christianity of such their own household. characters, it is needless to speak. Few believe in the piety of a man who is habitually selfish and passionate. None are benefitted by his example, of whatever profession, who shows himself ungracious to his own family, or thoughtless of the rights and feelings of any, even the abject and serving. It is known, that a single word of peevishness or unkindness at home, has had the effect, in the judgment of children and servants, to mar the beauty of an otherwise good character, and destroy the influence of the best doctrine. Some will take an impression of a religion or a sect, from this inconsistency in one disciple; as strangers have sometimes judged of a city or a whole country, from the manner, courteous and obliging or the reverse, of the first man whom they addressed.

In this and in every view, there is enough of influence to create obligation. In religion and the world, in the house and the mart, in learning and teaching, in all modes of doing good, and all kinds of intercourse, a man may give force and recommendation to all he is and does, by his regard to appearances and the feelings of others; that is, by the presence and power of a true courtesy. 'A word spoken in due season, how good is it!' A life speaking in season, and always with consideration and kindness, how eloquent and beneficent! and let us suppose, for a moment, that this spirit and its expression characterized and distinguished Christians; that among all classes and between all sects, with no yielding of principle or independence, there were yet a free, cordial, and kind intercourse, a sincere desire sincerely expressed of meeting all, speaking of all, and treating all, in the temper of that precept - "Be kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love, in honor preferring one another." What a difference between such an aspect of the Christian world, and that which it now presents! Would there not be a corresponding difference in the influence they exerted, the impression made on unbelieving or prejudiced observers. and the power gained in every way for good? Let every one ponder it, and think of his own DUTY.

THE VESPER BELL.

BREAK on the solitude of weary care,

Through the depressing gloom of lowering fears;

And be thy music like a chanted prayer,

Borne on the stillness of the evening air,

A soft remembrancer of other years!

Over the sea, — the bright, the halcyon sea,
From far away where myrtles wave and palms,
Where gems, the rarest that may ever be,
Help to adorn unrivalled witchery
With a proud circlet of imperial charms,*

Over broad mountain ranges clearly pealing,
Over vast plains and many a brake and fell,
Come to the shrine where memories are kneeling,
And like one long loved voice of beauty stealing,
Sink to my heart of hearts — sweet Vesper Bell!

It comes — I hear their faint vibrations play,
As once they thrilled me in that southern clime;
Our anchor dropped in Rio's queenly bay,
Just at the closing of a cloudless day,
And our first welcome was a vesper-chime.

And often after in that isle of flowers,

A few miles distant from the city walls,
I listened, in the glowing sunset hours,
The melody from neighboring convent towers
Calling to prayer, as now it gently calls.

Hark! 't is a summons for the world to hush
Its loud contention for a moment's space,
Wherever Saints and meek Madonnas blush
When daylight's last and lingering crimson flush
Streams through stained windows to their chancel place.

The princess Francesca is here referred to, the daughter of Don Pedro I., of Brazil, and the youngest sister of the present emperor. Since my return from Rio Janeiro she has married the Prince de Joinville, and is now charming the court of France with her exquisite foreign loveliness.

How grand the thought of Catholic devotion Wasted, as if by heavenly breezes fanned, Like a proud ship from ocean unto ocean, Freighted with treasures of intense emotion, The ecstasy of faith however banned!

As daylight fades from pinnacle and dome,
And for a season toils of life are done,
Rings out the Vesper from the Church of Rome,
And round the earth where priestcraft finds a home,
Sweet bells take up the anthem one by one.

And so it happens that no moment dies,
But, from some papal spot of Christendom,
Incense ascends into the twilight skies,
And supplication kneels with upturned eyes,
Waiting for blessings as for stars to come.

But Memory now holds sway on throne
Supreme,—the Queen of all the Past, — and wields
Her sceptre with a majesty unknown
To any sprite whose lustre e'er outshone
The dazzling moonbeams of enchanted fields.

On either hand, lo! two how different forms!
There radiant Joy bemocking direst fate
With sunny smile that e'en the marble warms,
And Sorrow in the drapery of storms
So lonely, dark, unnerved, disconsolate!

All have come back,—the beautiful, the dear,—
All who have changed on earth or gone to heaven;
And scenes of sunshine vividly appear
That soon grew altered, desolate and drear,
When heavy shadows over them were driven.

No more of this! ring out thy latest peal,
Half of a bridal note and half a knell!
Thus strangely blended does Life's River steal,
Lifting its waves of woe, its waves of weal,
Till music-swept by earth's last Vesper Bell.

R. P. B.

IMMORTALITY.

BY REV. RICHARD PIKE.

THE apostle Paul, in his second epistle to Timothy, says that our Saviour Jesus Christ "hath brought life and immortality to light through the Gospel." In what sense are we to understand this declaration?

The doctrine of the immortality of the soul, although it may have been first taught distinctly and authoritatively by Jesus Christ, has been a doctrine of human belief in one form or another from the earliest ages of the world. It is a doctrine in which the great mass of the Jews of ancient time believed "with perfect faith," and in which the Jews of the present day believe, although, confiding in the instructions of the Rabbins, they limit this glorious privilege to the truly pious among them, while the ungodly, whether nominally Israelites or the opposers of the Hebrew religion, they condemn to the silence of the grave forever. In this Rabbinical characteristic of their belief, they agree with the philosophers of heathenism. By them immortality was restricted to the great only — to the renowned commander, to the poet and philosopher, and to those distinguished in the councils of the State. Even Socrates, according to Plato, promises to those in humble life no more worthy fate after death, than transmigration into the bodies of reptiles and insects.

That the doctrine of the immortality of the soul is distinctly taught in the Scriptures of the Old Testament, it is presumed no one will undertake to assert. There is there almost a complete silence on the subject. To the Jew this was a doctrine of tradition rather than of Scripture. Nevertheless it was, and still is, a doctrine of religious belief with that ancient people of God. And indeed among all nations, of which we have any correct accounts, there seem to be some apprehensions of this doctrine more or less clear, some indistinct presentiments of the mind which suggest it.

It cannot, therefore, be said with any great propriety of speech, that this is a doctrine which Jesus Christ revealed, although it is one which he distinctly taught. It is a doctrine of universal belief, a doctrine of natural religion, which Christ re-affirmed and made more positive to the world by the authority with which he taught it. Christ was the revealer of a new, a spiritual life, rather than a teacher of new doctrines, and in fulfilling this fundamental purpose of his heavenly mis-

sion, he re-affirmed all the doctrines whether of Judaism or Heathenism, which were true to man's spiritual nature.

But while the belief in immortality in some form or other, may be said to be a universal one — a belief which rests on substantial grounds - yet it is undoubtedly the case, that the number of those is very small, even in Christendom, who have an abiding conviction or persuasion of their immortality, the feeling that they are immortal, the daily witnessing of their hearts, that they are so. This feeling or conviction is the gift of heavenly grace; and he only has it whose "inward man has been renewed," whose soul has been touched and penetrated by Christian truth. To all others it is mere intellectual belief, a species of logical inference. The careless and hardened sinner, the profane scoffer, the shameless blasphemer; he, all whose desires and affections are earthly, absorbed in the things of sense and time; he, who never meditates nor prays; he, whose god is gain, or ambition, or pleasure, all such as these, it is very evident, are destitute of any experience which assures them that they are immortal, and which keeps them every day mindful of it. They live on, year after year - but not without the usual experience of men - they have their sorrows and their joys, their dark and their sunshiny days, their reverses and successes, without, in the meantime, ever realizing that "a vital spark of heavenly flame" lives within them, which, by being duly fanned, would burn on forever, in exceeding splendor and glory. So great have I sometimes found the insensibility of men, in reference to this subject, that I have almost thought with the Jewish Rabbin and the Heathen philosopher, that the ungodly must remain in the deep silence of the grave forever; that to them there is a second death, the death of the soul, the eternal annihilation of the knowing, thinking and feeling principle in man. Regarding them from one point of view, the actual manifestations of their life, what other destiny can we imagine for them better than that of eternal forgetfulness? That poor unfortunate being that moves about, a mere cumberer of the earth, without the fear of man or any being superior to man before his eyes, without natural affection, destitute alike of hope and happiness, destitute of almost every moral attribute of humanity, who, with the exception of the power of speech which he profanely employs in blaspheming the name of God, seems scarcely superior to the brutes that perish! What can we hope for him but that when the heart shall cease to beat, and the body shall return to its kindred dust, there will be an eternal death to all that was once a man? But both by reason and Scripture, as I conceive, we are forbidden to say that any such destiny awaits a single one of the human race. The soul of humanity was breathed into the

lifeless clay, by the inspiration of the Almighty. Eternity of life is its essential attribute.

Notwithstanding what has been said, it may still be doubted whether any man, capable of reasoning on the subject, really can or does intellectually doubt his immortality. But there is an essential difference between an intellectual conviction of any truth or doctrine resting on logical inference, and a moral conviction of the same truth or doctrine, resting on experience. The man who is logically convinced that he is immortal, may, and often does have an experimental doubt of it. There are some persons - probably not a small number - men of considerable intellectual discernment and logical acuteness, whose state of mind in reference to this subject is not unlike that of a certain pupil of Socrates, who, after having heard his master's unanswerable argument for the immortality of the soul, said, "It is proved, but I feel a lurking doubt." Thus it is. There is a difference in the nature of things between intellectual conviction and moral conviction. The one proceeds from intellectual culture, the other from moral purity. philosopher, the acute logician, the man skilled in the learning of the schools, may believe, on moral demonstration, what the humble disciple of Christ, the lowly and the meek, the praying and the contrite one, he who serves God with a willing mind and walks in all his commandments and ordinances blameless, believes on moral experience.

There are certain truths which the spiritual mind alone can fully receive, and consequently that knowledge of which necessary to substantiate them to one's own consciousness, requires no inconsiderable developement and exercise of the spiritual nature. These truths may be matters of belief to the intellectually acute, the deep thinking, but they cannot be to them matters of moral conviction. For they are not conscious of any experience of their hearts corresponding to these truths. They believe them, but their belief is speculative, cold, neither proceeding from nor centring in the heart. It does not affect the heart, nor the affections, nor the will. This was the difficulty with the pupil of Socrates. He was not conscious of any experience of his soul corresponding to the great truth which his master had so successfully demonstrated to him. He felt not the throbbings of an immortal life in his heart. The life he lived was earthly and temporal. The influences which contributed to its growth, all proceeded from what was transient in its nature.

Now the fact of the immortality of the soul, while it may be a matter of intellectual belief with all, and, in truth, must be so, if there be much reflection upon it, is a matter of moral conviction to him only in whose soul there is true spiritual life, developed and wrought out by the

operation of Christian principles and Christian truths. To such it is in one sense, a sentiment, a feeling. At all events, if they are not conscious of their immortality, they feel that they are immortal. It is the development and activity of our spiritual natures, our religious powers and capacities, from which proceed all high conceptions and heavenly longings. No man can have an abiding sense that he is immortal, until he comes to share in the life and spirit of Jesus Christ. It is the knowledge of him as "the way, the truth and the life," that begets a sense of immortality in the soul. Whoever truly knows Christ, as he that doeth the will of the Father, knows him, feels that he is immortal. He has an abiding conviction, which all the sophistry of man cannot change, that he is so. The life of God is in his soul, as it was in the Lord Jesus. He lives a divine life, rejoicing ever in the sunlight of perpetual day, a life fed by that pure bread from heaven, of which if any man eat he shall never die.

In proportion as this sense of his immortality, or the feeling that he is immortal, grows upon a man, and it does grow in proportion as he grows in righteousness and true holiness, it gives form and significance to all his actions and thoughts. He is no longer now the same man hat he once was. However similar to his former self he may seem to be outwardly, inwardly he is different, and daily he is becoming more and more so. To him there is a constant receding and re-arranging of those objects, which are limited in their permanency to this life, while those things which belong to the spiritual and unseen world, are constantly approaching nearer and nearer, and assuming more definite forms. The seen and the temporal are daily becoming less substantial, and the unseen and eternal more and more real. His love of the true and the good, likewise, grows stronger and stronger; his labors in every good and worthy cause more ardent, and his faith in man more hopeful.

It is thus, as it seems to me, that "immortality is brought to light in the Gospel." Christ came not into the world to teach this doctrine to the intellect of man alone, but to reveal it to his heart, to give him an experimental assurance of it, to develope that in man, upon which the full reception of the doctrine depends. Practically, Christ is nothing to me, more than any other personage of antiquity, any farther than his truth has entered into my heart, and the principles of his life have been inwrought into my being. To the extent that this is the case, I am able to justify to myself, and re-affirm from my own experience, everything that he has taught, which relates to the life of the soul. What our hearts proclaim, in the still moments of meditation, when no wearying cares disturb them, and no fierce distractions torment them,

if it coincides with any truth of the Christian revelation, we may not besitate to receive as evidence of a divine life within us. All Christian truth must have a real existence in our souls, before we can claim to have any true knowledge of it. Indeed, every single doctrine of the Christian religion, in one form or another, enters into and becomes identified, in some way, with the experience of every true Christian believer. Neither Christ nor the apostles ever taught anything in relation to the Christian life which was not a reality to their own souls. They taught what they knew, and only what they knew; what their own hearts proclaimed, what their own spirits had realized. Christ lived ever in the bosom of the Father, pervaded by his spirit. He lived, while here on earth, the life of God, an eternal life. And this is the life he came from heaven to give unto men, to enkindle in every human breast, the life which suffers no decay, no decline, proceeding from that eternal source, which, through Christ, has been sent forth into the world never to go hence again until the world's renovation be accomplished.

Although Christ was not the first who taught the doctrine of immortality, he is nevertheless the author of eternal life to man. come the Father of a new human race, the second Adam. "As in the first Adam, all died, so in Christ the second Adam, shall all be made alive." According to the apostle, "The first man Adam was made a living soul, the last Adam was made a quickening spirit. Howbeit, that was not first, which was spiritual, but that which was natural; and afterward that which is spiritual. The first man is of the earth earthly, the second man is the Lord from heaven. As is the earthly, such are they also that are earthly, and as is the heavenly, such are they also that are heavenly. And as we have borne the image of the earthly, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly." Significant language! Who will undertake to fathom the depth of its meaning? There is power in the Christian religion to give a heavenly, a divine life to man, to give him the feeling that he is immortal - a present sense of the life of God in his soul; to open his heart to a faith that can lift him above the senses. Its true force is not here overrated. It not only can sustain a man in this life by the hope of the future, but it can make that future a present reality to him.

There is undoubtedly no inconsiderable amount of practical scepticism among men in reference to a future life. The more I see of men and witness their ways of life, and become acquainted with their habits of thought and feeling, the more am I convinced of it. It is a scepticism of the heart, of the soul, of the very life. And among what portion of our fellow-men is it mostly found? Alas! that the melan-

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choly fact should be acknowledged - among that very class of men who exercise the greatest influence in society; our men of business. our active and enterprising men, and sometimes our young men and maidens. If inquired of, they may not acknowledge it. If they seriously reflect upon it, they may even confess to the doctrine. And yet with the same breath that they make this confession, should they let their hearts speak out, they would be compelled to say with the pupil of Socrates, "I feel a lurking doubt." This doubt is strong, and it overlays their souls. "If a man die shall he live again?" How many there are that answer this question by saying, "Well, I don't know. is a dark subject. I do not profess to understand it. The soul may be immortal, but who actually knows it? There may be a future life; but who can tell us about it?" Language similar to this we not unfrequently hear in familiar conversation on this subject. Such is the character of the scepticism which prevails in regard to it. If it he not denial, it is indifference.

Now, as I look at the matter, there is but one way to overcome this scepticism. "Life and immortality have been brought to light in the Gospel." No argument, no logic can cast the spirit of unbelief out of the human heart. "Howbeit this kind goeth not out but by prayer and fasting." The living faith in immortality requires the development and growth of the religious nature, or of religious principles and sentiments in the soul. It is what we attain to by the religious culture of our minds, by subjecting our hearts to the sacred influences of the Gospel, by worshipping God in a filial manner, and by honoring Christ as the Son of God and our Saviour. "And this is life eternal that they may know thee the only true God and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent." In such knowledge there is eternal life. God has given to him Son power to give eternal life to all who come unto him and believe in him. In him is life, and his life is the light of the world.

In order then to attain to this life, let us go to Jesus. Let us go to him that we may be daily transformed in the spirit of our minds. Let us go to him in penitence and in faith, seeking for heavenly truth and divine life. Let us go to him in our darkness and he will give us light, in our ignorance and he will give us knowledge, in our weakness and he will give us strength. When wearied, disappointed and distressed, then let us go to him, and he will assure our aching hearts. When the lamp of our inward life burns low, then let us go to him who has "the golden oil divine, wherewith to feed our failing urns."

THE CHRISTIAN MISSIONARY.

A SERMON ON THE LIFE AND CHARACTER OF REV. GEORGE MOORE OF QUINCY, ILLINOIS.

BY REV. B. FROST.*

Acrs xx. 22, 23, 24. And now, behold, I go bound in the spirit unto Jeruselem, not knowing the things that shall befall me there: Save that the Holy Ghost witnesseth in every city, saying, that bonds and afflictions abide me. But none of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry which I have received of the Lord Jesus.

Since last I met you in this house of God, intelligence of the death of Rev. George Moore of Quincy, Illinois, has reached us. The excellence of his character and the worth of his labors as a minister of Christ, have been made the subjects of solemn and impressive services before several large congregations in this community to whom he was a stranger. How much deeper interest have they for us, among whom he was born, whose homes have been cheered by his childhood and youth, who has been trained in our schools, worshipped with us around this altar, and whose first spiritual lessons were given in our Sabbath school. Not to mention those whose feelings are too deep for utterance and too sacred to be touched by the rude hand of public remark, every individual in this congregation must feel something like a personal interest in him. Whatever there was touching in his life, beautiful in his character, valuable in his labors, must touch us with a peculiar interest. It must be the natural prompting of every heart to meditate on them at this time.

I shall enter on this subject with a few thoughts on the character of the true Christian missionary. Of all the varieties of character that have appeared on the earth, this is incomparably, the noblest. The bloody warrior, who has been almost worshipped, is beginning to be regarded as a stain on the page of human history. The mighty intellect, who has built up physical and intellectual sciences, is but the laborer in wood and stone on the outer court of God's temple. The patriot statesman, who has framed a wise system of government, and

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for a posthumous glory, given up a life which would have been worthless in oppression, to establish it, has worked only for his own and for others' temporal interests. The philanthropist, who toils to educate the race, to open sources of wealth to them and give them liberty, looks little' beyond their worldly interests. But the Christian missionary takes a wholly different, and infinitely higher view of man. He sees interests of the race infinitely higher than those merely physical, political or intellectual. The seat of happiness, of virtue, of progress, is in the There is a conscience, a love, a faith in the most degraded soul. worth more than all the wealth, the learning, the refinement of the world. Let those be called forth, and sin shall fall off like a filthy garment, and the wallowing inebriate, the sated voluptuary, shall stand up pure, spiritual beings, their hearts glowing with the affections of heaven. To all but a devout believer in Christ, this must seem the sheerest fanaticism. But Christianity, by its array of truth, and of miracle, and of love, begot this faith, when the experience of the world was against it. Now the brightest page of the world's history is that which shows the mighty power of His spiritual truth and love, even over the most debased hearts. When Paul went to Corinth, the Sodom of Greece, and preached the full and spiritual Gospel, whom did it reach? He tells us, " Neither fornicators, nor idolaters, nor adulterers, nor effeminate, nor abusers of themselves with mankind, nor thieves, nor covetous, nor drunkards, nor revilers, nor extortioners shall inherit the kingdom of God. And such were some of you: but ye are washed, but ye are sanctified, but ye are justified in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of God." Yes, the pure, peaceful, spiritual truth of the Gospel, although looked upon as foolish by the worldly, could reach even this grade of character, and change it thus. Well might it be called quick and powerful, sharper than a two edged sword. When St. Augustine, and other devoted missionaries of Christ went to the rude Brittons and Gauls, they were apparently little above the beasts of prey, which they conquered by their superior cunning and courage. But their great, though rude hearts thrilled at the touch of Christian sympathy and truth. It was then and there that the foundation of Europe's present greatness was laid. Her Christianity is the only cause, and that holy leaven was then infused. It was those humble pioneers of Christianity that have given such a destiny to the civilized world, and not any of the great statesmen and scholars, or heroes of the time. Perhaps there is no better illustration of the power of Christian truth, than the success of the Moravian missionaries in Greenland. The inhabitants were among the most stupid and degraded of the human race. They had no laws, no rules of social conduct, held

themselves accountable to no tribunal, human or divine. Family relations were scarcely recognized. They lived upon fishing and hunting, and seemed but a more cunning and powerful species of the races which they subdued. To add to the difficulties, "At our arrival," says one of the missionaries, "we found that the inhabitants were carried off by an epidemical sickness for many miles around; nevertheless we made a covenant and signed it, purporting, that if in ten years, not one Greenlander should be converted, we would not suffer our spirits to sink, but would endure to the end.* And for six years, we labored," say they, " without the least trace of any abiding blessing and impression from the truths we had taught." But they were mistaken. The hearts of the people had been softening as the rays of the sun in the spring on the cold earth has been swelling the buds, long before any sign of vegetation appears. And when it begins to appear, the face of the earth is changed almost in a day. So it was with this moral sun and certh. In a few years after, we find that nearly a thousand out of the ten thousand inhabitants, had become Christians. Many of them would put to blush those who have been educated in Christian lands. Tell me, where in this world are heroes to be compared to these? If it is a mark of greatness, to have faith to see what no one else could see or believe, to endure for others, what no one else would endure for all the honors and glories of the world; courage to meet, not sudden death, but death by inches, under every form of suffering; perseverance, which, to all human wisdom, was a superstitious obstinacy; and finally, success which seemed wrested from impossibility, and which was worth more than the conquest or the discovery of worlds - then these men excelled in true greatness all the heroes of this world, more than words can express. Yes, they teach us what there is in man, and which we are so slow to believe, the power there is in simple Christianity. They refute all the cold logic and timid policy of worldliness, and teach us there is nothing wise, but a profound faith in man and in good men, and nothing great but a heroic devotion to spiritual things. The spectacle of a talented, highly educated person, surrounded by devoted friends, in a community distinguished for its social culture, with every prospect of securing the very position he most covets in that community - to see such an one voluntarily give up all this, go into a distant land among strangers, that he may seek and save the lost, instruct the ignorant, comfort the afflicted, convert the sinner, and thus transform a portion of the moral wilderness of life, into the garden of the Lord,this seems too great for human virtue. It is, as if an angel, touched

*Chris. Exam. Sept. 1844. p. 964.

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with heavenly sympathy for the woes of humanity, should leave the society above, and take his stand invisibly in the midst of sinful and suffering mortals, lightening their burdens, shedding peace into their agitated hearts, turning away the force of temptation, and breathing holy thoughts, and forming heavenly aspirations in their minds as they went about their daily work. And yet, this is simply the motive, the sacrifice, and the work of every missionary who has carried the Gospel forth into the world. No wonder that the corrupt Greek, the warlike Roman, the rude Gaul, the savage Britton were won by this goodness into the meekness, gentleness and spirituality of Christ. If there is anything in the character and institutions of Christendom superior to the nations of Asia and Africa where Christianity has not been carried, the foundation of it was laid by the missionaries of the cross. And it is only stating the simple truth to say, that no class of persons has yet appeared on the earth to be compared with them, for the deep wisdom which has discerned the true interests of man; the amount of sacrifice, and courage, and endurance put forth, or the results of their labors on the destinies of the race. At the head of these is Jesus Christ, and from him they all derived their impulse and power. By communion with him have they cherished the spirit that has sustained them.

What claim Mr. Moore has to be recorded among this noble army of the martyrs, we shall see in the progress of this discourse. He was born in this town May 4th, 1811. From childhood he was distinguished for his sobriety, conscientiousness and independence. While other boys were in the street and about public places, he was at home, with his books and family. He was obedient to his parents, and easily governed. He always revered the aged, and was respectful to his superiors in years. In the schools he was distinguished for subordination, diligence and the thoroughness and system with which he fulfilled all his duties. Although not rapid in his developement, yet he had a deep, innate love of improvement, that early led him to form a firm purpose of getting a liberal education. And when told by his father that it was not his purpose to send him to college, he calmly replied that he should comply with his wishes until he was of age; but if he did not go to college before, he certainly should after that. When he was seventeen years of age he taught a large district school in a neighboring town, with good success. Before commencing this school, he began a private journal. In this journal there is a sobriety united with cheerfulness, a manly judgment tempered with charity, a high moral tone truly remarkable for that early age. The topic oftenest commented on is the sermons which he heard, never with any small criticism on unessential matters, but with a high appreciation of the great lessons they endeav-

pred to enforce. I will make one extract. "Attended church and heard a sermon by Dr. ____, in the good old style of bye-gone days. It is pleasant, yes, improving to listen to the impressive tones of a pure old man, proclaiming the eternal truths of the Gospel. What we hear from most young preachers, we feel at liberty to criticize, and often to dissent from; but when we hear the venerable old preacher giving us the result of his own experience and studies, there is a certain sanctity which forbids anything like inattention or harsh criticism. We feel that we are treading on holy ground, and that our opinions may more likely be wrong than those of the preacher." Would that this sentiment were more prevalent among the young! The most prominent feature throughout this journal, is a high and stern purpose of duty. On entering college he makes this entry: - "Aug. 26, 1830. Thursday begins a new era in my life. I have now commenced my college course with all the cheering hopes of friends, with good health and spirits, with everything to make me happy; with the world before me, and with a determination to overcome every obstacle in the path of duty. May I improve every day of my life, so that at the close of each, I may say this has been a well-spent day. May I keep a clear conscience, a tongue void of offence, and a heart pure in the sight of my Creator." This resolution, it is believed, was consecrated by prayer; for it kept him pure through those temptations by which so many young men have been ruined. He graduated in high standing in his class, and a member of Phi Beta Kappa, in 1884. He taught a young ladies' school in Plymouth one year, and then entered the Law School at Cambridge and spent another year. But the tendency of his mind and character in their steady developement from childhood, had been towards the ministry. His call to that sacred office was not in any voice without or within, but in the purpose of God when he framed his constitution. The next year he entered the Divinity School at Cambridge, and graduated in the summer of 1839. His first success as a candidate, although not brilliant, yet everywhere commanded the marked attention and respect of the parishes before whom he preached. Soon the eyes of several important parishes began to be turned to him as a candidate. But a year before, he had travelled through the West. and the spiritual wants of that great and growing country made a deep impression on his mind. He saw how vast the field, how small the earthly reward, how reluctant the young ministers were to leave New England and go to such a field of labor and privation, and he felt a strong sense of obligation to go into this field. And now came a severe struggle between duty and inclination. It had always been a cherished wish with him to settle down over a parish in New England.

In a letter in 1844, he says: —" My path has not always been one of my own choice. My ideal, my air castle, while in the Divinity School at Cambridge, was a parsonage in some pleasant country village in New England, with a good library, a religious people, and a comfortable salary. But instead of settling down and guiding a people already religiously inclined, in pleasant pastures, and beside the still waters, I have been led by an unseen hand to this great Western valley, here to gather together a people from all parts of our land, and to contend with indifference, bigotry, and religious intolerance; to live in a hotel; and to live on hope. But here I am, and I by no means regret that I am here. I am glad that I have such a pleasant place to dwell in, and I am willing here to labor, my life-long, that other men may enter into my labors." When we consider that all, the difficulties were certain, the success doubtful, the most cherished plans of youth must be sacrificed, we may judge of the struggle that a young man must have with himself, and the strength of conscience and faith that could triumph over so many strong inclinations and worldly interests. But in this struggle, conscience prevailed, as it always did with him. He decided to go, not where he chose, but where he was needed. was invited to go to Quincy, Illinois, and on the 4th of November, 1840, he was ordained as an evangelist in the old church where he had always worshipped; and in this service his venerable pastor, Dr. Ripley, and his beloved teacher, the sainted Ware, took part. It is not too much to say, that the mantle of their ministerial fidelity and singleness of heart fell on him. The same month, he went to Quincy. He there found scarcely the rudiments of a society. There was no meetinghouse, no church, and scarcely any organization. To show how moderate were his expectations, let us take an extract of his letter after the second Sunday. "We had a goodly number; about fifty in the morning, and upwards of sixty in the afternoon." And yet he says, "I do not expect all that come in at first, to be permanent worshippers. Some come from curiosity." On the sixth Sabbath, he writes: "Notwithstanding the extreme cold, I had twenty-five hearers in the morning, and thirty-three in the afternoon." On the 12th of January, 1841, he writes: -- "I have now been here six weeks. Everything goes on very pleasantly. My Bible Class is under full operation. We meet once a week, and have upwards of twenty members. We have organized a church with twelve members, a good beginning, considering the smallness of the congregation." April, 1841, he writes: - "The first Sunday of April was a blessed day for our church. We had an addition of four members, all young. It is peculiarly interesting to see the young coming into the church. Our congregation in the morning was

the largest we have had; it numbered about eighty." Such were the small beginnings, and the cheerfulness and hope with which he looked upon them.

But these were not his greatest discouragements. The place contained three or four thousand inhabitants, and there were seven or eight established societies. Unitarian sentiments were new, and were everywhere spoken against. March 5, 1841, he writes: - "From-what I can learn, about three fourths of the members of the different churches here look upon Unitarians as no better than infidels, perhaps worse. Very few will go to hear Unitarian preaching; but when they do go, and hear what they cannot object to, then comes the unkindest cut of all:' they say, 'The Unitarians do not believe what they preach,' or, 'They keep back their objectionable doctrines.' It is this bigotry in the churches that has driven away many of the best citizens from attending our church. I attended a protracted meeting where this proposition was laid down by a young preacher. 'A moral man, who is not pious, exerts an evil influence, in proportion to his morality." Public complaints were made against one clergyman by his people, because he extended to Mr. Moore the common courtesies of society. How did he meet this spirit? In the same letter, he writes: - "In our preaching there is no condemnation of other sects, but it has all been dictated by that greatest principle of our religion - love. We do begin to see some of the good fruits of our doctrine; people do come in to hear our preaching. I see more and more strange faces in or church."

Another difficulty which he had to meet with in a society so small, and most of them beginners in a new country, was a scanty support. He met this difficulty in the same noble and Christian spirit. Dec. 12, 1840, soon after arriving, he writes: - "On Monday evening the society held a meeting. Previously to their meeting, a member called on me to ascertain what my expectations were as to my support. I told bim I did not wish to be considered a burden to the society - that I was willing to labor without regard to salary, and that the society might pay me just what they should find it convenient to pay me." After showing that he received only about enough to support him, he says, "So you see I shall not be making much of a speculation in coming Westward. But I am glad of an opportunity to show something of the missionary spirit, which is the spirit of self-sacrifice. It is this spirit, more than any other, which is wanted among our ministers and people." Some years afterwards, he writes: - " My society here are poor; but I see them willing to do what they can for my support, and with that I am satisfied." The society had the same spirit with their pastor. They were destitute of a church. But unlike many societies East and West, they did not make large demands on the Christian public to build them an elegant church. But without asking for a dollar, they built themselves a small, neat chapel, at their own charges.

Mr. Moore was not without the same temptation that many a good minister in a humble position elsewhere, has been subject to, and too often overcome by. It is well known, that many large societies, like as the serpent beguiled Eve, through his subtlety, have held out a worldly bait to tempt away their ministers from weaker societies. In the year 1843, some one wrote to Mr. Moore, to sound him, in regard to receiving a call from a large and flourishing society in the most delightful spot in New-England. In a letter to a friend, he made this Christlike reply: - "I wrote by the next mail to Mr. - as you requested. I must confess, I hardly knew how to reply to that letter. A strong temptation was placed before me. Were I to listen to my own inclination, I should not hesitate a moment. But I have long since learned, that there is a more commanding voice to which the Christian should listen — the voice of duty. I have here many causes of discouragement. My society is smaller than it was, and there seems to be no prospect of an increase at present. They will probably not be able to pay me the salary which they voted at the commencement of the year. And if I continue here, I must look forward to a life of toil, with little external reward. I see all this very plainly. But what then? Is the truth any the less important because only a few embrace it? Is my station here any the less important because I am surrounded with bigotry and fanaticism? I know not why the Christian ministers should not now take up the cross and follow Jesus, and live a life of self-sacrifice as well as in primitive times. But when I talk of selfsacrifice, I feel reproved by my conscience. My wants are all comfortably provided for. I am living in a pleasant, intelligent society. I can devote myself almost entirely to my studies. I feel that my lot is cast in the West. Accordingly, I wrote to Mr. ---- that I could give no encouragement at all to the people in ____." I have known two other similar offers declined in the same manner. I regret my limits will not allow me to present more instances in which Mr. Moore exhibited this heroic spirit of duty and self-denial. His life was full of Temptation seemed to be entirely powerless, where duty was concerned. And his faith in God under the darkest prospects, often reminds us of the resolution signed by the Moravian missionaries when they went to Greenland, that they would labor ten years, if no trace of success should appear.

Mr. Moore met the disappointments and duties of life not only with a conscientiousness and faith, but with perennial cheerfulness. Two or three years ago he set his heart on housekeeping. His object in this he thus states: - "I looked not forward to this hope with a selfish view; I see clearly that my usefulness as a minister here, depends very much upon my having a house of my own. It is for the good of others, for the good of the cause of true religion, that I would secure a home." He was disappointed for a time, for the want of means; and the manner he bore it is the best evidence of the sincerity of his words. To a friend who wrote to sympathize with him, he answers: - "Your friend, poor as his society is, is not restrained in his circumstances, any more than it is best that he should be. He reasons in this way, that if Providence had intended he should commence housekeeping a year ago, the money would have been provided. It was not provided, and therefore it was not the intention of Providence that he should carry ont his plan. He seeks to follow the leadings of Providence." And then he pays a beautiful tribute to the kindness and liberality of his people, as he does on every occasion. He mentions several touching instances, enumerates his blessings and opportunities, and asks, "What more should I desire?"

As a preacher, Mr. Moore was simple, clear, practical and spiritual. He wasted nothing on ornament, nice distinctions or "doubtful disputations." To do good and benefit his hearers, was his sole object. In writing to his friends, he sometimes gave an abstract of his last sermon. Here is one of them. "Last Sunday I preached from the text, 'Freely ye have received, freely give.' My subject was universal benevolence. God gives us all things freely to enjoy. Christ gave up life and all things for our good. The saints of the earth have given themselves and their possessions into the world's treasury. If we would be God-like, or Christ-like, or saint-like, we must go and do likewise."

As a pastor, Mr. Moore was truly admirable. He maintained a close intimacy with his people, which from the smallness of his society, he was able to do. He made all their interests and feelings his own, by a quick, generous sympathy. Nor was his influence confined to his society. He went out into the highways and hedges, into the prisons, and hovels of the poor, and sought to win them to Christ. He thus describes his daily life in a letter. "I am daily brought into contact with various forms of humanity — am moving among immortal beings, very few of whom seem aware that they have commenced an eternal existence. Now I go into a sick-room and find a poor, degraded woman tossing on her bed with fever; while another, who is laid up for the

winter, lies patiently suffering pain and infirmity without murmuring, and welcomes me to her bedside with a smile and a cordial grasp of the hand. As a perfect contrast to this, I go into a scene of gaiety, where is music and dancing, and I care not, but think how those that are gay now, will, ere long, have their seasons of sadness and distress. Then I visit a school, and say an encouraging word to teacher and pupils. I go to the prison, also, and whom should I see there in my last call, but a young man who has been a preacher? Now you may see me enter ing a mechanic's shop and conversing with my friend the mechanic; and again, dropping into store after store, not always to purchase goods, but to observe the ways of men, and 'to fling the way-side seed.' Could you have seen me this afternoon I know you would have been interested." And here he describes a touching interview with a poor victim of intemperance, who had passed through every stage of human vice and misery.

Mr. Moore performed much missionary labor under the auspices of "The American Unitarian Association," and, "The Society for propagating the Gospel among the Indians and others in North America." His reports which have been laid before the public from time to time, show his hardships, his success, and his deep interest in this work. He has travelled thousands of miles, through that new country, scattered tracts and books, and the living Word in many log cabins, which shall bring forth a precious harvest in future times. It took him from home about one Sabbath in four. This he regretted, for his heart was in his parish. He lived for it. Every member was a brother or a sister. He was beginning to reap the fruits of his labors and sacrifices. had won himself a place in the hearts of his people. He had lived down the general prejudice against Unitarianism in the place, to a good degree, and commanded the respect of all denominations. He had just realized his wishes in establishing a home, and the future never opened so brightly before him. But alas for all earthly prospects! How soon was his future changed! Worn down by his hardships, labors and studies, the seeds of disease were already deeply planted in his constitution. Hastened by an act of exposure in his professional duties, his disease burst out almost like the flames in a dwelling. only had time to say a few parting words and depart. But that brief season was beautiful and impressive indeed! He had no preparation to make now. His life had been a preparation, the only true way. He had submitted himself to the divine disposal in life, and it was easy to do it in death. We have seen his faith in life. It not only prevailed over temptation, but plucked the sting from death, and threw a beautiful light over the grave. He always had the most cheerful views of death.

His words of comfort to the bereaved, and in his own bereavement, were beautiful, they were so full of faith. As death drew near, his faith changed almost into vision. We are told by one at his bedside:

"Within the last week almost every individual in his parish visited him. To every one he had something particular to say. It seemed as if he was inspired. Many from other religious societies came in to see him. No one went away with a dry eye. Several little girls brought in beautiful boquets of flowers which he enjoyed to the last. Some of his choir came in to sing his favorite tunes. Never was a pastor more beloved by his flock than he by his. His sick-chamber seemed holy ground. It was consecrated by the tears and prayers of his people. Every one considered it a privilege to be with him and hear him converse." His last message to distant friends was, "So live, that when you lie down on the bed of death, the eternal life may be as real and glorious to you as it now is to me." His spirit passed "without a groan or a struggle." So dies the Christian. What a beautiful illustration of the Poet's words:

"The chamber where the good man meets his fate, Is privileged above the common walks of life, Quite on the verge of heaven."

It is an illustration of those still more beautiful and holy words: "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints." To him death was not premature. He was ripe for heaven. His life was full of blessings to all around him. And he has left a legacy, O! how much richer than the fortune of an Astor! O! how much higher the wisdom of living for Christ, than of living for the world! A portion of the light of his example is reflected back on this place of his birth and education. The sentiment it should inspire, is not pride, but the prayer that we may gain a like character. If we would die his death, and leave behind his influence, we must have through life, his unyielding sense of duty, his readiness to give up our dearest wishes to others, his faith in the darkest Providences, and his calm and Christian spirit under the greatest opposition. To his bereaved family and flock, there can be no consolation like the memories of the past and the hopes of the future.

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THE SICKLY BABE.

MINE infant was a poor weak thing, No strength those little arms to fling, His cheek was pale and very thin, And none a smile from him could win Save I — his mother! oh, my child, How could they think my love so wild?

I never said it — but I knew,
From the first breath my baby drew,
That I must soon my joy resign,
That he was God's, not mine, not mine!
But think you that I loved him less
Because I saw his feebleness?

To others, senseless seemed his eye,
They looked, and only thought — "he 'll die";
To me, that little suffering frame
Came freighted with a spirit's claim,
Came full of blessing to my heart,
Brought thoughts I could to none impart.

The pale, pale bud bloomed not on earth; Blighted and stricken from his birth, A few short months upon my breast He lay, then smiled and went to rest; And all forgot him, born to die, All, all forgot — save God and I.

L. J. H.

"The love that groweth like a flower,
By sunshine fed,
May wither when cold winter comes
Until 't is dead;
But mine sprang up in gloom and woe;
And tears have been
Its simple nourishment; — and lo,
The Evergreen!"

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Among the benevolent institutions of the day, amid the numerous projects to advance the highest interests of man, the Sunday school occupies no obscure or unimportant station. Gradually, but steadily, from its humble origin in the bleak mountains of Scotland, it has extended its influence over the Christian world, and has risen to strength and power. For, although its labors have ever been quietly and unobtrusively performed, and although its laborers have never desired to force its claims into notice, preferring patiently and humbly to accomplish their arduous duties within their own circumscribed spheres of action; vet public feeling and sentiment have brought the institution from its obscurity, and given it a rank of which its founder never dreamed. progress has been watched with deep interest. Eloquent and earnest voices have cheered it onward. The secular instruction formerly imparted, has given place to the words of divine revelation, and long since loud congratulations hailed its advent within the borders of the Christian church. That this success is merited, few, at the present day, will deny. The experience of half a century is in its favor.

The theory of this institution is indeed beautiful, well calculated to enlist the sympathies of every Christian parent, well adapted to secure the best wishes of every Christian heart. Its doors are opened to the young in the sweet spring-time of life; that here, assembling from their various homes, they may unite their voices in praise and thanksgiving to their Heavenly Father; that here, in pleasant, friendly intercourse, in the company of their elder friends, and in fellowship with those with whom they are to tread the thorny paths of life, they may acquire that intimate knowledge of the great doctrines and truths of Christianity, which it is desirable that every member of a Christian community should possess. No wonder, then, that the Christian world has been interested in this movement - that it has seen and appreciated the wisdom of that plan, which would educate, religiously, in the church, those who are to be its future supporters and defenders - those upon whom the hopes of the present age rest - those upon whom the destiny of the succeeding age must rely. Accordingly, in every Christian land, the churches of every sect have their Sunday schools, and parents manifest their confidence in the institution, by cheerfully and readily entrusting their loved ones to its influence.

It is our duty, my friends, as teachers, as humble co-operators in this

great scheme of education, to do our part in the sphere in which we are placed, in causing the hopes of the world to be realized; to do our part in manifesting, by our precepts and by our example, that its confidence has not been misplaced. The question of our duty is one of vital importance. We have all, probably, answered it for ourselves. But at your request, as it seems proper that on this occasion a special address should be made to the Teachers, I have undertaken to recall to our remembrance, our responsibilities.

It is the duty of the Sunday school teacher to bestow upon his pupils a thorough religious education. It is his duty to instruct them, at first, in the simplest and most evident truths which God has revealed to man; and then, to lead them onward and upward, gradually but surely, through a wide and comprehensive course of study, until the circumstances of the times in which the Gospels were written, the evidences for the truth of these beautiful narratives, and the life of the Saviour, shall have been completely mastered. The graduates of our Sunday schools should be as well or better instructed in religious knowledge, than the graduates of our highest seminaries of learning.

The course of study should not be confined to a cold and formal routine, nor should it be limited to the plain readings and explanations of the Bible, as usually followed at our family altars. It should possess the high culture, the precision, the close and logical reasoning of the instruction imparted by those, whose province it is to labor in some special branch of education; and at the same time, it should be accompanied by that love and patience which are the peculiar characteristics of an enlightened parental training. A deep religious impression, founded on a minute and accurate knowledge, is one of the great wants of the day. Amid the turmoil and strife of contending opinions, amid the noisy dashing of the wild waves of disbelief, which are heaving their foaming crests around us, sweeping, it is to be feared, many a noble mind into the whirlpool of an unsettled faith, we need a firm foundation upon which our religious character can be reared; a foundation around which the sea of troubled waters may toss in vain its ruffled billows. On such a foundation may the religious character of our youth be erected; their hopes, as bright as the transparent atmosphere of our winter sky; their faith, as enduring as the granite of our everlasting hills.

To secure this result, to have our land the abode of a rational religion, the home of a firm Christian belief, to have our fellow-men the willing disciples of Him who laid down his life for their sake, to have them at all times the sincere supporters of his doctrine, the unwavering champions of his work, is a cause worthy of the best exertions of those

who are seeking to promote the true happiness of man. To perform, to the best of your ability, your humble part in this great work, you, my friends, have voluntarily offered your services.

You have entered, it is to be hoped, on this labor, with a due sense of its supreme importance, with a determination to endeavor, by selfpreparation, by earnest counsels, by enlightened teachings, to lead into the path of life these, your young friends, who cluster around you from Sabbath to Sabbath. Your responsibility is indeed great. Let that responsibility be a stimulus to self-improvement, to a lofty selfculture, which shall give unto you the power to speak with lips glowing with enthusiasm, with an eloquence which shall not fail to reach the hearts of your pupils, compelling them to acknowledge the truth of the sentiments you utter, the beauty of the doctrines you inculcate. Faithfully performed, your duties will bring the highest satisfaction. The consciousness of an effort to be useful, the belief that you have not lived entirely in vain, the gratitude and love of those whose eternal welfare you have labored to promote, will afford a sweet satisfaction, compensating a hundred fold for all the privations endured, the discouragements encountered. That every moment will pass without alloy, you must not expect. The seeds of ingratitude, perverseness, and insensibility to all that is right and good and noble, will occasionally make themselves manifest in the field in which you toil. You experience, I doubt not, many moments of despondency. In those moments, remember the end you have in view; take courage; labor steadfastly and hopefully, believing that in good time, you will behold the fruits of your exertions.

Although the standard of Sunday school instruction should be elevated, and the attainments of those who conduct the exercises of the more advanced classes should be extensive, yet there is a demand for the knowledge and experience which every age can furnish, every department of life supply. We need in our Sunday schools, as teachers, the young, those whose minds are still glowing with the great truths which have just dawned upon their conviction, and whose earnest hearts are beating with enthusiasm, at the thought of commencing a life of usefulness and true honor. We need the gentle and kindly influence of woman. Her sympathizing spirit, her patience, her appreciation of the difficulties which lie in the path of the young, eminently qualify her to take an important part in a system of religious education. We need the experience of those whose daily walks lead them into the busy haunts of men, whose minds are enlarged by a benevolent, kind, world-embracing charity. We need also that knowledge which the professional man has gained by the bedsides of the sick and 28* VOL IV.

the dying, by the outpourings of troubled consciences, by tales of sin and crime, by the peaceful, calm, holy utterances of those, whose lives have been, as it were, attuned to goodness.

No Sunday school can expect to be successful without a combination of teachers, comprehending these varied experiences. No Sunday school can expect to be successful, even though it contain this combination, if there be not at the same time, a harmonious, earnest, unwearied endeavor to accomplish the work it has undertaken to perform.

Our own Sunday school* contains all the necessary elements of a prosperous institution. We have a large number of interested and intelligent pupils, and a corresponding number of teachers. Among the latter are those, whose experience of the toils, the sorrows and the joys of life, give assurance that their instructions are imparted with wisdom, listened to with confidence, and treasured up in the memory of their pupils. During the long period it has been my privilege to have been connected with this school—a period extending over a space of more than a third part of the average duration of human life—it has been my happy lot to have been associated with a company of teachers, whose zeal and devotion to duty have ever excited my warmest admiration.

Many changes have taken place during this period. Of the twenty-nine teachers now belonging to the school, two only, held that office when I was first invited to conduct its services. Familiar forms have disappeared — removed to other spheres of labor, or passed away to that better land, that heavenly home, to which we, ere many years have sped, shall also be summoned. There is no necessity, however, of looking through a long vista of years, to learn that we live in a world of continual change, and that a small number, even, cannot associate together to accomplish any cherished plan, without a constant succession of events reminding them of the uncertain tenure of human life.

We have but recently, been called to record such an occurrence. Since our last anniversary, besides the loss of two pupils, we have mourned the departure of one of our little band, who had been associated with us as pupil and teacher, for a period reaching back far beyond the time, from which nearly all whom I address, date their own connection with the school. Our friend was indeed one of that small company which assembled around this altar when these walls were first dedicated to the worship of God. As a pupil, she was constantly

^{*}This address was delivered before a Sunday school in Boston, by its superintendent, at its last anniversary.

found in her place, listening with attentive delight to the instructions of her teachers and friends. Having passed through the usual course of study, feeling desirous of imparting to others a portion of that spiritual food of which she had so freely partaken, she became a teacher. As you were associated with her in that office, you can bear testimony to her ardent zeal, her untiring patience, her unwearied toil. Her pupils loved her. They cherish her memory; they will never forget their faithful friend. Years hence, in manhood, in womanhood, amid the toils, the anxieties and the cares of mature life, the remembrance of their good teacher will often return in the pleasant visions of the days of childhood, and perchance some earnest word, some kind counsel, may come back vividly to the memory, cheering them onward to heaven, through this vale of tears. As we contemplate the beautiful life of our friend, as we think upon her devotion to the interests of the young, let us, in the presence of our pupils, within this holy temple, on this pleasant Sabbath, invoke the blessing of our Heavenly Father upon our resolution to imitate her bright example, to inculcate, with zeal, with patience, with perseverance, the great principles of Christian dutv.

Can we, indeed, reflect upon the characters of those who have gone before us; can we subject ourselves to the influences of this occasion; can we look upon these our young friends and speculate on their future career; can we think upon the amount of power for good, which lies as yet almost dormant within their active frames, but which, under a judicious culture, may soon start forth to bless the world, without a solemn determination to re-enter upon our duties, seriously impressed with a conviction that there is no nobler work on earth than the training of these immortal spirits? With this sentiment deeply engraved on our hearts, how light will seem our toils, how cheerfully shall we bear the discouragements which, from time to time, almost necessarily arise to sadden our spirits and darken our hopes!

Do not, I beseech you, entertain a too sanguine expectation to behold at once the result of your efforts. Be not disheartened if your anticipations are not fully realized. Think not, that these young and inexperienced beings will, in a moment, reach that maturity of judgment, that accurate knowledge, that fine sense of duty, at which you may have arrived. Remember that you were once children; recall the fleeting fancies of those by-gone days, and then look with lenity upon the waywardness and thoughtlessness of childhood. Amid those faults and follies, over which you must sincerely lament, how much is there that is pure and holy and good, over which you may as sincerely rejoice!

If, in our intercourse with the young, we meet with those whose hearts seem to have been hardened against good influences, how often, on the other hand, do we encounter those, who appear to be the embodiment of all that is pure and heavenly — whose presence diffuses a serene joy, whose unconscious goodness reminds us of that declaration of the Saviour, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven." Let us, then, as we teach, enter into the feelings, the hopes, the difficulties of childhood. Let us go back in imagination to that early period, that we may the better appreciate its trials, for only by thus doing, can we learn to teach wisely and well.

As the traveller, who has gained the summit of the mountain, in gazing at the glorious prospect spread abroad at his feet, forgets the dangers he has encountered, the toils and sufferings he has endured; so the mature man, having long since passed over those rugged and toilsome paths, by which he arrived at the measure of truth he enjoys, is obliged to make a powerful effort to place his mind in that state in which it will readily sympathize with those who are yet struggling to reach the elevation he has himself attained. To succeed in our efforts, this must be done. We must become as little children, fully appreciating the difficulties they have to encounter, and ever ready, cheerfully and patiently to lend them a helping hand along their rugged way.

God grant that our exertions may be crowned with success; that our young friends may here be trained to virtue, to holiness, to heaven; that living, they may become worthy members of society, imbued with Christian principles and the love of God; that dying, they may depart with the benediction of the good, and may hear the joyful welcome of the Saviour, "Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world."

W. P. J.

THOUGHT AND DEED.

"God thought of his creation, and 't was done:
For in God's nature, thought, will, deed are one.
And he approacheth unto God most near,
Whose thoughts in acts their true responses hear."

EXTRACTS FROM BLANCO WHITE'S JOURNAL AND LETTERS.*

BY REV. E. PEABODY.

THE Unitarian Association has occasionally published short biographical accounts of men having more or less of sympathy with Unitarians, and, from ability or character, occupying places of influence in society. The idea of issuing such tracts from time to time is a good one. It gives variety to the series. It often furnishes an opportunity for illustrating with more than ordinary force, some great truth, or of placing in clearer light some peculiar excellence of character.

It is reasonably to be expected that such tracts, sent forth by a Unitarian Association, should relate to those who are in some way connected with the Unitarian body. We see no reason, however, why this should be the invariable rule. We should think that the great object which the Association has in view would be met, if sometimes an account were given of a man whose life had been very much devoted to the defence of any great principle which he held in common with us. however much he might differ from us on other points. Such considerations as these, we suppose, gave birth to this account of the religious history of Blanco White. Of course the publication of extracts showing in his own words the religious opinions to which he came, does not imply either in regard to his Catholic, Church of England, or Rationalistic views, that they coincide with those of Unitarians generally, or that they are endorsed by the committee of the Association. Much as we wish it had been otherwise, it was only for a few years that he could in any way be classed among Unitarians. The theological opinions which he finally adopted, were subversive of all faith in the miraculous evidence of Christianity. He was, in speculation, during the last few years of life, what would usually be termed a Deist; that is, he believed in the existence of God, but rejected all idea of miraculous interposition in the ministry of Christ. And yet, though separated from Unitarians, wide as the poles, on this fundamental question, he had strong sympathies with them in his love of religious freedom;

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while they cannot fail to honor him for his unceasing struggle against the mischievous tyranny of creeds and hierarchies. Community of feeling on these points, and the prominent and very peculiar place he so long held in the religious world, the manner in which, as Neander says, "he combined in himself the principal religious tendencies of the age," his fidelity to his convictions, as well as his relation for a time to the Unitarian body, make his character and career very suitable for a tract.

During his changeable life, different classes of believers and unbelievers rejoiced over him as a convert to their views. whose excellence of character was such that any denomination of Christians might be proud to reckon him as one of its members. But he could not with propriety be identified with any of the different sects with which he was temporarily associated. He passed amongst them as a traveller, remaining with one and another for a season as a transient guest, but soon moving restlessly on. He was in turn Catholic, Atheist, a Church of England man, Unitarian, Rationalist. And these successive changes indicated, not so much growth and progress, as an unsettled and morbid state of mind, incapable of permanent intellectual convictions. At different periods of his life, he was the adherent and impugner of almost every shade of faith and unbelief from Atheism to Romanism, and there is scarcely more reason for connecting him with one than with another. The views to which he finally arrived, were probably his last, only because death precluded further change.

In character, he was sensitive, frank, honest, honorable, very affectionate and very dependent on the affections of others, and, as he describes the Oxford Pusevites to have been, "naturally pious." There was something of the womanly in his nature, and they who loved him best and most steadily, seem to have been men of vigorous, determined and self-supporting tempers, who loved him all the more because they felt he was one who had need of their tenderness and who was to be taken care of by them. He had the delicate organization which belongs to the artist, and it was not unaccompanied by its natural infirmities. But there can be no better evidence of his attractive and admirable qualities, than the facility with which he secured friends among those most eminent for genius and virtue, and the constancy with which their friendship was continued. One who amidst many alienating influences can retain the affectionate regard and confidence of the wise and good. must be possessed of no ordinary worth. The crowning excellence of his character had its foundation on what, amidst all changes, he never lost, an unwavering faith in the worth of rectitude. He not only exhibited a noble fidelity to his convictions, when it involved what to him,

were the greatest sacrifices; but there were times, (as for example, during the years of scepticism which preceded his departure from Spain,) when nothing prevented his losing all hold on common morality and honor, but a deep, inextinguishable love of right. Honor be to the man who gives up comfort, pleasure, affection, sympathy, respect, rather than be unfaithful to his sense of duty! He becomes a teacher and example to the race, in that which all most need to learn.

Where this principle of high, self-sacrificing moral integrity exists, it is a thankless office to point out defects which accompany it. And yet it is important that those defects should not take shelter under and become sanctified by the virtue with which they are accidentally associated. For one who had suffered so much from the intolerance of others as Blanco White, and who so bitterly condemns it, he had scarcely that tolerant spirit, which we should have expected from one of his elevated character, towards those who differed from him. Though, as the world goes, not deficient in it, he certainly was not specially gifted with the grace of charity, but was often inclined to think both evil and dishonesty of those who did not receive the views which he for the moment held. Nothing but his strong affections saved him from being what he abhorred, a bigot to the idea of the hour. He loved freedom and independence; he loved truth also, but he was much less characterized by this, than by a morbid jealousy of being imposed upon by error — two things often confounded, but very unlike, one leading to established faith, and the other, to universal doubt.

He was an accomplished scholar, a musician, and poet, as well as a learned theologian. He was endowed with a remarkable talent for acquiring languages. Very striking proofs of this appear in his writings. It is a common thing for foreigners to be able to speak and write English correctly and with force; but Blanco White attained the mastery of a native over its most delicate idioms and most fugitive poetical associations. He had an active and inquisitive mind, and an insatiable thirst for knowledge, but he was not an original or a profound thinker. He was imaginative rather than logical, and his feelings always exercised great control over his speculations. However active and excursive his mind might be, it was comparatively loose and indiscriminating. This defect of mind exhibits itself even in his style, which, while it has much warmth and ease, where any philosophical discrimination is required, is almost always vague. You are not quite certain what he means. When you would ascertain precisely what his ideas are, you find that there is a certain hazy indefiniteness, almost imperceptible and such as in a careless reading we disregard, which clouds and makes them indistinct.

His writings are valuable chiefly for the light which they throw upon the spirit and influence of the Catholic Church. His character, education and position gave to his testimony on these points the very highest value. We cannot but think that his accounts are to be received with some abatements or rather that the general impression made by them (for we do not doubt the truth of his statements) is darker than it ought to be, but keeping in mind the character of the man and what he had suffered, and making the proper qualifications, we know of no writings so well fitted to show, at least the mischievous parts of Romanism.

The life of Blanco White is a peculiarly suggestive one, and on many accounts well deserves to be studied. It furnishes, in the first place, an illustration of the lasting power of early religious education. His parents were devout Catholics, in the strictest sense of the words. The only object which his father had in view for him, he says, "was to make him religious;" and his mother acted in strict conformity with these views. The greatest pains were taken to cultivate in him the sentiment and habit of devotion. He was kept amidst influences and subjected to a system of excitements and restraints calculated to fill his find with the profoundest awe and reverence for whatever the church associated with religion. In this way, the religious conscience, though it might acquire a distorted and unhealthy action, was thoroughly awakened. The influence of this early education was never lost. The devotional tendency of mind fixed by the habits of early years, continued alike in the midst of formalism and faith and scepticism, and, as the expression of youth often re-appears in the worn and faded features of the corpse of the aged man, the devotion of Blanco White's childhood re-appeared in the decline and closing years of life. sentiments of mystical piety recorded in his journal during this latter period, have only an accidental connection with the views he then held. The roots are to be traced back to the hearthstone of his early home. The living and all-supporting trust in God which accompanied him down the dark valley of the shadow of death, he owed to the teachings and example of pious parents. Without these early influences, all thought of religion would probably have been abandoned from the time when he began to doubt the authority of the Catholic Church.

But while awakening thus the sentiment of devotion, his parents endeavored with equal earnestness to imbue his mind with the tenets, and to bring his life into subjection to the requirements, of Romanism. The consequences of this were such, that we have no doubt that he says truly when he declares:—"The great misfortune of my parents and my own, as far as my happiness depended on their influence, was their implicit obedience to the religion in which they lived and died."

For this reason, we regard his life, in the second place, as furnishing a valuable illustration of the importance of communicating to the young, true views of religion. Had he in addition to the devotional education of childhood been instructed in just views of Christianity. they would probably have mutually supported each other. A faith that met the wants of the mind, as well as the heart, would have been likely to be permanent. His life would not have been exhausted and · made miserable by ceaseless anxiety, doubt and change, and spent in a vain search after established convictions which he never found. He never got over the influence of his early Catholic theological education. more than over that of the religious education of home. It was not only the source for many years of immeasurable wretchedness, but in his struggle with the errors and tyranny of the Romish Church, his mind received a wrench from which it never recovered. Imaginative and sensitive, he became morbidly suspicious of tyranny. Having once believed, what he afterwards discovered to be gross error, during the rest of his life, the moment he arrived at any conclusion, he began to distrust it, as if he feared that he might be practising some delusion on himself. If the early piety cherished in his home was a safeguard and blessing to him all his days, the errors inculcated with it were as permanent in their disastrous influence on his happiness.

The great value, however, of Blanco White's life comes from his fidelity to his convictions, when that fidelity cost him a life-long martyrdom, and from his steady resistance to every form of spiritual oppression with which he was brought into contact, as soon as he became conscious of its existence. He hated tyranny and wrong. He hated the creeds and forms of church government by which mind and conscience are enslaved, as most men hate personal enemies. His affectionate heart loved individuals, and passionately hated the dogmatic systems they adopted. And he had reason for this. More than any other work with which we are acquainted, his Memoirs reveal the horrible evils of the various forms - whether Catholic or Protestant - of religious despotism. He had seen it in Spain, paralyzing the life of his native country, the parent of the grossest superstition and mental inanition, or of scepticism, dissimulation and moral corruption. He saw it in England, paying men for conformity, bribing them to think only in accordance with the recognized standards, punishing those who doubted and honestly uttered doubts, and fettering and hindering and loading with disabilities all who with free minds would promote the progress of truth. He saw and felt the tendency of these influences to degrade especially the highest class of minds, the class on which the moral life of society so much depends. In his life and his writings, he

made ceaseless war upon whatever would put restrictions on the rights of reason and conscience. And when the champions of religious liberty and the freedom of the individual mind are enumerated, Blanco White, both for his fidelity to a great principle, and for his sacrifices, must be placed among those in the foremost rank.

Whatever relations he may be thought to hold to any Christian sect, no one will doubt that his name should be enrolled in the church and company of good men. Whatever changes his opinions underwent, there was no change, except in the way of improvement, in his many excellencies of character. So long as disinterestedness, and uprightness, and a self-sacrificing love of truth and a heart imbued with a childlike trust in God are held in honor, he will be worthy of remembrance. And it is with a thrill of pleasure that in closing the account of his life, we feel that one who was so long a troubled wanderer on the earth, seeking rest and finding none, has at length found that peace of God which passeth understanding, in a world where truth is no longer seen through a glass darkly, but face to face.

TWILIGHT CONVERSATIONS.

'ALLOW me to interrupt this twilight reverie, as you call it; for once think aloud and initiate me into the art of communing with myself at the recess between day and night, without bringing down a cloud of ennui on my head and heart for the rest of the evening. It does not have that effect on you, but you seem to imbibe intellectually the glow and brilliancy of the whole western horizon, and after sitting half an hour in the most abstracted mood, you come out with life and cheerfulness.'

'And so would you, my friend, if, during this recess, as you name it, you would direct your thoughts, when rapt in the admiration of nature, up to Nature's God, and then think of his Spirit within your own bosom—the germ that never dies! Would you not love at this hour, when the avocations of the day are thrown aside, to feel that germ expanding and being etherealized by all that is beautiful about you, to feel your faith and confidence in immortality strengthened—faith in Christ and your own soul made a living principle, which in the darkest hour of human destiny, is a gleam of pure light which never fails to irradiate the trustful mind? But until you feel this, you will not understand me, nor believe that such are the sources of all the cheerfulness upon which you choose to compliment me.'

'It is true, I am not prepared to realize what you say; imagination seems to be an element altogether wanting in the constitution of my mind, and I almost envy those who have such a treasure-house of ideality in their craniums.'

'Believe me, it is not the imagination that supplies us at such moments with the aliment of peace and cheerfulness; had we no surer basis than this, for the hope that is within us, the superstructure would be a frail one, nor could all the substrata of ideality long uphold it. No, the teachings of our Saviour have brought life and immortality to light; let the Scriptures be your study for a little while; search them as the oracles of truth, in which you have a personal interest; read them in reference to your own soul, and you will not long complain that subjects are wanting for lofty contemplation at the hour of solitude and twilight.'

Thank you for your kind suggestions: the incidents of the New Testament have always interested me, but having no spiritual discernment, I supposed faith an attribute of the imagination, rather than a principle founded on facts, enriched and justified by the divine Teacher. I will think more of this matter; but what do you see so beautiful over yonder eastern hills? You have turned from the glory of the setting sun.

'Oh no! the setting sun has always been to me a type of immortality, of the undying soul. We see it sink beneath the horizon, and it seems lost to us forever; but we behold it come again with splendor and rejoicing. Adam and Eve, until taught by experience, must have found their first evening a fearful one, when the glorious sun disappeared, and darkness settled upon their beautiful Paradise; they knew not when to look for its return, if ever. We know that it is the same splendid orb—that its course is never stayed, but onward—onward. So with the soul; to our weak vision it seems to have sunk with its frail tenement to the earth. But it is not so; it has gone to complete its circle of eternity, and as one "star differeth from another in glory," so each will fill its orbit in the spiritual firmament of our blessed Redeemer. But just then, I was admiring the leafless trees, dreary objects when the earth is sere; but now their graceful proportions, and the fine tracery of their out-spread branches against the snow-clad hills, look as if Nature were pencilling a new creation.'

'How blessed are those who find beauty everywhere; you see it in the majestic sadness of winter, as well as in the blander charms of spring and summer.'



^{&#}x27;Yes, and as I turn from them, I see it in

[&]quot;Thine eyes of gray —
The soft gray of the brooding dove,

Full of the sweet and tender ray Of holy love.'

The Divine Artist is seen in all; and as Judd says, somewhere in Margaret:—"New England! I love it. I love its earth and its sky, and the souls of its people. * I love the old folks and the children. I love the enterprise of its youth and honorable toil of its manhood. I love its snows and its grass, its forest, and its hickory fires;" and you, the lover of social chat, must regret that 'hickory fires' have given place to the luxurious furnace, which obviates both the necessity and habit of clustering around the shining hearth, at this dim hour, to while away the recess you now seem to dread.'

'True; give me back the open fireplace, the polished andirons, and crackling wood; the family-group, and the unrestraint at that time, both of the old and young which prompted 'the feast of reason, and the flow of soul.' But it ill befits me to complain now, after your allowing (so kindly) my intrusion into your favorite niche, and opening a vista to my benighted spirit, to such high and lofty contemplation. Already I begin to feel a new life within me, and can partly realize what the author from whom you have just quoted, has said in speaking of Christ. "As by a conjuror's touch he shall awaken the dead soul of the world. His Divine Spirit propagating itself, the image of God shall re-appear in the face of man. He, the Heavenly Sculptor, works on rocky souls, and with his chisel fashions a form of immortal beauty. Thousands upon thousands heard his voice and lived. The stately Pharisee, the unknown rustic, and the despised foreigner, became his converts. To his resurrection from sin and sense, fashion and fortune, multitudes strove to attain; many vied in his crucifixion; by the new and living way through the veil, that is, the flesh; the carnal and self-indulgent denied themselves, to enter." This seems to have come to my recollection almost like inspiration.'

'The impression was a favorable one on your mind; we meet with a great deal that is truthful in Margaret, notwithstanding the pruning-knife was too much neglected. It is like a beautiful garden gone to ruin, and overgrown with rank weeds, among which we occasionally find some rare and lovely flowers. There is life and originality in the delineations of scenes and character; but less exhibition of the super-stitious and narrow-minded, the low and demoralizing, would have shown us their evil tendencies; and contrasted, with none the less effect, with the kindling fires of true wisdom and benevolence, on the altar of religion pure and undefiled. The lights are coming, but we will have more hereafter, on "The soul's importance, and the vast concerns of an eternal scene."

INTELLIGENCE.

Installation of Rev. W. G. Babcock, recently of Providence, over the First Church and Society in Lunenburg, took place on Wednesday, May 12, 1847. The services were as follows:—Introductory Prayer, by Rev. Mr. Withington of Leominster; Reading of the Scriptures, by Rev. Mr. Chandler of Shirley; Sermon, by Rev. Mr. Gray of Boston; Prayer of Installation, by Rev. Dr. Frothingham of Boston; Charge, by Rev. Mr. Lincoln of Fitchburg; Right Hand of Fellowship, by Rev. Mr. Osgood of Cohasset; Address to the People, by Rev. Mr. Smith of Groton; Concluding Prayer, by Rev. Mr. Babbidge of Pepperell.

ANNIVERSARIES.

BOOK AND PAMPHLET SOCIETY. — At the annual meeting, held April 26, 1847, the following gentlemen were elected officers for the ensuing year: — Lewis G. Pray, President; Francis Alger, Vice President; A. H. Sumner, Treasurer; S. G. Simpkins, Secretary; Francis Brown, Charles Faulkner, and D. R. Chapman, Executive Committee. Judge Rogers declined re-election as President of the Society; a vote of thanks was tendered to him for his past services. The annual sermon was preached May 23, in the evening, at the Federal Street Church, by Rev. H. W. Bellows of New York.

Seciety for Promotine Theological Education.—The anniversary was held on Monday, May 24, and the following officers were elected:—Hon. James Savage, President; Rev. Francis Parkman, D. D., Treasurer; Rev. George E. Ellis, Secretary; Samuel May, Esq., George B. Emerson, Esq., Rev. E. S. Gannett, D. D., Rev. George Putnam, D. D., Rev. Cyrus A. Bartol, Hon. Stephen C. Phillips, Directors.

Society for Promotine Christian Knowledge, Piety and Charity.—
The anniversary was held on Monday, May 24, and the following officers were elected:—Rev. Francis Parkman, D. D., President; Rev. Samuel Barrett, Vice President; Rev. Alexander Young, Secretary; William T. Andrews, Esq., Treasurer; Samuel May, Esq., Auditor; Rev. Joseph Allen, Rev. James Walker, D. D., Rev. George Putnam, D. D., Rev. F. D. Huntington, Rev. Amos Smith, Trustees.

MORNING CONFERENCE MEETINGS.—Three of these occasions were observed by Unitarian Christians this year, as usual, in very large numbers. Many quickening and elevating words were spoken, hymns were sung, and a delightful spirit of harmony, peace, zeal, devotion and love, pervaded the assemblies.

24.

MASSACHUSETTS CONGREGATIONAL CHARITABLE SOCIETY. — The meeting was held on Monday, May 24, and the Report of the Treasurer was read. A letter was received from Hon. Peter C. Brooks, declining a re-election to the office of President, and enclosing a note of five hundred dollars in aid of the funds. A vote of thanks to Mr. Brooks, for his official services, and for his generous donation, was passed unanimously. The following persons were elected officers: — Hon. Chief Justice Shaw, President; Hon. Edward Everett, Vice President; Rev. Francis Parkman, D. D., Secretary; Hon. James Savage, Treasurer; Hon's. Josiah Quincy, Peter C. Brooks, Jonathan Phillips, Daniel A. White, Abbot Lawrence, John A. Lowell, Esq., and Rev. John Codman, D. D., Councillors. Hon. Richard Sullivan was chosen a member of the Society, in place of Andrew Ritchie, Esq., resigned.

Society for Aiding Discharged Convicts.—A meeting of this most excellent and truly humane Association was held at the Masonic Temple, on Sunday evening, May 23. An able and thorough Report was presented by Walter Channing, M. D., the President. Addresses were made by Rev. Lewis Dwight, and J. A. Andrew, Esq. The Society have aided, during the past year, one hundred and three discharged prisoners.

Unitarian Collation. — At two o'clock, on Tuesday, May 25, an immense company of ladies and gentlemen sat down to the entertainment provided by the liberality of the laymen of Boston, in the Hall over the railroad depot in Haymarket Square. A short address was made by W. D. Coolidge, Esq., the Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements; a blessing was invoked by Rev. F. T. Gray, and, after the dishes were removed, thanks were returned by Rev. J. I. T. Coolidge. An original hymn was sung; and George S. Hillard, Esq., the President of the Day, rose and offered an eloquent introductory address. He adverted to the important benefits growing out of a frank, cordial, manly relation and intercourse between laymen and ministers. He reproved the habit of indiscriminately and unreasonably censuring the clergy, formerly more prevalent perhaps than now, — either for a deficiency of graces or gifts. He exhibited in a beautiful strain of fervent feeling, the superiority of the genuine spirit of Christian love and humanity over the dogmas that divide one sect from another; and he called attention to the glaring inconsistency displayed at this moment, by our own nation, in claiming the Christian name, while its unbaptized right arm is dealing death and suffering within the territory of a sister, Christian republic. — We have not room to present the frequent felicities and rhetorical brilliances that were interspersed in the speech of Mr. Hillard. They are doubtless preserved in the recollection of the delighted audience that welcomed and applauded him. - Dr. Pierce related a humorous anecdote, and proposed the singing of the next hymn, -a piece of great poetical merit, by Rev. C. T. Brooks, to the air of "Auld Lang Syne."

Dr. Parkman, being called upon, read, with some appropriate observations, a most interesting letter from Rev. Dr. Montgomery of Ireland, replying to an invitation extended by the Committee of this occasion, through Dr. Parkman, soliciting the attendance of our brethren abroad, at our anniversaries, and declining on account of the distresses arising from the famine, requiring the presence of every minister at his post of duty at home. - Rev. Mr. Sanger rose to express his gratitude for the excellent lay-sermon of the President, and to say that he felt disposed to do as good parishioners sometimes do, - ask that the same sermon might be repeated on some future occasion, - provided a new one equally good should not be forthcoming. - Rev. F. A. Farley made some amusing observations on the qualifications of a minister's wife, and read a pleasant satire on the exacting and ridiculous demands often laid upon her petience, her good nature, her devotion, and her energies. - Rev. Mr. Fisher, minister of the Irish Protestant Society in Boston, a native of Ireland, conveyed to the assembly his grateful sense of the kindness with which he had been received by Unitarians in this country, and gave an encouraging account of the condition and prospects of Liberal Christianity in Ireland. - When Mr. Fisher sat down, the President called the attention of the company to a flag that had just been unrolled behind him, presented by citizens of Cork, Ireland, to Capt. R. B. Forbes, on his recent embassy of Christian mercy in the Jamestown, to the Irish sufferers, representing embematically the kindly office borne by the United States to a sister country. Mr. Hillard read an address sent by the citizens of Cork to the Mayor and Aldermen of Boston, and then proposed this sentiment, "The Jamestown, and her benevolent mission, - the eagle with the olive branch in its beak." Capt. Forbes immediately came forward, and being saluted with universal, renewed and prolonged outbursts of enthusiasm, made a happy address, touching on some of the incidents of his recent mission, and referring to very affecting facts connected with the present dearth. A letter from a distinguished person in Cork was also read by the Chairman. A complimentary sentiment was proposed, to Capt. Forbes. - Rev. Mr. Cordner of Montreal spoke with much spirit in vindication of his Irish countrymen, ascribing their degraded condition to misrule and oppression. - Rev. Mr. Bellows of New York touched on the importance of an enlightened attachment to distinctive theological doctrines, and the presentment of such doctrines, as the basis of all genuine philanthropy, and all the enterprises of love. Music was performed by a select choir. Rev. Mr. Waterston paid an earnest tribute to our missionaries at the West, and especially to the memory of the devoted Rev. George Moore. - Father Taylor, alluding to a remark incidentally falling from Mr. Bellows, that the former might possibly become a passenger in the "Macedonian," a vessel about to sail from New York, with another freight of charity, - poured out a torrent of his impassioned declamation; he is the most unreportable speaker on earth, and always throws the craft into utter confusion. He exhorted to union, fidelity, zeal, and avowed his unutterable and inextinguishable affection for Boston. A closing hymn was then sung, and on motion. it was voted that the Committee of Arrangements be requested to serve in the same capacity another year. The assembly dispersed at six o'clock.

MINISTERIAL CONFERENCE. - The Conference opened at half past eight o'clock on Wednesday morning, May 26, at the chapel of the "Church of the Saviour" in Bedford Street, and was called to order by the Scribe. Prayer was offered by Rev. Mr. Moore of Duxbury. The annual address was delivered to a large and interested audience by Rev. Mr. Barrett of Boston. His subject was, "The Relation of Liberal Christianity to this Age and this Country." On motion of Rev. A. Hill, thanks were voted to Rev. Mr. Barrett, and a copy of his address was requested for the press. The Conference then organized by the election of the following officers: - Moderator, Rev. F. Parkman, D. D.; Seribe, Rev. F. D. Huntington; Executive Committee, Rev. G. E. Ellis, Rev. J. F. Clarke, Rev. G. W. Briggs. Rev. Dr. Thompson, having been requested to act as Moderator, declined. The records of the last annual meeting were read by the Scribe. In obedience to instructions given the preceding year, the Executive Committee reported on the subject of a name for the Conference, and recommended that, in consideration of the fact that the meetings are now held, not on Berry Street, and furthermore that there is no street now known as Berry Street in the city - " Berry " having been exchanged for " Channing " the name by which the Conference shall be henceforth known, is "The Ministerial Conference." 'The report was adopted. The Committee also reported on another topic referred to them, viz., the hour of the annual meeting, and the report was adopted. A series of subjects for discussion was proposed by the Scribe, and the selection of one or more of them was left to the body. Resolutions were also introduced by Rev. B. Frost, Rev. Theodore Parker, Rev. E. B. Hall, Rev. J. F. Clarke, and Rev. S. Osgood, and laid on the table, subject to a future call. Other business gave place for a time to a motion by Rev. J. H. Morison, "That this is not an Ecclesiastical Association for the passing of resolutions, but a Ministerial Conference for the discussion of subjects." After remarks in its favor by Rev. Mr. Bartol, Dr. Pierce, Mr. C. Palfrev. Mr. T. Hill, Mr. C. Robbins, Dr. Gannett, Mr. Ellis, Mr. Sanger, and Mr. Thayer, on the ground that the order expressed the original intention of the body, and also that the contrary doctrine must often compromise the independence, the freedom, the individuality of members; and remarks in opposition by Rev. Messrs. Stetson, J. F. Clarke, Frost, and Parker, on the ground that a resolution was a mere expression of opinion, - the order was passed. Rev. A. P. Peabody submitted a motion that the Executive Committee should be instructed to include in their next annual report a copy of the Constitution of the Conference; and this motion was adopted. — Subsequently, the following question, one of those reported by the Executive Committee, was made the subject of discuscussion: "What is the comparative importance to the preacher, of social reform on the one hand, and the spiritual regeneration of the individual on the other; or. Can the promotion of the one be shown to be in effect the promotion of the other?" Observations on this topic were made by Rev. Nathaniel Whitman and Rev. Mr. Stetson. On motion of Rev. S. D. Robbins, it was voted that this subject subside, and any member be allowed to propose or call up any topic of interest to him. On motion of Rev. Mr. Snow, it was voted that the following question, proposed by the Committee, be entertained by the meeting, viz. "Does the power of admission to what is called church-membership, or to the

Lord's Supper, and the power of exclusion from it, reside in any man, or body of men; and if so, by what tests shall the exercise of that power be determined, in individual cases?" This question was spoken to by Rev. Mr. Dall, Rev. Mr. Huntoon, Rev. R. C. Stone, Rev. Mr. Snow, and Rev. C. Palfrey. Rev. Dr. Parkman having been obliged to withdraw before the close of the meeting, Rev. Mr. Sanger was chosen Moderator in his place. At one o'clock, adjourned.

CONVENTION OF CONGREGATIONAL MINISTERS. - This body met in the Supreme Court Room, on Wednesday, May 26, at five o'clock, P. M. Prayer was offered by the Moderator, Rev. Parsons Cook, the Preacher for the present year; Rev. N. Adams was elected Scribe; Rev. S. K. Lothrop, Treasurer. The report of the Central Committee was read by Rev. Dr. Pierce, giving a statement of the appropriations of assistance for the year, and accepted. The report of the Treasurer was read and accepted. The report of the Trustees of the Monis Fund was read by Rev. Dr. Parkman, and accepted. A communication was received and read from a committee of the "Pastoral Association." suggesting and requesting that a committee of twelve persons, six of the Orthodox, and six of the Unitarian denomination, be appointed to investigate the mutual relations and rights of the Unitarian and Orthodox portions of this Convention. A vote was passed accordingly, and on this committee were appointed, Rev. Dr. Storrs, Rev. Dr. Holmes, Rev. Mr. Albro, Rev. N. Adams, Rev. Mr. Aiken, Rev. Sewall Harding, Rev. Dr. Gannett, Rev. Dr. Frothingham, Rev. Mr. Lothrop, Rev. G. E. Ellis, Rev. Dr. Young, and Rev. C. Robbins. — The Convention Sermon was preached in the church at Brattle Square, by Rev. Parsons Cook, on Thursday at eleven o'clock. . The Second Preacher elected this year was Rev. Dr. Ide, - Rev. Dr. Gannett being the First.

AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION. - The annual meeting for business was called to order in the chapel of the "Church of the Saviour," on Tuesday morning, May 25, at nine o'clock, by Hon. Richard Sullivan, the presiding officer. Prayers were offered by Rev. S. Osgood. The records were read by the General Secretary, Rev. Charles Briggs. In compliance with a call, the Act of Incorporation, obtained during the last session of the Legislature, was read by the Assistant Secretary, Rev. S. K. Lothrop. Some desultory discussion arose on the legality of the present meeting, with relation to the acceptance of the Act. The meeting being decided to have not been legally called to that end, it was voted to proceed to consider the expediency of accepting the Act, and of the adoption of a new constitution, leaving the final action to a future meeting; and, on motion, it was then unanimously voted that it is expedient to accept the Act. A constitution was submitted in behalf of the Executive Committee, embracing certain changes in the organization of the Association and the modes of its operation. One of these related to the introduction of Life-Directorships, such directorships to be held on condition of the payment of one hundred dollars. Remarks were made by several gentlemen, for, and against, the measure. Its mercenary aspect and its concession to the

money-power were objected to; while it was advocated as a legitimate source of revenue, and as a means of increasing the interest and influence of the body. The measure was rejected. It was then voted to recommend as the board of officers of the incorporated Association, a President, a Vice President, a Secretary, a Treasurer, and five Directors; thereby making the office of President one of active labor, and abolishing the office of Assistant Secretary, and reducing the large number of Vice Presidents to one. Pending the consideration of provisions respecting the office of General Secretary, adjourned to meet in Berry Street, at six o'clock, P. M.

At the adjourned meeting in the Berry Street Vestry, at six o'clock, P. M., the Annual Report of the Treasurer was presented and accepted, and the subject laid over from the discussion of the morning was resumed. The short time was spent in some unimportant action on provisions concerning the office of General Secretary.

At the adjourned meeting on Wednesday, at three o'clock, P. M., in the chapel on Bedford Street, Hon. Stephen Fairbanks in the chair, the subject of the new constitution, under the Act of Incorporation, was continued. The debate resulted in the recommendation, on the part of the Association, of a constitution of eight articles, to the Incorporation. A committee of eight persons was appointed to nominate officers, to be proposed, for election, to the incorporated Association. Meantime, Rev. S. May, after some remarks, offered three resolutions, drawn in decided and strong terms, condemnatory of slavery as an altogether unchristian and sinful institution, deserving the reprobation of this Association; declaring that no slaveholder ought to be elected to any office or agency in the gift of this Association. Pending the reception of these resolutions, the Association adjourned, to meet on Thursday morning at nine o'clock, at the same place.

On Thursday morning, Rev. Mr. May's resolutions were taken up, and discussed by Rev. G. E. Ellis, Rev. Mr. May, Rev. Dr. Parkman, Rev. E. B. Hall and Rev. Mr. Frost. The resolutions were laid on the table, while the committee on the nomination of officers reported. A nomination list was then opened for the addition of any other names; and the following officers were chosen to be recommended to the incorporated Association. Rev. E. S. Gannett, D. D., President; Hon. Stephen Fairbanks, Vice President; Rev. William G. Elliot, Secretary; Rev. Ephraim Peabody, Rev. F. D. Huntington. Rev. J. W. Thompson, Isaiah Bangs, Esq., and Lewis G. Pray, Esq., Directors; H. P. Fairbanks, Esq., Treasurer. A committee consisting of Rev. F. A. Farley, Rev. Mr. Coolidge, and H. P. Fairbanks, Esq., appointed for the purpose, reported that the salary of the Secretary should be fixed at the sum of two thousand dollars; and their report was adopted. The Executive Committee were directed by the Association to take into their very favorable consideration the subject of a wider dissemination of tracts, pamphlets and books. Mr. May's resolutions were then ably discussed by Rev. Mr. Stetson, Rev. Mr. Parker, Rev. Mr. Furness, Rev. Mr. Hedge, Rev. Mr. Clarke, Rev. G. W. Briggs, G. W. Warren, Eeq., Rev. Mr. May, Rev. Mr. Bulfinch, Rev. E. B. Hall, Rev. Jason Whitman, Rev. F. A. Farley, Hon. Stephen C. Phillips, and Rev. David Reed. When the question was taken, the first of the Resolutions was adopted,

and the second was laid upon the table. Francis Alger, Esq., offered a resolution to the effect that the Executive Committee should be instructed to present to every College and Theological Seminary in the United States, a complete copy of its publications, in plain and durable binding. The subject was referred to the Executive Committee. The Association then adjourned sine die.

Public Meetine of the Association.—On Tuesday evening the Federal Street Church was filled to the utmost, many persons standing in the aisles and about the pulpit and door throughout the exercises. The chair being taken by Hon. Richard Sullivan, music was performed by the choir, and prayer was offered by Rev. Mr. Furness of Philadelphia. Rev. Charles Briggs, the General Secretary, then read the Annual Report, for the details of which we refer the reader to the forthcoming tract of the Association. In connexion with the Report, a series of Resolutions were proposed by Rev. F. D. Huntington in behalf of the Executive Committee, as follows:—

1. Resolved, That the position and principles of the Unitarian body should lead them to manifest an active interest in all the humane enterprises of the present day, which promise to remove the great evils under which mankind now suffer.

2. Resolved, That for the correction of many false tendencies which may be exhibited in the public measures and governmental policy of the nation, hostile to the establishment of freedom, righteousness and peace, and demoralizing to the community, we can look to no surer means, than the infusion of the elevated sentiments of the Christian faith into the minds and hearts of all

public men, and the officers of the Republic.

3. Resolved, That one of the most effective methods of extending the knowledge and the spiritual influence of Liberal Christianity, is by the distribution of the printed works of able and devoted Unitarian men, writers, scholars and preachers. That the state of the times, the reading habits of all classes of the people, the extensive diffusion of a corrupting literature, and of an erroneous theology, lay an especial demand on the friends of truth to give new prominence and importance to this instrumentality, in order to counteract the vitiating effects either of an unprincipled or a prejudiced press; while the multiplied facilities of communication, and the abundance of excellent tracts and volumes now in the possession of our body, as well as of living authors among us, afford the most favorable opportunity for its enlarged exercise throughout the country.

throughout the country.

4. Resolved, That the wide limits and the ever-increasing population of the newly-settled districts of our Western country, as well as the active and zealous efforts of our fellow-believers in the Old World, and especially in England and Ireland, furnish the most conclusive reasons for renewed exertions to bind together all Liberal Christians, from East to West, in a united brother-hood, and for the cultivation of a cordial, affectionate spirit between them.

5. Resolved, That the condition of our treasury and the unusual opportunities now offered for spreading Liberal Christianity, through our various agencies, require more strenuous endeavors on the part of ministers and laymen, to

increase the funds, and the annual income of the Association.

6. Resolved, That the foremost design and adaptation, of the Unitarian faith, is to awaken and regenerate from sin the individual heart, to form the individual character, to guide the individual life, and to educate religiously and morally a generation of wise, generous, devout, high-principled, Christian men.

Rev. Dr. Nichols of Portland, Me., moved the acceptance of the Report of the Committee, and in a clear and able speech advocated the superiority of Unitarian Christianity over other forms of faith, as the great agent of human progress, as securing individual freedom and conviction - the principle of "think, and let think," - and consequently that variety, which evidently forms a part of the design of Providence. He also adverted in an emphatic manner to the liberalizing influence that has gone abroad from the Unitarian theology to raise and refine the systems and the spirit of other sects. Rev. Mr Furness followed Dr. Nichols, beginning with a grateful and reverential tribute to the memory of Dr. Channing, by whose pulpit he was standing; and then proceeding to show how Liberal Christianity works, and is to work, in the heart of the world, by the humanizing power of its principles, by the greatness of its sympathies, the depth and sincerity of its love, and by its rebuke of the injustices that deprave mankind: how it labors to extinguish sensualities, slaveries and wars: how it is an influence and not a machine, a spirit and not a form, a life and not a system of speculative dogmas. If Unitarianism is going down, as some men say, it is because Trinitarianism, and sectarianism of all kinds, is going down. The importance of our theology, the necessity of a reformed and correct belief, respecting the nature of God the Father and of man his child, in order to any practical righteousness, and some of the mischievous effects of the Calvinistic creed, were presented by Rev. Mr. Frost of Concord. Clarke of Boston related an allegory from the works of Confucius, going to show that a wrong theology does as much harm by its influence on the faith of its opposers, obscuring the real golden mean of truth from them, driving them to extremes, and provoking them to unreasonableness, as by narrowing the views of its professors. He also gave some striking examples of the results of distributing our works, and especially the writings of Dr. Channing in remote parts of the country. Rev. Mr. Bellows of New York, spoke to the Resolution embracing this last topic, and vindicated a doctrinal literature, and the promulgation of a distinctive theology. He would speak with respect of systems that have stood so long and exercised so much sway as those we oppose, though the time has come for them to decline. He would throw all the strength of our gifted and learned minds into the work of illustrating, defending and enforcing, a correct religious belief, and the chief resources and energies of the denomination into the circulation of Unitarian works. The time would come when the name of a living author, Andrews Norton, would rank side by side with that of William Ellery Channing. Rev. Mr. Bulfinch of Nashua, N. H., offered some valuable. and interesting thoughts on the powerful agency of a right disposition of brotherhood in establishing right doctrine. Those Resolutions bearing upon the Reform of Social Life, and the iniquity of some national measures, were earnestly advocated by Rev. Mr. Hall of Providence, R. I., who called upon all teachers of Liberal Christianity, to make themselves foremost and faithful in resisting the appalling sins that threaten and already disgrace the country. After the Report and Resolutions had been fully adopted by the meeting, the Doxology was sung, and the assembly retired.

COMMUNION SERVICE. — On Thursday evening, the solemn and soothing ordinance of the Lord's Supper was administered, as the benediction of the week, in the Federal Street Church. The services were conducted by Rev. Mr. Hill of Worcester, and Rev. Mr. Hosmer of Buffalo, N. Y.

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PRACTICAL INFIDELITY.

BY REV. JASON WHITMAN.

My DEAR FRIEND - You seemed surprised, the other day, to hear me speak as strongly as I did, in regard to the prevalent infidelity of our day, and of our community. And you expressed an earnest desire that I would avail myself of an early opportunity to give you my views upon the subject, more distinctly and fully than I could at that time, in a desultory and brief conversation. As I now attempt to comply with your request, let me assure you that I did not employ those words, "The prevalent infidelity of the day," without thought and reflection. For I most sincerely believe that there is, widely prevalent in the community, at the present time, a latent, but paralyzing spirit of unbe-In whatever direction I look, I perceive indications of its existence, and of its deleterious influence. I meet with these indications in the Christian Church, technically so called, as well as out of it; and among those who would gladly be regarded as the friends of religion, as well as among those who openly avow themselves its opposers. I allude not to any disbelief of the fact of Christ's existence, nor of the historic truth of the Christian records. I allude not to any disbelief of the heavenly origin, nor yet to any speculative doubts, even, of the divine authority, of our holy religion. There is, I am aware, infidelity on these points in the community. But it is much less extensive, and much less deleterious in its influences, than the infidelity to which I have alluded. Do you ask in what this infidelity consists? I answer that it consists in a disbelief of our Saviour's qualifications as a teacher,

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and in the practical denial of the adaptation of his instructions to the existing condition of society, and the ordinary wants of men.

My position, then, you perceive, is, that there are many in the community - nay, more, that there are some among the professed followers of the Lord Jesus, - who have no real, living, controlling belief in him whom they call Lord and Master, as one well qualified to give instruction, either in regard to the great purpose of life, or for the guidance of the daily conduct. I might refer, in proof of my position, to the fact, which must be obvious to every one, that the state of society in professedly Christian communities, falls far, very far below the standard of the New Testament. But should I refer to this obvious fact, it might be said that this is to be accounted for on other grounds than want of faith. I will refer, therefore, to the more startling - if not equally obvious - fact, that men, who profess to be the friends of religion, will indirectly avow the very disbelief to which I have alluded, by speaking in terms of contempt and ridicule of any one who is honestly endeavoring to render unreserved, universal, and conscientious obedience to all Christ's instructions.

What, for example, are the instructions of our heaven-sent Saviour in regard to the true purpose of life? If I am not much mistaken, one great object of Christianity, in regard to each individual, is to change the purpose of life, to elevate the motives of action, and to transfer the affections from the objects upon which they are usually fastened, to other and higher and holier objects. The revelations of the Gospel change the whole appearance of life, and of all its various scenes and labors. They open within us, if I may so speak, a spiritual vision. To the natural eye, the objects of sense, the honors and possessions of this world seem to be the great and important realities. the spiritual vision, the spirit, its developement, welfare and interests are the only enduring realities. To the natural eye, men's places of business, their stores, shops or farms are only scenes of labor and effort, put forth for the purpose of securing the comforts of life, or of accumulating the riches of earth. To the spiritual vision, these places become the scenes of spiritual exercises and conflicts, of spiritual progress or of spiritual deterioration. The true purpose of life, according to the Gospel, if I understand it aright, is to promote the improvement of the spirit, in all Christian graces and virtues, and in that way prepare the soul for the enjoyment of God. He who has a living faith in the Saviour, a faith which shapes the very purposes of his being, will feel that wealth, that honor, that any or all the possessions of life are nothing, in themselves considered - that the question, for example, whether he shall be a poor man or a rich man, is one, in itself, of very little consequence, in its relation to his highest spiritual interests. But be will, at the same time, feel, and feel deeply, too, that the question whether he will so improve the circumstances of either wealth or poverty, in which he may be placed, as to make them minister to his spiritual growth, is one, which in view of the capacities and duration of his spiritual nature, is of the utmost importance. Suppose, then, that a young man, of amiable disposition, of pleasing manners, and of commanding talents, become fully imbued with the spirit of the Gospel, and consecrate himself entirely and unreservedly to the service of God and the cultivation of the spiritual life. And suppose, too, that, as the natural consequence of this self-consecration to the service of God and the higher interests of the soul, he foregoes opportunities which might otherwise have been enjoyed for gaining riches or securing honor. Would not many in the community, would not some professing Christians, so called, regard that young man as a fanatic, as beside himself; or at least, as acting a very foolish part? The young man may say to them, "I honestly believe that Christ teaches that we should live for the spirit, that the promotion of the best interests of the spirit should be the supreme object of desire and of effort; that whenever the interests of the world come in conflict with the interests of the soul. the former are to be at once and without hesitation sacrificed to the latter." The young man may tell them all this, and may prove to them the correctness of his position by the instructions of the New Testament, and still they will look upon him and will speak of him with contempt, and will regard him as beside himself in living for the eternal interests of the soul, rather than for the fleeting things of earth. They will even admit the correctness of his views of the tenor and force of Christ's instructions, when considered in the abstract, while yet they will regard his conscientious obedience to these instructions, in the ordinary pursuits and the daily walk of life, as the part of folly. And is there not, I ask, in all this, a strong indication of the want of a living faith in Christ, as one well qualified to give appropriate instructions in regard to the true purpose of life; a latent, but paralyzing infidelity?

The same infidelity is manifested in regard to some of the essential truths of the Gospel, when viewed in the light of important practical principles. One of the great central truths of the Gospel is the common brotherhood of the whole human family amid all its varieties of form and color and race. Our Saviour teaches us to overlook the narrow limits of nation and race, and the superficial distinctions of form and color, and to regard all men as our brethren, children alike of one common Father. It is upon this great principle that many of his practi-

cal instructions are based. If we were to kneel, in company with any of the human family, with the tawny savage, or with the dark-skinned negro, for the purpose of lifting our voices in unison with theirs in prayer to God, the one common address which would flow alike from all our lips, would be, "Our Father who art in heaven." And does not that prayer, "Our Father," as it rises in sweet harmony from the lips of men of all races and all colors, bind them most closely together in the indissoluble bonds of a common spiritual brotherhood?

But suppose we attempt to practise upon this great central truth of the Gospel, and urge men to regulate their treatment of their fellowmen by the thought that all are brethren of the same family, and children of the same Father. Suppose that we point out the inconsistency of slavery or of war with this great truth, and show, as we easily may, that neither can exist where it is embraced with a hearty and a living faith. Should we not be denounced by many who enrol themselves as the followers of the Lord Jesus, as crazy fanatics? Indeed, we need not resort to supposition. We may appeal to fact. Are not those, who are at this time pleading for the immediate emancipation of the slave, those who contend that the spirit and the practice of war are utterly inconsistent with the spirit of the Gospel, denounced by many who regard themselves as good Christians, as crazy fanatics? Suppose, still farther, that we show, as we certainly can, that the traffic in intoxicating drinks is utterly inconsistent with the belief of this great central truth of the Gospel, the common brotherhood of man, and basing our exhortations upon Christian instructions, entreat our neighbor to refrain from a pursuit which he must know is dealing death around upon his brethren, should we not be, nay, are we not denounced as meddlesome fanatics? And yet what have we done? All admit that the Gospel teaches the common brotherhood of man. And most men express their admiration of this truth, of its beauty and sublimity, when viewed in the abstract. But men are nowhere to be found in the abstract, and it is absurd to talk about their being brethren in the abstract. If the common brotherhood of the human family be a truth, it must be so in its application to men as they are found upon the face of the earth, of different nations, different races and different complexions. And if there be any value in this truth, it is valuable not merely as the statement of a fact, but as the enunciation of a principle, from which important practical inferences are drawn. If our Father in Heaven has seen fit to make known, through Christ, as an important truth, the common brotherhood of man, it was because he would have his children treat each other as brethren. Proceeding, then, upon this Gospel principle, we say to our fellow-man, that dark-skinned African,

who has been robbed of himself, whom thou art holding in bondage, and whom thou regardest as a part of thy chattels, to be sold with thy horses and thy mules, that man, we say to him, is thy brother, and asks at thy hand a brother's treatment. We say to rulers, to the general at the head of his army, and to the army itself, when drawn up in battle array, "That opposing army whose ranks you are anxious to mow down with the instrument of death, is only a band of your own brethren, children of the same common Father, members of the same spiritual family. It may be, that with your present feelings they may seem to you enemies. But if you will only put the Gospel-telescope to your eye and view them through the Christian lens, they will be brought near to you, and will be magnified into spiritual beings, and will seem only brethren, to be treated with fraternal kindness and love." And so too, we say to him who is engaged in the traffic in intoxicating drinks, "That man whom thou art helping to reduce to a condition ten-fold worse than death, by administering, for gain, to his deprayed appetite, that man," we say to him, "is thy brother, entitled to receive at thine hand a brother's watchful care, a brother's self-sacrificing love." And yet, for simply saying this, for urging men to practise upon what they themselves admit to be the great and important principles of the Gospel, we are denounced as beside ourselves, as ultraists and fanatics. And does not this state of public sentiment in regard to slavery, war and intemperance, indicate a great want of faith in the adaptation of the principles of the Gospel to the existing condition of society and the actual wants of men?

It is the same in regard to important practical precepts. Our Saviour says, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, that do ve unto them." This all admit to be a precept of the Gospel. Men profess to admire its inherent beauty, and its perfect completeness as a theoretical principle, and they delight to hear it dwelt upon and urged home upon the hearts and consciences, as long as it is done in general terms and without particular applications. But in what does the beauty of this precept consist? Is it not in its adaptation to the daily practice of life, to the ordinary relations and intercourse of society? I have said that all admit this to be a Gospel principle. But if so, is it not binding upon the followers of Christ, and binding upon them in regard to the details of their conduct? It was intended, as I sincerely believe, to be taken by every Christian, as the guide of his conduct in all the various social relations and intercourse of life. We say, therefore, to the merchant, "Take this principle, of doing to others as thou wouldst have others do to thee, into thy store and behind thy counter, as the guide of all thy representations and all thy dealings there." We say VOL. IV. 25*

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to the mechanic, "Take it with thee to thy place of labor, and let it prompt thee to all that faithfulness in thy work which thou wouldst thyself desire in the mechanic whom thou mightest thyself employ." We say to the farmer, "Take it with thee, as thou carriest the productions of thy farm to the market, and let it prompt thee to give, in quality and in measure, what thou wouldst desire, wert thou thyself the purchaser." But when we attempt to apply this principle thus particularly, we are called ultraists, and are told that men must starve if they attempt to carry this principle out into all the daily transactions of business; that it is beautiful in theory, but that it is not adapted to the store, the workshop or the market. And what, I ask, is this but the rankest infidelity? what but saying, in reality, though in other words, that our Saviour was a beautiful theorizer, but was utterly unqualified to give instructions adapted to the daily and ordinary wants of men?

Still further, the Saviour directs that, when one cheek is smitten, no feelings of revenge shall be cherished, but that the other cheek shall be turned to the smiter. This language, it is true, is figurative. But, if not understood in its literal import, can it be regarded in any other light than as inculcating a peaceful spirit of forbearance? But, suppose that an individual should adopt the principle implied in this precept as the guide of life, simply to the extent authorized by the apostle, when he says, "As much as lieth in you live peaceably with all men." And suppose that, in obedience to this principle, he suffers insults and injuries to pass him unnoticed, that when reviled, he reviles not in return, and seeks in all things to render good for evil, blessing for cursing. Would he not be regarded by many as manifesting a great want of true manliness of spirit, and as acting a very foolish part? Would it not be said - is it not said - that these notions of peace and forbearance are beautiful in theory, but that they are utterly inapplicable to the present overbearing and contentious world? does not this bring us back to the same want of faith in Jesus the' Teacher, as its cause? I have thus explained what I meant by the "prevalent infidelity of the day," and endeavored, by a reference to the known state of the Christian community, to substantiate the position that there is much of this practical infidelity in professedly Christian communities, and that it is daily and hourly exerting a paralyzing influence upon the power of the Gospel over men's hearts and lives. There are other important views nearly connected with these, which I hope to present at some future time.

Very truly yours.

THE SHIP JAMESTOWN.

A SONNET FROM THE GERMAN OF FRANCIS LIEBER.

April, 1847.

I saw, in dream, Herodotus appear,

His pencil handing me. — Shall I portray
Fresh victories — wars, both near and far away —
The soldier's conflict and the mother's tear?
How skill and knowledge make alliance here;
That Nature, tamed, must Mind's clear might obey,
And Time and Pain, old conquerors, own his sway;—
There Hunger's horrors at his sceptre jeer?
My master spake; — Such deeds of proud emprise,
Such mighty woes, escape not Clio's page,
But this thy Muse's flying leaf shall say,
They first did send — most worthy thought and wise —
A battleship to quell a famine's rage,
And with good bread the foreign taunt repay.

C. T. B.

Note by the Author.—"The debates on the despatching of the Jamestown to Ireland, were going on, while many of the British papers were pouring in most offensive and abusive taunts and railings on our Mexican war, our victories and our character. It is to this that I allude in the last line. That I speak, in the second stanza, of the telegraphic wires and the sulphuric ether needs no mention."—The Translator fears that the compliment here paid us may only serve to set off our disgrace. A nation or government may well not let its left hand know what its right hand doeth, when with one it merely sends off a single vessel to transport individual charities to starving Ireland, and, while thus fighting with its left hand—its little finger as it were—against Irish famine, spends all its strength and resources, and even, sometimes, with famine on its side, in crushing, with strong right hand, poor Mexico. The Mission of the Jamestown, as far as that goes, is, of itself, a poetic and Christian fact.

THE YOUNG AND THE SACRAMENT.

A SERMON, BY REV. JOHN F. W. WARE. ,

1 KINGS XIX. 7. Arise and eat; because the journey is too great for thee.

THESE words were spoken to Elijah by an angel of the Lord. In the preceding chapter it is related that he had gained a signal victory over the priests of Baal. The people with one accord had fallen on their faces and acknowledged "the Lord, He is God!" But the priests remained unmoved, still devoted to their own false deity. Elijah ordered them to be seized and put to death. And when word of it had come to Jezebel, the wife of Ahab, king of Israel, who had probably been the cause of his apostacy, - she herself being an idolatress, - she sent a messenger to him threatening to take his life in revenge before the morrow was passed. Then Elijah fled; and when he was gone a day's journey into the wilderness, he was weary and discouraged, and prayed that he might die. But while he slept an angel of the Lord bade him arise and eat; and he arose and found a fire with a baken cake and a cruse of water; and when he was refreshed he lay down again. But the angel of the Lord appeared a second time, saying, "Arise and eat; because the journey is too great for thee. And he arose and did eat and drink, and went in the strength of that meat forty days and forty nights unto Horeb, the mount of God."

It is thus the angel of the Lord speaks unto each one of us. The journey is too great for us. He bids us arise and eat, and in the strength of that meat we too are able to go unto Horeb, the mount of God.

Let us observe, too, that it is in the opening of the journey that he speaks, in the hour of the first discouragement, when the spirit within faints and would die; and that from the hour in which the heart is opened to the reception of such succor, the journey is safe and plain,—it is onward,—till it brings us to Horeb, the mount of God.

I take, therefore, these words, and the sentiment we may deduce from them, as not an inappropriate introduction to what I would lay before you this morning, of the necessity that we should in the outset of life, in our youth, provide ourselves with that sustenance which the Creator freely offers, and the creature greatly needs; the necessity that the young should rise and eat, because the journey is too great for them.

"The journey is too great!" Ah! that is true. It is too great, this life-journey of ours, for us to take alone. It stretches out before the soul, an unknown, unmeasurable expanse. There are the marks of many feet upon it, but they are not many of them as of those who tread confidently and surely; they are not all of them as of those going the same way. There are land-marks, but they are some of them overthrown, some are obscured, and some have been taken down and reversed. There is broad sunlight ever above it, bathing its summits and penetrating even the deep places of its valleys; yet somehow there are mists ever rising to bewilder, and sometimes the blackness of darkness settles upon all things, so that, with everything to encourage, the wayfarer not unfrequently pauses in doubt, returns upon his steps. falters, despairs, is lost! The journey is too great for him. He weak for its accomplishment. The farther he goes, the longer he struggles, the worse it will be for him, the harder to find the mount for which he has started. What, then, shall he do? How shall he prepare himself for the journey?

I answer in general; - By making use of all those means which can at any time aid the soul. I say, and I emphasize ALL, for there are very many who think that all means are not for the days of youth. But I would ask why anything which tends to spiritual progress should be forbidden simply on account of youth? Youth is the season of growth of one sort or another, of acquiring facility either in overcoming or yielding to temptations; the season of good spirits and of courage; it is also the season of want, of weakness, of doubt. importance as the introduction to life cannot be exaggerated. It is what spring is to the harvest in the natural world. It certainly has need, then, of aid, - of all the aid which can be given it. At what period of a man's life can he have more need? What thing is there. that is ever to assist him, which will not be doubly valuable then? If I understand life rightly, it is the first steps which are peculiarly difficult, which require most watching and care, call for most circumspection and assistance. The child clings closest to its parent's hand when it begins The boy keeps at his elbow the grammar and the dictionary. The man who is lame uses the crutch. These are not deferred until they can be done without, but are seized on in the moment of weakness, while they really are aids. And so it is in the life of the soul. The first steps are peculiarly difficult. If a man ever needs aid it is then. Let him wait till his character is established, and of what use

are they? Of just as much as the parent's hand to the child that can walk, the grammar and dictionary to him that is master of the language, the crutch to him that can win a race. You would deem him very unwise who should defer these till he could do without them; and why is not he equally so who defers the means of spiritual power until he has passed from weakness to strength?

Is the objection made that there are some services, some rites, some means, too sacred, too high for the comprehension of the young, for which they must wait the full strength of manhood, - the full birth of the spirit? I reply that I do not so understand our religion. It seems to me open to the humblest, the youngest. I see nothing in its simplicity a child may not understand; nothing in its demands, whether of act or ceremony, which youth may not answer, - is not bound to answer. If there can be said to be one glory in it above another, it is that it has no mysteries, no forbidden places; that the feet of the lowliest worshipper may tread its holiest place. To the child as well as to the parent, to the just turning sinner as to the long tried saint, every door of access is open, and all are bid come and eat, for the journey is great. In other religions it might be that the uninstructed votary must stand afar at the outer gate. Even the Jew must not approach beyond a certain limit, and then only to behold another offer up his sacrifice,to see from without the curling smoke of his own incense; but, thanks be to God! in this new Revelation it is not so. The whole temple is flung wide open, and every man may lay his own offering upon the altar. And this, which is a privilege, becomes a duty, - that which we can do, we must do. The powers God has given us we must exert, and by all means at all times seek to lessen the width and depth of that gulf which our sins have placed between us and him.

Here, then, lies the duty, to do all that we can,—even life's youngest traveller,—to bring us safely to Horeb, the mount of God. There is no one means from which we are debarred, no one too sacred for any seeker; all are his of right, and they are wholly wrong who seek to draw the line and keep him away from any. What is more sacred than prayer? Is it not, indisputably, the greatest exercise of the human soul? the direct intercourse of man with God? Is it not a privilege we enjoy in common with the angels? Yet you do not deny this to the child, the child in years, or the child in faith. You do not hold it out to him as a blessing he must hope to enjoy by and bye, as a reward of fidelity to his convictions of truth and duty. It is never a far-off beacon of his hope, never a goal. But you say, Seek God at once,—first,—call upon him in the hour of your feebleness, at the first motion of a desire; call, and He will answer. You teach the child upon

your knee to pray, and hallow that place in his heart as the first altar of sacrifice. You say to him that God loves the voices of little children, and hears their prayers, and blesses their lives. You feel that child and scraph stand together in that privilege; that youth and weakness cannot keep the one from what the other enjoys. So with the child in faith. As the young eaglet is encouraged in its first efforts, and taught to look upon the sun, even in its nest, so you encourage him to look up first to God. His sin, however dark, his spiritual weakness however great, you teach him is no barrier; that God waits to hear him and to bless him. You show him that that which is the highest act of angelic purity, may also be the first act of his penitence. Now, if this is so with that which is confessedly man's highest privilege, his noblest duty, why should it be less so with any of the other means which come lower in the scale? By what law of right can you come in and draw a line below this? How can you consistenly admit his right to do, and the necessity of his doing that which is highest, and vet say that there is something below that, too sacred to be enjoyed except by them that have gone far in their journey, and borne the burden and heat of the day? Or, to bring the matter to the point to which I desire to come, how can you say that prayer is the duty of even the youngest Christian, - which you confess to be the highest act, - and vet deny to him the right of sitting at his Master's table, which, upon any theological hypothesis, must stand below that, unless the Saviour be above the Father? You say that it has become the test of character, and that no young convert, child or man, has been sufficiently tested. But I say that Christ never made it a test of character, nor does God so consider it. Life is the test, and no one isolated act in it. You say that it involves things which the young cannot understand. But I say that is your idea of it, and not Christ's. You have wrested it from its simplicity, made it to bear an interpretation which he did not put upon it, and therefore are these things hard to be understood. Take it back to the meaning it had when Christ instituted it, and when the first disciples sat at it, and tell me, what better suited to young faith; what easier to be understood; next to intercourse with God, what more strengthening; under any circumstances, what more cheering, than this communion with the Redeemer? So long as the rite is made to mean what it does, by so many religionists about us, even by some of our own number; so long as it is made to embrace so much as it does, I suppose youth and feebleness must be kept out; perhaps I would myself keep them out lest they should be entering upon a mighty matter with false impressions. Still, it will not prevent me from feeling that they are cheated of their spiritual birth-right; that man has stood in

between the traveller and the angel, and snatched away the food that was prepared for the journey, and made the pilgrimage to the mount of God more hazardous and uncertain than God himself intended.

My word to the young would be, - here is your place. Here is the body broken and the blood shed for you. Christ died for the weak. He is physician to them that are sick, and not to them that are whole and need no physician. He is the messenger who has prepared food for you, and touches you and rouses you from your sinful slumber, as did the angel of old, and bids you arise and eat, because the journey is great. It is in the beginning of the journey that he provides you with the means of accomplishing it. He does not, as some would have you think, wait until you have tottered and groped your way far on before he comes with his assistance, but as the day breaks, when the burden is first bound on, as the staff is grasped, before the sandals have tasted of the early dew, or the spirit drooped beneath the labor and the heat, he comes and provides you with what is needed for the way. Your place, I repeat it, then, is here, -at the table he spreads, at the feast to which he invites his saints, from which he would not turn even the vilest dog, but let him eat of the crumbs which drop, that he may one day himself sit with the children. Your place is here. not turn away. It is not I that say so, but your Saviour. Let men say what they will, the whole spirit of the Gospel shows that if there be any virtue in anything it is for the young, and ignorant and untried; that Christ came to these, and all that he established, he established To them whose shoulders are yet fretted by the burden of the cross, on whom the voke does not sit easily, on whose brow the thorn-crown presses wearily, -- who yet are restless in the mocking robe a world has thrown around them, to whom the spirit's Calvary is veiled with darkness and dread, whose faith sees not the rended tomb of sin, and the triumphant resurrection of goodness, - to these the Saviour comes, and by his own experience and this last act of commemoration, would give them that which all need. He would show them the way he went, and how he went, and encourage them to go.

But perhaps you tell me that I have not shown you how it is that just this act is to help you, and you desire to know why it is so peculiarly beneficial to them that are young in years and young in righteousness. I have, however, given the answer already, in the general statement of the efficacy of all means, and the right that all have to them, and the especial service they are to the inexperienced beginner. Perhaps I can in no better way give you another reason than by an illustration. Let me suppose that you had

lost a near and dear friend, a father or a mother, or some other who had twined himself closely about your heart. Just as he is going away. he calls you to his bedside, and with tone and manner and look which have already put on something of the heavenly, speaks to you of the most solemn subjects connected with your being, and after earnestly commending you to God, as his parting request, asks that at certain periods you would withdraw yourself from the world's cares and sins, would recall his words and looks, refresh your memory and your heart by living over that scene, and go back to duty and to trial with renewed purposes of fidelity to the task before you. I know you could not deny that friend. When the appointed season came, you would gladly recall his desire, and fulfil it truly. And as you grew better and better, and drew, in your communion, closer to the spirit of that friend, and felt this means working within you to the effectual undoing of the bands of sin, you would not wait set times and seasons, but carry within you ever a chastened and blessing memory of that scene and that request. How many who have been hurried on by the allurements of sin, to whom all else has appealed in vain, have been saved from the yawning pit, by the hallowed memory of such a scene! How many have found by experience the potency of such a means! Now, your own thoughts have outrun my words, and you see my meaning. Christ is just this friend. We, as well as those who were actually present, hear the last tender words of love, the last exhortations to duty; for us, too, he prays, for we are of those who have believed on God through him, who are seeking a like oneness with him; to us he has made the request that we will remember him. How can you deny him? No friend is nearer; none loves you better; none has shown that love so clearly. Why do you not gladly press forward to do as he has asked? Why not long for these seasons? You still say you are too young, and yet admit all that I have said; or do you not love Christ, and are you rather to be classed with Judas than with James and John? first, away with the feeling; put it from your sight; bury it. second, purge your hearts, take in the Saviour, become his friend as he is yours, ready to do for him as he has done for you, and then you will feel that to the young this is a season of blessing and help; and as you go on gathering strength from the set seasons of remembrance, you shall find, within, a spirit that overleaps these, and keeps a perpetual feast of commemoration spread in the heart.

And is it a matter of mere fancy, that the fact that the Saviour himself was a young man, may become a potent assistant in the work, and a reason why the young should cluster round, and be aided by him? Do we remember that he who exemplified every virtue had seen but Vol. IV.

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little, if any, more than thirty summers? that he was young, and that to have then shown such ripened virtue proves him to have been long familiar with holy thoughts and things? I suspect that our admiration of such perfect self-discipline blinds us to the fact; and so the -young. who are urged to a noble emulation by the examples of those near their own age, here lose the advantage the fact might give them. Besides, we know that it is a tendency of our natures to gather those around us who are nearly of our own age; and did we know nothing of the Saviour, we should at once imagine that his greatest interest would be in the young. Our knowledge of his great and absorbing interest in all men will preclude us from the idea of exclusiveness: still, the fact will remain, that being man, as we believe him, in all points as ourselves, he must have been strongly drawn to and interested in the young. Facts prove that he was. Now these seem to me reasons why the young should be peculiarly drawn to and influenced by the Saviour; why they are peculiarly adapted to this commemoration, and it to them. For it is the embodiment of the life of Christ; that is all compressed into this one event which we celebrate. Here, then, is a new tie between you and your Saviour. You may come to him as a young man, one who has a peculiar feeling for your infirmities, one who had not outgrown youth, or forgotten its trials and temptations; one who can and will sympathize in all your wants and desires, pity all your weakness, help you to relieve yourselves from every sin. Seek him, then, here where he waits for you. Seek him, for he seeks you. and he and his Father, who are one in spirit, will bless this bread which you shall eat; it shall sustain you in your journey, until your eyes shall be blessed with the vision of the mount of God.

My young friends! You cannot be prepared too well for the journey of life. You cannot have too much assistance. You cannot get too near God, or be too much like Jesus. Neither can you begin too soon, or strive too hard. You are fleeing a worse enemy than was Elijah the prophet; you have more than forty days and forty nights in a wilderness before you. The journey is too great for you to undertake alone. You need help, and it is nigh. Do not despise it. Do not bid it go its way this time. Do not plead youth, and urge By and bye. If Christ is of any value to man, it is in the hour of his weakness. If he ever sought him while on earth it was when the leprosy, or palsy, or blindness, or sickness were upon him; when either body or soul was diseased. It is so now. He has not changed. He is the same Christ, though our eyes see him not. He bears the feeble, the children in faith, in his arms. He comes, not so much in the moment of victory, as in the thick of the struggle. Let, then, no opportunity pass by of

strengthening yourselves by communion with him. Prize them all, each as it comes. Each in its own sphere is mighty. Prove them all. Far away lies the mount of God. You know not what is between you and it, but the way is not easy. You must toil; you must watch. Use all that God throws in your way to aid your toil and watching; and when at last your feet shall stand upon that holy mountain, all that you have passed through will look as fair and calm as does the hushed world beneath the midnight moon,—its cares and sorrows and sins forgotten, while the angel of peace folds its wings above them. Yet forget not that it was in the outset of the journey that the angel bade the prophet eat; that it was then he was warned of its greatness and the sustenance that he needed; that it was then it was provided for him. So it is with you now. Arise, then, and eat, because the journey is too great; and you shall go in the strength of this meat unto Horeb, the mount of eod!

DEFICIENCY OF TENDERNESS IN THE RELIGIOUS CHARACTER OF NEW ENGLAND.

"Breathe not a whisper of his pride; —
He on the gloomy scaffold died, —
Ignoble fall!"

Longfellow's "Coplas de Manrique."

When, in reading, we reach such a passage as this we have above quoted, we stop mechanically, and compare actual life with the representation of it. The result pains us. Ah, we sigh, this is poetry; and we feel half reproved, as though it were a weak, romantic wish to expect to find, in real daily life, those delicate touches of feeling. It is the "cry of the human," or rather of the divine; but we stifle it. Let us begin with a fair statement, going on to prove it if we may, and discover what reasons and what remedies exist. In the character of our people the element of tenderness is wanting. We are thoroughly New England. The granite of her rocks, and the clear, cold bite of her sea-winds, seem to have permeated our spirits, till we think, speak and act, clearly, coldly and effectively. We have so long stood in our Union, as the "ten that saved Sodom," that perhaps we are in danger of, or have fallen into, a self-righteous tone — a dogged determination to see things through our own eyes and no others. But the

features of our political character are clearly defined. Even to a proverb, we are keen, shrewd, rugged and inflexible. It is our religious character we would now mainly regard: though we find it as difficult to draw the line of division, as to separate, in the Mosaic dispensation. the government of Jehovah, from that of the "leaders of the people." To our honor let it be acknowledged, that from our earliest colonial legislation, every movement has been based on our religious principles. which, if they prove us misguided and fanatical, prove us also sincere; and holding our religion not nominally but practically - a religion for time, as well as for eternity. It will not be denied that the expression of our laws alway has been, and still is severe. The Puritans have been frowned upon, and the religion made a scoff that produced such practical results. But they belonged to their times. That for which the nations were in waiting, they had conceived - the idea of civil and religious liberty. But the idea was in embryo. History will tell why, in the growth of the Puritans, there should have been a bias to the severe side, and posterity will palliate and excuse it as she best may. Pity, if, after the lapse of years, the idea is not now unfolded and brought out to the common light. If we had been half as faithful as our fathers, we should not now find ourselves under the vast strides of civilization up to the present time, in so small advance in our religious character.

But let us not fall into the error we decry, that of severity. Let us say of our beautiful New England, "She is not spotless, for she is of the earth. There are stains upon her white robe, many and foul; we will essay to wipe them off, and not jeer her to shame. She may falter and stumble among the ignorance and sin of the world; we will not forsake her, but lend her our filial hand to help. She is our mother, and we will be dutiful, reverent and loving children." Let us rejoice that we were born of her, as we behold the fruits of her active benevolence. Asylums rise for the diseased bodies and minds of men of her own children and of strangers, - for prevention as well as for cure. And it may not derogate much from her merit, that it is partly owing to her nature. She must work - must do something, as necessarily as the blood must circulate in a healthy system. No one would intimate that all these schemes of philanthropy and reform emanate from other than religious principle. What we say is, that among us, our religious character in its being good, more than in its doing good is open to much questioning. Behold our noble army of reformers. The slave and the inebriate shall witness before God and man in their behalf - and they shall witness for themselves, that they lack the one thing needful to reform - the tenderness that was in Christ. Did ever any political cause excite such intemperance of language, such violent and oppressive statements and measures, as they have unhesitatingly used? With difficult and small success their charity labors to allow the conscientiousness of those, who, conscientious in all-things, refuse heart and hand to some of their measures. How often are they branded with wilful blindness or selfish supineness!

Look at the fellowship of our churches. See the congregation, who year after year have together come up to the "Temple of the Lord,"who see the changes of life pass over one another - the dark hair turning, thread by thread, to the "old man's crown of honor" - while the deep furrows are lining themselves along the sunken brow; - the young children coming out one after another till the family is grouped; who know that disappointment and sorrow, sickness and death, have crossed each other's threshold: who take in the same tones of counsel and reproof, whose aspirations ascend on the same breath, to the same God and Father of them all: - see them thus bound together in spiritual sympathy - so unmindful of the relation - so ignorant of it. Together launched upon the sea of life, thus placed in company with just those whom a great God in his wisdom chose, they ignore their common issue and end; and so, drift out upon "that wide ocean that rolls round all the world." How little is there of that tenderness which must unite all in Heaven!

As to points of doctrine - in all that comes under the cognizance of the intellect, our Liberal Christians, here in these New England States, set an example, whose light might well stream across the waters, to pierce the mists of prejudice or intolerance that encircle a "World's Convention," or an "Evangelical Alliance." As concerns the free, unfettered movements of the heart, if not in all relations of life, certainly in their denominational relations, many other sects have advantage Every where, however, there is lack enough of this Christian compassion, this divine tenderness of him who could say to the sinner, "Neither do I condemn thee." With what holy horror would religious men and women repudiate the emotions of their own souls, if they led to such an expression! They would accuse themselves of temporizing, of endeavoring to gloss over the wrong, and make the worse appear the better part, of wilfully blinding their conscience to moral distinctions. They would have serious fears of encouraging wrong-doing, and solemn hesitation at thus removing themselves from their position of opposition to sin. The church militant! Would to God that his servants would no longer enrol themselves under that banner, where the need, if it ever existed, has long since passed away!

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Sin feels its separation from Truth keenly enough: and the tender piety of the good, is the bad man's keenest pang. Could we but look in upon those guilty hearts, we should find them, if cased to reproof and reproach, yet sensitive and sore to compassion, to commiseration. Mrs. Child, who preaches no less sacredly than she of whom she speaks, says of Dorothea L. Dix: - "Among the hundreds of crazy people with whom her sacred mission has brought her into companionship, she has not found one individual, however fierce and turbulent, that could not be calmed by Scripture and prayer, uttered in low and gentle tones. The power of the religious sentiment over these shattered souls seems perfectly miraculous. The worship of a quiet, loving heart affects them like a voice from heaven. But let not the formalist suppose that he can work such miracles as these in the professed name of Jesus. Vain is the Scripture and the prayer repeated by rote. They must be the meek utterance of a heart overflowing with love; for to such only do the angels lend their voices." An exemplification of the spirit of Christian love runs through all Mrs. Child writes. We must remember all are not radically bad; and there are many souls straining after holiness and happiness, who need the word of assurance. of sympathy; who need praise - the just and honest praise of "well done." It comes like glad sunshine into the fearful heart, overcharged as it often is, and overclouded as at times is the mind of the wisest and best. Ah! we need not so much fear true praise. It is so near akin to gratitude, that it is blessed to giver and receiver. And sometimes our souls have yearned to hear the natural, free, fearless gush of heartfelt approbation bestowed on the expecting child. Such as we remember from our mother, in those days of childhood, which, golden though they be, are full of trials, needing far more tenderness of dealing than we are apt in after life to realize. Religious people of these days seem to have a morbid fear of influence; and this cold calculation upon the results of what they say and do, gives the impression of it, as good acting, rather than the earnest meaning, and very truth of the soul laid open. Others perceive an under current, a double dealing, and the proud human heart, and the upright, heaven-aiming heart are both set against it. If gentle Nature feared her influences might injure us, if our God and Father feared to love us, and speak to us, and give us peace and comfort, steeped in error and guilt as the best of us are, what would be our lot's portion on the earth!

We have implied, if not asserted, that our Liberal Christians, while they go far, far beyond all other sects in active benevolence, more especially fail in this tone of tender feeling. In seeking for causes, perhaps we shall soonest reach the root of the matter, by applying to Liberal Christianity, that which has been said of Christianity in general. "The further spread of Christianity is not merely desired by Christians, but is devoutly looked for as a probable event. We ought, however, to remember that it may spread, it may continue to spread in the way in which of late years it has - superficially but not deeply; that is to say, everywhere raising the tone of moral sentiment - purifying the domestic atmosphere, removing from view, throughout Christian countries, whatever is morally offensive; cherishing and promoting benevolent enterprises, and in a word diffusing on all sides a vital sensitiveness, and bringing all minds into a habit of benevolent reflective-It may do all this, and it may do it to an extent of which we cannot now calculate the consequences; and yet, as at present, it may be making little or no progress as a deep spiritual power, evolving mighty counteractive influences within the bosoms of men individually." The writer adds that a certain individual's mood of mind exhibits what the last fifty years have been doing for us, under the light - light, rather than warmth, of a purified Christianity. It is not that tendency to unrestrained speculation and skepticism said to attach to Protestantism, and which has had its course in Germany, that we are now speaking of: but it is a silent influence over the moral sentiments of a cultured people, which springs from the wide diffusion of the Gospel itself; we mean the Gospel freed from corruptions, but bereft of power. We are, however, accosted, and perhaps angrily, with the question, "What then? Do you intend to say that truth, purely enounced, can operate to bring about its own rejection?" Yes, we are bold to affirm that it does so, if it be not ministered in the plenitude of its forces; it is doing so now, to an extent little thought of; and it will go on doing so, unless those renovations of the spiritual life come in, which might lodge Christianity far more firmly than at present in the minds of men. And having applied this particularly to the Unitarian denomination, we bring forward the testimony of one of its noblest advocates. "We may speak of Christian theology as composed of three elements: - the rational, the philanthropic, the doctrinal. The two former marked the two first stages of our denomination; but we have not, as we should, exhibited the latter. How shall we remedy our want? We must discover that want - the need of that humble, glowing piety in the individual soul brought into intimate communion with God. The great point to solve, is, how to bring the soul into the closest and happiest relation to God."

When we have learned this, we shall have learned of a remedy for this national and denominational fault of character — severity. When we think, and feel, and speak with less severity, we shall wear no more these unquiet, sad, distressed faces. We shall sometimes look joyful—and often, very often, be so. Then it shall no more be said of us, "You Unitarians do not enjoy your religion," but we shall win many souls to our happy fellowship.

E. s. s.

SONG OF THE QUILL.*

In attitude most grotesque,
With eyes too weary to wink,
The Parson sat at his old green desk,
A-plying his pen and ink.
Write! write! write!
Like a horse that goes round in a mill —
And still with a voice of dreadful delight
He sang the Song of the Quill!

Write! write! write!
When the eye of morn looks red,
And Write! write! write!
When honest folks are abed!
It's oh! to be wrecked and thrown
On the shore of the barbarous Turk,—
Where a man can say his soul's his own,—
If this is Christian work!

Write! write! write!
Till the brain begins to swim;
Write! write! write!
Till the eyes are heavy and dim.
Text and context and theme—
And theme and context and text:
Till I almost seem in a waking dream,
And do n't know what comes next.

^{*} These verses were recited at a dinner given to the Convention of Congregational Ministers at the Revere House, on Tuesday of the Anniversary week. They are ascribed to our correspondent C. T. B.

O my parishioners dear!
That have human blood in your veins!
It is not paper you're wasting here,
But human creature's brains!
Write! write! write!
(The parson cried aloud;)—
Sewing, at once, with a double thread,
A sermon and a shroud.

Write! write! write!

Like a man doing penance for crime —
Write! write! write!

Like a man that gets bread by rhyme.

Text and context and theme —

And theme and context and text —

Till I've splashed with ink half a ream,

And still with doubt am vexed.

Write! write! write!
Till the brain is hot and numb —
And Write! write! write!
Till every finger's a thumb.
And oh! there's one thought so drear,
That makes my flesh to creep —
It is that calves' head should be so dear,
And human brains so cheap!

Oh, but for one month's space
Of leisure from book and pen!
No hour to fish for the finny race,
But only to fish for men!
A little crying would ease my heart,
And eke my head, I think,—
But my tears must stop, for every drop
Makes a blur on the fresh-laid ink.

With brains all weary and worn,
In attitude most grotesque,
And a study gown faded and torn,
The parson sate at his desk.
Write! write! write!
Like a horse that goes round in a mill —
And still with a sort of a demon-screech,
(Would that it might all parishioners reach!)
He sang the Song of the Quill!

THE MISSIONARIES.

CHAPTER III.

HENRY MAYWOOD had nearly completed his theological studies, when the sudden death of his mother overwhelmed him with deep affliction. He had regarded her with no ordinary affection; her love had ever surrounded him and filled his heart with contentment; in childhood she had been his all of happiness; in advancing youth, his kind adviser, the unreserved sharer of his joys and hopes.

With undue sensitiveness, he reproached himself that he had ever caused her one moment's pain, by venturing to question the soundness of those religious views which he had so highly prized, and the faith which had sustained her meekly and cheerfully through the joys and sorrows of life, which had borne her calmly through the dark valley, and brightened her pathway to heaven, assumed a holy and sacred reality to his mind.

This morbid state of feeling was skilfully used as a spiritual weapon by those around him, and the Institution lost no credit in the evangelical world, when it was known that a youth within its walls, earnestly seeking after truth, but long unsatisfied and doubting, had at last returned to the fold of Orthodoxy, and heartily embraced those saving truths on which their creed and their hopes were founded.

And may not many a young man, aye, many an old man, grown gray in the church of Christ, look back to that most important period of his life, his preparation for the ministry, and recall the same doubts, the same anxious desire to seek for truth in its hidden fountains, and to use the reason which God has given him, in free and unbiassed investigation of the sacred Oracles? And may he not also recal the coldness with which those desires were met, by those who had authority over him; the argument which met him at every turn; the social and religious influence arrayed against him, and which so few have the moral courage to withstand? And how many have weakly yielded to this mental slavery, which, aided as it often is, by outward circumstances, at length becomes a habit of the mind, and the heart once open to conviction, is finally closed within the narrow and chilling bounds of sectarian bigotry.

Henry Maywood certainly was not a zealot; and his gentle nature had no sympathy with bigotry of any kind; but like most young per-

sons of lively imagination and warm feelings, he was readily influenced by others, and easily moved by any sudden or powerful appeal to his sympathies; and with such a temperament, it is not strange that he was borne away with the multitude, in one of those great revivals, so called, which from time to time are brought about, in the churches and literary institutions of New England. His well known, and long combated heretical tendencies rendered him an object of especial interest; texts upon texts of Scripture were arrayed before him — special prayers were offered in his behalf, and if spiritual pride could have taken root in his truly humble heart, the incense was not wanting, to nourish and sustain it.

But Henry shrunk from the egotism which loves a display of feeling; and however his heart had been moved, however he had been led to believe his past life worthless, and his past religion without foundation, he happily retained the simplicity and ingenuousness which are ever altied to sincere and upright principle. One purpose, however, often before revolved in his mind, became now, a fixed determination, and this was, to devote his life to the missionary cause. Nor was it a light sacrifice which he made, when he deliberately, and with a prayerful and earnest mind, resolved to leave home and country, dear friends, and the enjoyment of ease and competence, to obey the Saviour's command, and spread his blessed Gospel in the regions of spiritual darkness.

But above all other considerations, was the dreary thought, that he must resign the cherished object of his early attachments; and when he wrote to Anna, informing her of his resolution, it was in the firm belief that he had placed an impassable barrier to their union.

But Anna had a true woman's heart,—confiding, unselfish, and ready to make any sacrifice at the call of duty or affection.

"My parents cannot resist my earnest appeal," she wrote to him, in reply, "for I am very eloquent in pleading our cause to them. I have asked counsel, sincerely, devoutly, of God and my own conscience, and the answer cannot be evaded or misconstrued:—'Go, fulfil the promise so early pledged; encourage, sustain the heart so long united to thine, and the path of duty shall shine brighter and brighter, to the perfect day.' I shall not leave my home desolate, for a younger troop of loving sisters are growing up to take my place; the broken link will soon be united in the family circle, and Anna, though long—I truly believe—long fondly cherished, will be to them as a pleasant dream of memory, a spirit-voice, from a distant, unknown shore."

It was in the beautiful, early summer, that Henry Maywood and his young bride bade farewell to their home, their friends and country, and

embarked with two other missionaries, also recently married, and set apart to become fellow-laborers among the poor natives of the Indian Isles. We shall use our editorial privilege in making occasional selections from their private journals, as these can best describe the few incidents and varied impressions of their new position. "It seems strange to me," wrote Anna, "that so many complain of the monotony and listlessness of a sea-voyage. We have been now three weeks on the broad Atlantic, our vision bounded by the circling sky, and each day bearing us farther from our loved and native shore. But how changeful are the waves, in their continual play - now mounting up to heaven, now hollowed by His hand who formed them, now spread in sunny calmness, like the smiling face of blessed infancy! And how varied are the ever shifting heavens, how glorious in the rising dawn, how gorgeous at the close of day, how full of grand, majestic beauty, gemmed with the galaxies and constellations of the midnight hour! Feeble, indeed, must be the fancy which cannot soar aloft, and clothe this boundless universe with forms of spiritual light and glory! And dead must be the heart to every throb of true devotion, which does not thrill with gratitude and reverence, as in the unveiled presence of Him whose creative hand has formed and sustains these worlds of living power and harmony! Truly, 'they who go down to the sea in ships,' may read daily lessons of His wisdom, and His goodness; and to the devout and reflecting mind, the seeming barren waste of waters is fraught with instruction and delight.

23d August. We have now been more than two months, tossing on the wide ocean, and are nearing the great continent of the Old World, - the scene of startling adventure, and romantic association, the unknown home of our future toil and duty. The heat of these Southern latitudes begins to be very oppressive; we often pace the deck, long after midnight, when all other eyes, save those of the helmsman. and the watchers at their posts, are closed in sleep, and even then, the sails droop idly, and not a breath ripples the surface of the deep. * * * I have enjoyed less social intercourse with my fellow-passengers, during the voyage, than I would have desired; embarked in the same cause, one would naturally expect sympathy and mutual confidence. But, I know not how it is, they seem to view me with distrust, as one of a different faith, one who has joined the missionary band from worldly affection, rather than from holy zeal. I know that I have not that wild enthusiasm for the cause, which has impelled so many females to form hasty ties, and embark, almost with strangers, to labor in a foreign land; but, so help me God, my heart shall never faint, nor my hands ever weary, in ministering to the spiritual wants, and the temporal

comfort of that less favored race, among whom my lot is henceforth to be cast. Oh, prejudice, how bitter are thy fruits, and how jaundiced thy perceptions!

I hope I am not unduly sensitive; and however others may regard me, I have the happiness of enjoying my husband's unreserved and perfect sympathy. He had never the presumption to assume infallibility; but, like the candid Robinson, believes that 'more light will yet shine forth from the Word of God,' to those who diligently seek it; and with earnestness and zeal, he studies the Scriptures daily, in their translations, and in the original tongues.

October. We seem still to be floating, as it were, on a void, between the past and the future; this indolent, long voyage it would seem to be, were not the mind every moment receiving some new impressions of wonder, sublimity and beauty. We have doubled the Cape of Good Hope, and entered upon the Indian Ocean; have seen many lovely groups of islands, some distant, some so near that we could catch the fragrance of their spicy groves, all fresh in perennial beauty, and fairer even than our fancy could depict them. I feel oppressed with strange and mingled feelings, as we approach these unknown shores; what trials may await us, what hopes to cheer, what disappointments to darken our pathway, God only knows. It is well that our destiny is in the hands of One infinite in wisdom and in love — well for us, if we are enabled to bow in perfect submission to His will.

We have given much time, and made a considerable progress, in studying the language, which will be our medium of communication with the people whom we hope to instruct, so that we may enter at once apon our duties. My dear Henry is also still closely engaged in reviewing his Scriptural studies; and, to his clear and truth-loving mind, suggestions often arise, which he cannot dismiss without strict investigation; for with him, conscience is a sacred monitor, and for opinions, as well as actions, he holds himself responsible, to God and to his fellow-beings."

[&]quot;How many giants, each in turn, have sought
To bear the world upon their shoulders wide,
King, conqueror, priest, and he whose work is thought:
And all in turn have sunk, outworn, and died.
But yet the world is never felt to move,
Because it hangs suspended from above."

THE FLOWER TRANSPLANTED.

BY REV. A. B. MUZZEY.

Among the luxuriant productions of the southernmost portion of our Union there is found an humble plant which, amid every change of heat and cold, and rain and sunshine, is said to turn its leaves and its flowers steadfastly to the North. It is a beautiful illustration of the power of Christian faith to turn the human heart, with all its tender and trusting affections, in unfaltering devotedness to God. I have recently seen an instance of this power so striking and so rare that I wish to portray a few of its features in the hope of doing something to convince others of the reality of things unseen and eternal and the supremacy of a Religious Trust.

It was but a short time since that our Father, on one of our brightest spring days, before the light had dawned, removed a fair, young plant from this earth to the upper garden, that it might open its petals in that safe land where no frost can chill, and where his own smile imparts a perennial life. It was fitting that one who left us at the early age of seventeen, and before care or grief or sin had dimmed her pure spirit, should go at this season and be accompanied by the fresh breathings of nature and the first songs of her birds. There was that in the life and character of our sister which imaged forth a beautiful mingling of the joy and purity of Creation with the graces, the faith and the virtues of the Gospel. Few ever felt a deeper sympathy than she did with the loveliness of this outer world, and few have exhibited at her age more of the attractions and the sustaining power of the cross of Christ.

In the commencement of her final sickness she anticipated a speedy recovery. But as the weeks passed on she saw anxiety on the countenances of her dearest relatives, her fears were awakened, and she questioned her physician, insisting on a distinct reply in regard to her situation and prospects. Doubts were expressed, and while these remained on her mind they rendered her unhappy. But at length by her own reflections she was led to the conclusion that she must resign her life. She suffered much at that period, "Not so much," as she said, "from the thought of being in another world, as from the dread of passing away to it."

Her spirit was eminently social and communicative; so intense were her sympathies, and so strong her attachments, that she might almost be said to live in the breath and on the pulsations of the hearts dearest to herself. In the midst of ties like these, before grief had ruptured

one in the bright tissue, the thought of at once breaking them all and taking that long journey alone could not but send a chill through her frame. At that age when the future is robed in unclouded promise and we are impressed for the first time with the value of our earthly joys and privileges, at that period when nature is to us one great gallery of pictures, it is not surprising that she should say, "I am too young to die." Nor was it strange that, holding up the mirror of heaven directly before her, she doubted, in that trying presence, her fitness for the change. It was natural that a sense of past deficiencies should cling to her mind, and for the time oppress her, and lead her to say, "I am not good enough to die." She indulged no morbid, exaggerated selfreproach, but still, in contemplating the Infinitely Pure One, she shrank timidly from the thought of standing, a disembodied spirit, before His all-penetrating eye. In view of the solemn and half-veiled future. who can wonder that for the moment she trembled and prayed that "the cup might pass from her"?

But this feeling was soon exchanged for one more tranquil and happy. And now she was ready to converse more freely than she had upon the future; she did not wish the subject of religion, however, forced on her attention. With that conscientious Truthfulness which had marked her whole life she was unwilling to say anything on this great subject which she did not feel, or which her own heart did not prompt her to utter. She shrank from a formal and constrained introduction of what seemed to her the most sacred realities. On this account she saw few of her acquaintances; and some of her near kindred were denied the privilege of seeing and conversing with her except at those moments when she desired the communion of friendship and the comfort of spiritual intercourse.

Her conscientiousness was illustrated by an incident that occurred previously to her sickness. She was known to read sometimes in her chamber before retiring to rest. Her mother once inquired what book she had which interested her so much. With reluctance she brought it forward; it was her Bible; "I always read in this," said she, "before I go to sleep." There, in the secrecy of her own soul, was she drinking in draughts of that inspiration whose fulness she is now imbibing.

Her spirit had ever been buoyant and joyful, and no shadow had yet crossed her path. So it was now; she wished every one about her to be cheerful, to appear and to feel as they ever had done. She was unwilling that the chamber of death should be made gloomy and repulsive. The conversation must be pleasant, the face clad in a smile, and the tone natural and animated. At times her sufferings were extreme, and yet they did not render her sad. "I long," said she to one who

stood by her bedside, "I long to go to my God! How beautiful, beautiful," — with a sweet smile, — "it will be there, — to have no pain." This cheerful temper remained with her to the end; it brought back the pleasant scenes of the past; it called up and dwelt upon every agreeable circumstance around her, and it arrayed the future in her own joyousness.

She was by nature self-forgetting and full of disinterested acts. Sickness did not render her, as, alas! it so often does others, selfish. The strength of her affections would lead her sometimes to summon from their bed those who were dearest to her. But when they came she would often express her regret and wish she could have let them sleep on and take their rest. Among the many reasons she gave on the side of her early death was the consideration that she was less needed than many others. She spoke of a neighbor who was taken, during her sickness, from the care of four little children, and observed, "I am not useful like her; how much better I can be spared." It was her delight to perform every kind office for her mother while yet in health. Though but a child, she seemed herself full of parental tenderness, thinking always of a mother's wants, and in a thousand little ways protecting her health. One of her last injunctions to her sisters was, like that of Jesus to the beloved disciple, a request in behalf of that parent. "Take good care," said she, "of mother." She begged those who were with her not to weep on her account, and was evidently anxious to lift them into the serene atmosphere which she herself breathed. Her gratitude was unbounded. "O blessed Christ!" she once exclaimed, "to come and give us such instruction. He was nailed to the cross! spit upon! crowned with thorns! The Son of God! And here am I lying surrounded by my friends."

Prayer was frequently on her lips and was evidently her chief inward employment, as she would often point upward and raise her eyes. Once she thus gave thanks; "O God! I thank thee, that towards the the last,— if it be the last,— my sufferings are less; and if not, grant me patience to wait, and may my faith continue firm." At times she would desire prayer, and if soon after she perceived that her sufferings were lessened, she would confidently assert to her father that "it was because he prayed." Such was her confidence in its efficacy that she at times desired silent prayer. And who would doubt,— let philosophy speculate as it may on the answer to prayer,— that often angels were sent down to strengthen her, when their blessed visits had been sought thus earnestly and in faith?

As might have been anticipated from her previous character, she sought sustaining messengers from her divine Father with implicit faith.

The foundation of this quality was laid in her singular trustingness. Though possessed of strong mental powers, she still delighted to lean in affection upon others; she seemed never happier than when looking in a father's face she gave him her bosom confidence, or when leaning with the depth of a sister's love on the arm of a fond brother. What a rich soil was this for religious trust! When the hour came in which she must leave her dear earthly home and go up to the house of her Father in Heaven, she was already "in the spirit," prepared to cast herself unwaveringly on her God. "Wilt thou receive me," was among her fervent prayers, "O Holy Father! from the arms of Christ to sing thy praise."

It was a trying lot for one so full of life and health and joy, with all around her that can gladden this world, to be called in the blush of her being to resign everything and tread alone, with no hand to guide, no voice to cheer, that upward, unknown path. Yet she brought herself to look calmly, submissively on the prospect. The time and the circumstances of her departure appeared to her all right. It was well that her sickness was prolonged, for it made the release from friends gentle and gradual. "If I had lived," said she, "I might have been unhappy; it is best I should go now." While suffering most acutely from want of breath, she repeatedly expressed her conviction that it was "all right" that she was called upon to endure so much. "I would not have one single pang which I have endured taken back," said she, "it is good for me." She praved earnestly for a more perfect submission and for the continuance and perfection of her faith to the last. If she asked, as she once did in a moment of great suffering, for relief, the prayer for submission would follow. "Father in Heaven! grant me relief! In the name of Christ I ask it; -- thy will be done."

We have spoken of the gloom she experienced when first made certain that her departure was near. But this gloom all vanished ere long, and when her father had once alluded in his prayer to "the dark valley of the shadow of death," she spoke of it to him, and said it gave her an unpleasant sensation. The sun of immortal light and life had shone down the depths of that valley, and to her it had become radiant and welcome, and so she desired her dear friends to regard and to speak of it in her presence. Heaven became to her more and more a bright reality; she spoke confidently of meeting there the friends who had gone before her. An affectionate grandparent had recently entered that world, and it gave her joy to anticipate soon meeting him. She spoke of one, a companion who had been recently removed from her under painful circumstances, and added, "How delightful it will be to see her again." She requested that when the children of the family VOL. IV. 27*

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were taken to her grave they should always be told that she was not there, but only her body.

Many days before her death she deliberately arranged all her affairs; every little treasure, her books, and other small articles, were each assigned as parting gifts to her relatives and friends. She sent special messages to some of her distant and particular friends. She designated certain favorite flowers which she desired to have planted upon her grave, and remarked concerning them, "'T will be so pleasant;—the bright flowers will attract the butterflies. Won't it be delightful to have them fly down and creep about over the flowers." So deep, so intense was her love of nature; and when united as it was in her, with a rational piety and a love that makes us one with Christ and one with God, what more could we ask for ourselves? Who, in this spirit, could ever look on death as "the king of terrors"?

But one wish of her heart remained unfulfilled; it was that she might be spared to, witness the return of an absent and very dear brother. On this hope her life seemed to be sustained; and when her Father at length permitted her the sight, and when they who met once more under that roof hallowed by the sweet memories of a sister's love and a brother's fostering care, had exchanged a last greeting, she asked no more, but gave herself unreservedly up to the final summons.

When her last hour came it was a fitting close to the scenes already described. "About two hours before she died," - I use the words of one who was present, - " she seemed suddenly released from pain; her countenance became bright, an angelic smile illumined it, and it appeared as though she was having communion with Heaven. The family were immediately summoned; she appeared to be in an extacy of joy when they were all around her. On being asked if she recognized us, she bowed her head to every one in the room, as if she desired to say something to each member of the family; while the same joyous smile, - which only lacked the voice, to have been one of her happy laughs in the days of her health and strength, - still continued, 'Sing, sing,' said she. We complied; she was apparently in a state of perfect happiness during the singing. She clasped her hands and thanked God. Soon after this she again desired us to sing. 'Sing more, - sing me to death,' said she, as a child would ask to be sung to sleep. She was very fond of singing herself, and one of her favorite hymns was that beginning, 'I would not live alway;' after we had sung this, she called for 'Brattle Street' a second time. She was so lifted up by her happy condition that her voice returned to her with the power of health, and she joined in the hymn referred to, and two or three times uttered the words with clear and quite audible

tones. She then relapsed somewhat into her former state, and expressed fears that she should not die. 'Pray for me, father,' said she. She was anxious to be gone. Soon after she calmly remarked that she was 'death-struck.' At two o'clock in the morning she inquired the time, and then gradually sank away, without a struggle, without a single spasm, or changing that countenance upon which the same beautiful smile still lingered; and at fifteen minutes past two her pure spirit left its earthly tabernacle, borne upon a gentle sigh. Her last words were, 'Lord Jesus! into thy hands I commend my spirit.'"

As was seen in a former petition, she seemed to imagine that her spirit would be borne by Jesus into the bosom of the Father. It is a beautiful conception, and who does not wish it may be true? What more delightful than to believe that he, who "ever liveth to make intercession for us," is sometimes commissioned by his Father and our Father to revisit this earth on such errands? Why may not he who once took children in his arms and blessed them, be sent again to bear up the dear ones who are called away in their early, unsoiled days, and now welcome the sweet face of their trusted Saviour, and go up to dwell with him and with all the loved and the lost in the great family reassembled in the mansions of God?

It was the general feeling of those who were with her to wish all her friends had witnessed that parting scene. The room was filled with the air of Heaven; she, who was herself all spiritualized while yet in the body, inspired every one around her with the consciousness of an immortal presence. They stood together as on the mount of transfiguration, and felt it was good to be there, and would fain have made tabernacles and dwelt there and returned not down to become again of the earth, earthy.

The spirit had gone up to its fair home, and now it only remained that we should follow the deserted body to its final resting-place. And where should we lay it but amid the shades of that Mount which presents so fit a receptacle for all that is left of those who are taken from us in their unsullied purity? As we stood there and committed dust to dust, the bright sun poured down its soothing rays, and the fresh-starting leaves and buds whispered of a perennial verdure above, and every bird joined in the requiem sung for our sister, and she whose voice had sounded out so often in the glee of her happy home seemed now to take up the strain and chant to us in this vale of tears, "Let not your heart be troubled: believe in God, believe also in Jesus; yet a little while and I will come and bear you up, father, mother, brothers and sisters, and we will rejoice together forever in the sweet circle of all those once lost, but now found."

THE ANNIVERSARY WEEK.

BY REV. E. S. GANNETT, D. D.

The week of our late anniversary solemnities seems to us to offer encouragement which we shall be unwise not to accept. There was nothing very special in the character of the exercises that filled the successive hours and days devoted to religious celebration of one kind or another. The number of persons in attendance on the meetings was certainly not smaller, nor very much larger than on other years. The interest expressed or awakened in the various services was less fervid than on some previous anniversaries. Yet on the whole a calm survey of the experience through which we were led as we followed the order of engagements marked out for us by the custom of the week may present grounds of satisfaction and encouragement.

First of all we notice the fact, that Christianity has such an establishment among us and such a hold upon the regards of the people that it could, through the multiplied institutions which it has called into existence, in a manner appropriate the week to itself. Not that the usual business of the city was suspended. Traffic and pleasure still opened their crowded marts and thronged assemblies. But over them both religion appeared as holding a more marked control of men's thoughts. It was not trade, nor politics, nor military display that gave a character to the week, but religion, Christianity. It was the week of the anniversaries, and these anniversaries were celebrated by institutions professedly Christian and avowedly seeking to increase the spread and influence of Christianity. The people were invited to show their interest in Christian objects, and in obedience to this call they came together with gladness, and filled the churches, and pressed into the halls where consultation was held, and looked in one another's faces with a sympathy that grew out of their common faith, and declared in a language more unequivocal than words that they were "fellow-laborers in the Gospel of Christ." For three days the sound of a religious manifestation went up to heaven from the midst of this city, more distinct and emphatic than all the hum and cry of worldliness; like the wind which at times sweeps through the trees and subdues all other sounds beneath its pervading breath. This is worthy of notice; it is a fact to be overlooked neither by the Christian nor by the man of the world, that in a community, than which none on earth can be found more intent on the prosecution of outward interests, the secular aspect was for this length of time overborne by the moral, the religious, the Christian. Religion has not fallen into decay, when it can collect such numbers around its altars of piety and philanthropy. Christianity is not a deadletter nor a barren institution, when it can announce the anniversary meetings of more associations of men and women anxious to labor in its behalf than the day will bestow hours for their assembling, except by compelling a choice between different invitations urged at the same moment. Every one of these Societies is a product of the Gospel, and bears witness to the prevalence of some one or other of its real or presumed principles. And therefore all of them declare, as with a voice of unimpeachable affirmation, that Christianity is the accepted faith of the people.

And more than this; for next we observe, that one of the most striking characteristics of the late anniversary week was the practical turn which was given to the meetings. So far as came under our notice, or the information which we have received extends, the discussions were eminently practical in their purpose, having for their object to disentangle from all embarrassment the principles or to set forth in a clear light the methods on which depend the propagation of Christian truth and the success of Christian effort. There was not much brilliant speaking - less perhaps than usual. But this is not to be regretted. There was no ambitious oratory, no attempt to produce a transient impression on an audience, less appeal than usual to the feelings, and of course less of evanescent excitement. But there was more of earnest and solid discussion, more comparison of judgments, more examination of the grounds of action, and more inquiry after the best paths for Christian zeal to pursue. It was therefore a period of instruction rather than of emotion; and this appears to us to be a great improvement in the character of our anniversary meetings. It promises more permanent results. It shows that Christians are thinking more about the materials out of which their works of benevolence shall be constructed. than about the superficial claims which they may urge to attention.

'Yet more noticeable was the place which was given to questions of social reform. Several of the Societies, whose members responded to the annual invitation which assembled them as co-workers for Christ and humanity, entertained expressly and exclusively questions of this kind. There was the "Peace Society," devoted to the extirpation of that false sentiment, which countenances war and reads the Gospel through a Heathen translation. There was the "League of Universal Brotherhood," designed to promote the spread of those feelings which knit man to man in amicable relations, and the overthrow of those practices which fill the earth with violence and injustice. There was

the "Prison Discipline Society," which aims at a mitigation and final removal of the terrible evils which mark the execution of penal laws. converting the penitentiary from a blessing into a curse both to the inmate and the community, and making punishment an education in sin. There was the "Prisoner's Friend Society," which stretches out a kind hand to the convict when his term of punishment is ended, and helps him to stand up among his fellow-men in the consciousness of repentant self-respect. There was the "Anti-Slavery Society," fierce in its invective and extravagant in its hope, but with eye fastened on the wickedness of an institution which denies to man his natural rights, and with hand lifted to Heaven in protestation against its continuance. There was the meeting of the "Associationists," who advocate changes in the present order of society on moral and spiritual even more than on economical grounds. And other Societies might be named which seek to relieve humanity of some of its burthens, besides Missionary and Tract Associations and the different agencies whose sole object is the spread of religious truth. These Societies are of recent growth, and they indicate (for they reflect) that feature of the age, which entitles it to be called an age of philanthropic action. On no previous anniversary week, perhaps, was there so little of theological, or certainly of polemical discussion, and never, probably, was there so free and strong an expression of interest in the removal of those disadvantages under which the world is struggling towards the era of its emancipation from prescriptive evils.

The "free expression." Was not another distinction of the late week, which deserves to be noticed, the disposition to allow the utmost freedom in the expression of opinion? What a variety of views was presented! From what opposite principles did men start! At what opposite conclusions did they arrive! How many were the objections which solicited their attention! What license was given to the tongue which chose to wander from strict propriety into the domain of general rebuke or personal remark! Passing over the indulgence in which one of these Societies allows itself, and by which we believe it has retarded the cause it advocates, we may safely challenge the world to exhibit another place in which difference of opinion may be so fully expressed or so openly avowed. We know that an opposite judgment has been passed upon Boston, — that it has been pronounced to lie under the restraint of a public sentiment which seals the lips against the utterance of any other views than such as itself adopts; but we cannot admit the justice of the remark. On the contrary, if there is a place in the world where speech is unshackled, it is here. Men say what they please on every subject, religious, political, literary, or social, that may

arise. Look at the various organizations which exist for one purpose or another. Look at the sects which spring up on this spot, or find nourishment in a soil which seems to be equally adapted for the staunchest orthodoxy and the utmost extreme of liberality, the most cautious conservatism and the wildest ultraism. This variety of opinion and freedom of expression found large opportunity of display in our anniversary meetings. And we are glad of it. Let truth speak with its many tongues, and not always use one dialect. Let error mingle its discordant cries; they will but serve to draw attention to what is better and more divine. Let speech be as untrammelled by conventional sympathies as the providence of God, which amidst its countless manifestations preserves its own, often unseen and unacknowledged, consistency; provided only that it does not transgress the rules of reverence and courtesy which every one would wish to observe, who understands the two great commandments of duty.

Notwithstanding the wide scope of remark that was allowed, the meetings of the present year, with one exception, were remarkable for the candor which pervaded the discussions. We never knew so little of a sectarian character to intrude itself. The speakers showed themselves to be decided advocates of one or another class of opinions: they did not compromise their denominational preferences; but at the same time they abstained from censure of other bodies engaged in the same great cause of Christian benevolence. We believe this is true of other portions of the Christian brotherhood, and it is undeniably true of our own. That wholesale, indiscriminate depreciation of others' belief, which has sometimes formed a principal element in the celebration of our anniversaries, was unheard. So far as we may judge from expressions which reached our ears, they who differ from us on the theological questions which have divided the Congregational body entertain a more courteous, if not more cordial feeling towards us than in former years. There are those among them, doubtless, who would be glad to restore the asperity of judgment, and the virulence even of religious controversy, which distinguished some of the earlier periods in the history of American Unitarianism. But these belligerent spirits do not represent the prevalent sentiment of the churches to which they belong. The opposite tendencies of exclusiveness and liberality which are now manifesting themselves in virtual, though not avowed antagonism within those churches, give promise of a happier day than has yet shone upon the interests of religion in New England; for there can be little doubt that the former of these tendencies may be taken as an indication of alarm at the hold which the latter of them has secured upon both ministers and people, and that it will be overborne by the force of its rival, as this shall accumulate strength in the quietness and justice of its own growth. We want no Convention of believers from all parts of the earth or of the land to decide on the terms of Christian union, no Evangelical Alliance whose first step shall be to define the doctrinal conditions of fraternity but only that confidence in each other's sincerity of purpose and love of truth, of which the late season afforded at least some pleasing intimations.

The conclusion, therefore, which it seems to us may be drawn from an observation of these anniversaries is, that Christianity is gaining a firmer hold on the practical concerns of life and is sending a more direct influence into society. And is not this a most delightful conclusion? What better or happier could be drawn from any succession of religious meetings? It is pleasant to see the Christian sensibilities of people awakened; it is profitable to feel our own hearts stirred with sacred emotions; but it is a yet more agreeable result to bring away from a week's experience, that the religion of the New Testament, the religion of life and of Heaven, the religion of the cross and the ascension, is connecting itself more efficiently with the affairs of the world and the actual state of things, - pervading society as an element of power, and not merely overshadowing it as a mystic or emblematic influence. In the transactions of the days under review we think we have evidence of a growing conviction in men's minds that religion must be God's vicegerent on the earth, to rule over all departments of human action, and not barely his high priest, to stand in the sanctuary of his presence and offer the sacrifices of praise or penitence. Too long, too long has the latter idea prevailed, and the functions of sovereignty and of sanctity which were united in the heads of some of the old religions, as if typical of the double office which should be filled by religion itself in the course of the ages, have been severed from each other, - religion being permitted to superintend man's intercourse with his Maker, while other principles reigned over his outward relations. Thank God! the days of that error, as we trust, are numbered. The look of public distrust has been cast upon it, and it has cowered even before that glance. Let the fearless servants of religion now speak out in its behalf, and their voices shall bear it with acclamation to its throne of power. Let the streets and the approaches of the boly city, the Jerusalem whose limits are coextensive with the boundaries of Christendom, again send up the shout, "Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord," and that second "Hosanna" of the people shall prepare the way, not for the crucifixion, but for the dominion of "the Lord of glory."

We have said that the anniversaries of this year seem to us to have been distinguished by the evidence they gave of an increasing desire to connect Christianity with the actual wants and ways of men. As an illustration of this remark we may refer to the series of meetings which were held in the Federal Street church. First came a service instituted by the "Book and Pamphlet Society," when the right of Christianity to control the literature of the times was presented in a discourse, itself an example of what will be seen when the claim it was intended to enforce shall be allowed. The right of Christianity to control the literature of the time, and of all future times, - was not that a noble theme; and does it not show a perception of the place which Christianity ought to hold in the world, when the preacher maintains that the various expression of thought, and the various influences which are brought to bear on the formation of thought, through books should be determined by Christian faith, guiding the pen of the historian, the political economist, the writer of fiction, the poet, and the essayist, as well as of the clergyman; — that men of letters, in a word, should consecrate the productions of their genius or their industry by the baptism of immersion into the spirit of Christ?

Next we were invited to celebrate the anniversary of the "Boston Port Society," an association whose object it is to befriend a class of men that for generations have been neglected as if they were the offscouring of the earth, too bad to be reclaimed, and too despicable to be cared for even in regard to their physical comfort. What a change have a few years wrought in the feelings of the community towards this numerous class, the carriers of the world, on whom depend the intercourse of nations and the spread, not only of traffic, but of civilization, refinement and Christianity. Within our recollection no one looked after them on the shore or in the ship, - except to mark them as victims or to use them as slaves. Now they are treated like fellowbeings and fellow-heirs of God's grace when in port, and bear with them holy and saving recollections across the ocean. What has caused this change? What is to render it yet more extensive and effectual? The spirit of Jesus in the hearts of his disciples, - Christianity, - the religion of the Scriptures, which declare that "God is no respecter of persons."

Then came the public meeting of the "American Unitarian Association," an institution whose special design, as declared in its constitution, is "to diffuse the knowledge and promote the interests of pure Christianity,"—to correct the false notions which men have conceived respecting God's blessed truth, and to give that truth uncorrupted by a gross admixture of error a closer connexion with the minds and hearts

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of men. This is pre-eminently a Christian object, avowedly and exclusively such; and whatever of a sectarian air it may seem to have is but a necessary consequence of the circumstances which compel believers in the Gospel of Christ to work together according to their theological affinities, if they would proceed without confusion and defeat. Among the methods which this Association adopts for effecting its purposes are the distribution of tracts and the employment of missionaries, two of the great agencies of modern philanthropy, and each of them an indication of the thought which is now uppermost in the heart of every sound philanthropist, the connexion of religious faith with human life.

We were next gathered within the same walls on the invitation of the "Sunday School Society," an organization of our own times, unknown in its present form to past ages, and intended to bring Christianity into connexion with the sensibilities of childhood and the maturing habits of youth. What course could be taken more sure to render the religion of the Bible the paramount influence in society, than the instruction of all the children of the land in the facts and their education in the principles of that religion? Here is an instrument which, if properly used, may in less than a century regenerate the whole people, supplanting the noxious opinions and vicious habits of former times by the establishment in a receptive and fertile soil of correct views and virtuous practices. We are far from thinking that the Sunday school is now made a source of unmingled good; but when its defects shall be remedied, there is no limit which can be put to its efficiency as a means of moral and spiritual advancement.

Last in order came the public commemoration of the Saviour in the rite which he himself commended to his apostles' use, - the rite which in every instance of its celebration involves on the part of the communicant a recognition of his authority as Teacher and Lord. How impressive was that scene, when the floor of the house could not contain without inconvenience the multitude who were anxious to testify their faith in Christ and enjoy the influences that flow from the contemplation of his cross. Apart from the purely sacred associations of the hour, the spectacle of that multitude was enough to inspire courage and hope. It said in almost articulate speech that here were hundreds of men and women, - young and old, rich and poor, brethren and ministers, from the city and from the country, - who were not ashamed of Christ, who gloried in his name and hoped to live through his death. Here was an epistle written in the living presence of the assembly, which any one might read and no one could misunderstand. And here they appeared, - not as usual, alas! a small body on an appointed day, when the contrast between the retiring crowd and the remaining few is

an argument against the supposition of a strong interest in Christianity among the people, — but filling every seat and pressing towards the altar of their faith. It was a touching and an animating sight, and whoever looked upon it must have felt that Christianity was not a forgotten nor a despised thing in this city.

Now in view of these facts and these conclusions may we not "comfort" one another "concerning our faith"? We mean the broad Christian faith, rather than the points which distinguish us as a denomination. And yet if we were speaking only from an interest in the tenets which we peculiarly value, we should find ground of encouragement in what was said and done during the anniversary week; especially in that character of practical (not theoretical) philanthropy which was given to the expression of the religious sentiment. For we believe it may become the office of those who embrace these tenets, if they will be faithful to their principles and their opportunities, to lead on the Christian philanthropy of the age. They may place themselves in the van of every true movement for reform, combining, as they do, in their principles, the elements of conservatism and progress, and enjoying more than any other denomination the respect and confidence of those who are not yet committed to the interests of Christianity as religious men. Would that they felt their advantage, and their responsibleness. It becomes them, - we might almost say, even more than other Christians - to take a hearty and efficient interest in the agencies by which our religion may be established in its rightful sway over all the affairs of the world, all the institutions, opinions and habits of society. If they fall behind the age, they fall below their duty. If they will take their proper place, the world will honor their intelligence and applaud their zeal.

> "To those who prattle of despair, Some friend, methinks, might wisely say, Each day, no question, has its care, But also, every care its day."

EDITOR'S COLLECTANEA. NO. VI.

ONE can hardly say whether it is more to the credit of the community, or of the author, that a third edition of Dr. Greenwood's "Sermons of Consolation" has been demanded, and its publication justified. We have always regarded these discourses as being as nearly perfect in their kind, and as felicitously and beautifully adapted to the tender and sacred office they are designed for, as any volume having the same object that has ever appeared, or, indeed, that is ever likely to appear. Similar testimony must probably be afforded by all those who have had occasion to offer them to the troubled and bereaved, or to read them, with a mourning heart. Every minister will do well to have more than one copy, to loan or present to his friends; for there are very few that will find words on their own lips so aptly chosen, or so fitted to impart Christian comforting. The form of this edition, from the house of Ticknor & Co., is neat and convenient. - Rev. Mr. Livermore's "Lectures to Young Men," from Monroe & Co., are already well known, and may be considered as having an established reputation. We have read them through, and can honestly recommend them, as containing no other than sound, valuable and timely instruction, for the class of persons they address. The author's own estimate of his work, in his really modest preface, is a very fair and just one. The volume turns out to be exactly what it professes to be, - more than can be said of many books. It were to be wished it were in the hands of every young man in the country. The intense interest attaching to the character of this portion of society, the hopes depending on it, and the difficulty of reaching and influencing it, with tact and manliness and success, can hardly be over-estimated. — Crosby & Nichols have lately issued a well prepared work called "The Words of Christ." It is sufficiently described by its title. The introductory remarks, though' brief, disclose a certain spirit - qualities of mind and heart - that win respect and sympathy, and predispose us to look with favor on the task of which this volume presents the result. The design is to separate the words spoken by Jesus Christ - in themselves removed so far apart from the language of all tongues that ever spoke, - both from the utterances of other persons, and from the narrations connected with them in the New Testament. It is obvious, and must have occurred many times, we presume, to the compiler, that there have never been any teachings in the world, more intimately related to the events and circumstances attending them, more often called out and suggested by occasions, or more largely requiring to be illustrated by a reference to

local usages, scenery, natural objects, and the pursuits of the people, than these very teachings of the Saviour. Yet, for plain reasons, a work like this before us is desirable, convenient, beneficial. As another has remarked, it serves to show, among other things, what slender foundation exists, in the great source and treasury of all Christian doctrine — the words of the Master himself — for the dogmas and assumptions of false systems of theology. And we do not perceive how the design could be more wisely or faithfully executed, or in a purer spirit, than in this volume. - "Discourses on the Lord's Prayer," by Rev. Jason Whitman. Here are eleven sermons, seven of which are founded on texts chosen from the Lord's Prayer, and the remaining four relating to kindred topics. In the matter, and in the style and treatment, they are practical in the strictest sense of the word, as Mr. Whitman's productions always are. Of course they are concerned with the loftiest themes of the Christian faith and Christian life, - devotion, trust, resignation, obedience, spiritual communion. And these subjects are uniformly discussed reverentially, earnestly, out of a warm and engaged heart. Touching upon the profoundest experiences of the soul, they are intended to meet a want the most serious and most apparent, perhaps, in all religious literature.

We have been kindly furnished with the following pamphlets, for which we return our grateful acknowledgments: - "Services at the Ordination of Rev. O. B. Frothingham as Pastor of the North Church in Salem" - by Rev. Dr. Frothingham of Boston, Rev. Mr. Stone of Salem, and Rev. Dr. Putnam of Roxbury, - all of the first order of merit, and all worthy to be preserved in this permanent form. "A Discourse Commemorative of the Life and Ministry of Rev. Zephaniah Willis, delivered before the First Congregational Society at Kingston, by Rev. Augustus R. Pope," - a worthy memorial of a worthy man written with directness, good taste, spirit and force; The "Brookline Jubilee" Discourse of Rev. Dr. Pierce, of which we have already spoken in our notice of the Celebration, - a choice morsel for future antiquarians, and an astonishment to all ordinary memories; "A Sermon delivered at the House of Correction, South Boston, being the Farewell Address of the Chaplain, by Rev. Charles Cleveland," - a simple and touching appeal to the prisoners, with affectionate and Christian salutations, so benignant in its whole temper as to render a few objectionable phrases quite pardonable, and revealing an excellent fitness in the preacher for his late office, and disposing us to forget the slight evidences of a mistaken theology in the unostentatious and disinterested benevolence of the good man; "Additions made in the Second Edition of the First Volume of Norton's Evidences of the Genuine-28* **VOL. 1V.**

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ness of the Gospels,"—a pamphlet of fifty-two pages, of which we say everything when we say that it partakes of the inestimable value of the whole work to which it belongs, and containing, with much other interesting and learned matter, a short but lucid discussion of the objections to the Christian miracles. It will of course be sought by all purchasers of Mr. Norton's first volume.

"Morning and Evening Meditations for every day in the Month. Boston: Wm. Crosby & H. P. Nichols, 1847." We welcome with lively satisfaction works of this class, especially when they are prepared with so much taste and judgment as are evinced in the present instance. They belong to a department of religious literature in which we have not abounded too much hitherto. Books of a devotional character, whether original or composed of selections, demand rare qualities in the editor. In these manuals of devout meditation for daily use, we are apt to find a great deal of thin sentiment and vapid rhetoric. A collection of pious expressions, and feeble verses, seems to be thought quite sufficient, in many cases, without great heartiness of purpose, freshness of thought, or any quickening spiritual vitality. The multiplication of such volumes has done too much to create an impression that religious reading is dull reading, and has thus inflicted an injury on Christian Letters. The work before us is in a much higher and stronger vein. This will not be doubted, when it is known that Miss Mary Carpenter, the daughter of the learned and excellent Dr. Lant Carpenter of England, has compiled it, and that many of the contents, which are both in prose and poetry, are the productions of her own accomplished mind, while others are from such writers as Dr. Channing, Dr. Ware, Dr. Greenwood, Dr. Carpenter, Dr. Bowring, Heber, Wesley, Montgomery, Milman, Bulfinch, Martineau, Hutton, Mrs. Hemans, Mrs. Barbauld, &c., &c. We heartily recommend the book as a source of cheerful, elevating and inspiring thoughts and holy aspirations - worthy to lie, and to be used, in the closet of every person who is forming a religious character. It is a good indication, that such reading is in demand among us. - Mr. Pray, in his "History of Sunday Schools," has brought together a great deal of useful information, and has made a valuable contribution, both to Sunday School and General Literature. He traces the course of Christian education, in morals and religion, from the earliest ages of the Church to the present time; and appears to have executed his task with a commendable degree of fidelity and love of the subject, two essential qualifications of a historian. Speaking of Christian education reminds us of an able treatise we have lately seen, on this subject, quite worthy of attention, by Rev. Horace Bushnell, the eminent Orthodox divine, of Hartford, Ct.,

who writes articles for the New Englander which, notwithstanding certain clauses of reservation thrown in here and there to conciliate the sect and keep up an apparent consistency with modern Calvinism, breathe a most liberal spirit, and must exert a most liberalizing tendency both by their scholarship and their charity, - the author, too, of an energetic Letter to Pope Pius IX., of an eloquent Sermon on the Dangers of a State of Emigration, and other good things. The whole tone and argument of the book are a direct refutation of the dogmas of Calvinism, and, in the main features, are a very interesting presentation of Unitarian views; and this effect is but feebly modified by some such clauses of reservation as we have referred to, at the conclusion. Not that Mr. Bushnell is conscious of tampering with the honesty of his convictions. He is only wanting, at present, in that high and unusual measure of personal independence, freedom from partisan and educational biases, or else the power of logical inference, necessary to bring out the principles of his own reasoning to their practical, ultimate, inevitable results. His treatise has all the force and weight of a demonstration in one direction, with a verbal declaration in the other. He virtually abolishes the dogmas of Total Depravity, Election, Instantaneously Completed Conversion, and then with singular simplicity remarks that, notwithstanding, we must not fail to believe them; just as if one were to write under the Q. E. D. appended to the demonstration of a proposition in Euclid: - 'But which is nevertheless all a mistake!' This Treatise was originally read, we believe to an association of the author's brethren in the ministry; and it is a curious fact that it is printed by the Tract Society. - Another Dissertation, or rather Report, read to a pastoral association, — the Worcester Central, — is before us in print, under the title of "Resistance to Slavery every Man's Duty." It is by Rev. George Allen, and is written with a kind of nervous energy and intensity that make it valuable, while it possesses the higher merit of being full, from beginning to end, of sound, striking, sensible anti-slavery doctrines, positively and freely announced; truth that cannot be denied, and is more and more felt in all denominations. The Report of the Executive Committee of the Massachusetts Bible Society presented by Rev. Dr. Parkman, is promptly published by the Trustees, and has been forwarded to us by the author, together with an account of the proceedings at the Annual Meeting. It is prepared with the skill and felicity distinguishing other similar documents from the same source. One of its most curious statements is this: that an individual is reported to have undergone an authentic conversion from his sins, from reading a catalogue

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of the names and ages of the patriarchs, in the Old Testament. The Society have distributed during the year, 5838 Bibles and Testaments.— An able Sermon by Rev. Edmund Kell of Newport, Isle of Wight, on "The Necessity of providing an Enlightened Education for the Christian Ministry," exposes the defects of the present system of education pursued at the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, as well as their illiberality, and sets forth the claims, merits and history of the more liberal institutions,—University College at London, and the new College at Manchester.—John Owen is issuing a new edition of the great work of Mr. Norton, which we have referred to, and the first volume has already appeared, containing the additions printed in the pamphlet we have noticed. Some alterations have been made by the author,—and these he has carefully noted at the end of the volume.

"GOING TO MEETING."

"Have you been to church or to meeting to-day?"

Extract from conversation.

"Goine to meeting;" is it so?
Then "to meeting" let it be:
Those who will to "church" may go,—
"Meeting" is enough for me.

"Going to meeting!" aye, to meet
With our Heavenly Father there,—
Meet him at his mercy-seat,
There to offer up our prayer.

What can mortal man desire

More than meeting such as this?
Oh, to what can we aspire

Holier, more full of bliss?

Going to meet with Christ our Lord, Hear his words and learn his love; Life can nothing more afford, Till we meet our Lord above.

L. E. G.

INTELLIGENCE.

ANNIVERSARIES .-- (CONCLUDED.)

Massachusetts Bible Society. — This Society met at the church in Winter Street, May 24, 1847, at four o'clock, P. M. After Scriptures were read by Rev. Dr. Sharp and the Report was presented by Rev. Dr Parkman, addresses were made by the President, Rev. Dr. Pierce, by Rev. E. B. Hall of Providence, R. I., Rev. Dr. Carruthers of Portland, Me., and Professor Greenleaf of the Law School in Harvard University. The following officers were chosen:—President, Rev. Dr. Pierce; Vice President, Rev. Dr. Codman; Corresponding Secretary, Rev. Dr. Parkman; Recording Secretary, Rev. G. W. Blagden; Treasurer, Henry Edwards; Auditor, Samuel May; Trustees, Rev. Dr. Lowell, Rev. Dr. Jenks, Rev. Bishop Eastburn, Rev. Dr. Frothingham, Rev. Dr. Sharp, Rev. William M. Rogers, Samuel May, John Tappan, William Worthington, Heman Lincoln, Benjamin Howard, Jacob Sleeper, James C. Dunn, Amos A. Lawrence, Francis O. Watts, William R. Sampson.

Boston Port Society. — The eighteenth anniversary was observed on Monday evening, at the Federal Street Church, the President, Hon. Albert Fearing, in the chair. Prayer having been offered by Rev. E. B. Hall of Providence, the Annual Report was read by the Secretary, J. A. Andrew, Esq., giving, amongst other interesting matter, a particular account of the erection of the Mariner's House, or Sailor's Home, in Boston. It stated that the whole number of mariners of the world is estimated to be two millions, one hundred and fifty thousand of which are in the service of the American people. Felicitous and spirited speeches were made by the President, T. B. Curtis, Esq., R. B. Forbes, Esq., Capt. Girdler, and Father Taylor.

AMERICAN PRACE SOCIETY. — The nineteenth anniversary was celebrated at the church in Winter Street, on Monday evening. Samuel Greele, Esq. was in the chair. The devotional services were conducted by Rev. Mr. Adams of Brunswick. Rev. George C. Beckwith, the Secretary, then read a very encouraging Report. Excellent addresses were made by the President, Rev. Mr. Clark of Portsmouth, Rev. Dr. Baird of New York, Rev. E. N. Kirk, and Amasa Walker, Esq.

PRISON DISCIPLINE SOCIETY.—At the annual meeting held on Tuesday at eleven o'clock, A. M., Hon. Theodore Lyman was elected President. Rev. Dr. Tucker of Providence conducted the devotional exercises. The Report was read by the Secretary, Rev. Lewis Dwight. Addresses followed, by Rev. Dr. Jenks, Charles Sumner, Esq., and Bradford Sumner, Esq. From a committee of six appointed last year to investigate the past history and reports of the Society, Charles Sumner, Esq. presented a report. This report was ably discussed at this and adjourned meetings, by the gentleman who offered it and others. It advocates a neutral and impartial course with reference to the Auburn and Pennsylvania systems.

SUNDAY SCHOOL SOCIETY. — The meeting was on Wednesday evening, at the Federal Street Church; Hon. S. C. Phillips, the President, in the chair. Prayer was offered by Rev. Dr. Kendall of Plymouth. Rev. Charles Brooks the Corresponding Secretary, read a thorough and valuable report. Music was performed by a choir from the Warren Street Chapel. Addresses were made by Rev. Ephraim Peabody, Rev. Dr. Nichols of Portland, Rev. Mr. Willis of Walpole, N. H., Mr. Congdon of New Bedford, Mr. Harlow of Medford, and the President, on the following questions:

"1. Must the primary truths of Christianity be implanted in the young mind by instruction, before we can reach the affections and move the soul to the highest action?

2. How can the Scriptural idea of Christ be most clearly imparted to the

pupil's mind?

3. How far should oral and textual instruction be separated? And what is the value of text books and story books in Sunday School instruction?

4. Do general lessons or addresses by the superintendent or by a stranger promote the highest advancement of a Sunday School?

5. What, on the part of teachers and pupils, should be the home preparation

for the Sunday School?

6. Are there not peculiarities in the present religious state of the community, which call for extraordinary efforts on the part of Sunday School teachers?"

MASSACHUSETTS EVANGELICAL MISSIONARY SOCIETY. — The annual meeting of this Society was held on Thursday. The following gentlemen were elected officers for the ensuing year: — President, Hon. Richard Sullivan; Vice-President, Rev. Charles Lowell, D. D.; Secretary, Rev. Chandler Robbins; Treasurer, Nathaniel Thayer, Esq.; Auditor, Peter Mackintosh, Esq.; Trustees, Hon. Levi Lincoln, Hon. S. C. Phillips, Hon. Sidney Willard, Benjamin Guild, Esq., J. W. Foster, Esq., Rev. Francis Parkman, D. D., Rev. Samuel Barrett, Rev. Alonzo Hill, Rev. C. T. Thayer, Rev. A. P. Peabody, Rev. A. D. Wheeler, Peter Mackintosh, Esq.; Executive Committee, Benjamin Guild, Esq., Rev. Francis Parkman, D. D., Rev. Samuel Barrett, Rev. A. P. Peabody, Rev. Chandler Robbins, N. Thayer, Esq. — Rev. Ephraim Peabody was chosen to preach a sermon in aid of the objects and

funds of the Society at the next anniversary. A vote was passed expressing the respect and gratitude of the Society to the memory of the late Rev. Mr. Rogers of Bernardston, Mass., who had for many years faithfully and efficiently discharged the duties of a Missionary, and whose many Christian graces commended him to the esteem and love of all who saw their manifestation or felt their influence.

MASSACHUSETTS COLONIZATION SOCIETY. - At the business meeting of this Association, the following gentlemen were chosen officers for the year to come: - President, Hon. Simon Greenleaf, L L. D. of Cambridge. Presidents, Rev. L. Woods, D. D. of Andover; Rev. E. S. Gannett, D. D. of Boston; Rev. William Hague of Boston; Rev. Heman Humphrey, D. D., Pittsfield; Rev. William M. Rogers, Boston; Rev. Charles Brooks, Boston; R. A. Chapman, Esq., Springfield. Treasurer, Secretary and General Agent, Rev. Joseph Tracy of Boston. Auditor, Eliphalet Kimball, Esq. of Boston. Directors, Rev. Ebenezer Burgess, D. D. of Dedham: Rev. George W. Blagden, Boston; Hon. A. R. Thompson, Charlestown; Henry Edwards, Esq., Boston; T. R. Marvin, Esq., Boston; J. V. C. Smith, M. D., Boston; J. C. Dunn, Esq., Boston; James Hayward, Esq., Boston. The annual report was read by the Secretary, Rev. Mr. Tracy. This paper stated the whole amount of the Society's available means - including a balance of \$575 91, left over from last year — to be \$4171 17. There were 22 additional life-members, whose subscriptions had been completed - and 22 also, a part of whose payments only had been made. The expenses of the year were \$3656 17, and the balance in the treasury was \$515. A series of resolutions - contemplating the acceptance of the Report, and a vigorous action on the part of the Association - was offered, and supported by Rev. Dr. Hitchcock of Randolph, Rev. Charles Brooks, William Brigham, Esq., Rev. Dr. Waterbury of Boston, and Rev. Dr. Humphrey of Pittsfield. The resolutions were then adopted, the Report accepted, and the meeting adjourned.

ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION.—The various assemblages convoked by this body the present year, at the Marlboro' Chapel, offered to the Christian public a painful and mortifying spectacle. It was humiliating beyond measure, to see a noble enterprise of humanity compromised and disgraced by the disorderly scenes enacted at meetings professing to stand forth as the exponent and expression of the Abolition movement. The riotous confusion and unchristian violence of the auditory, restrained at last only by the interference of the police, the irreverence and the extravagance of the Resolutions, went far to counterbalance the good effects of several really eloquent speeches. By such a course of proceedings there is reason to fear that the advocates of this benevolent and philanthropic cause will soon do more to defeat their end, and bring deserved contempt on their measures, than their bitterest enemies can do. Immediate emancipation is too generous and just an object to be thwarted by these enormous laxities; by giving up the meetings of its friends to a sort

of manners quite below the dignity of South Sea barbarians. Frederic Douglass, Esq., the President, was prevented from attending to his official duties a large part of the time by illness. We never have seen so much cause to be thankful that Anti-Slavery sentiments have already secured a ledgment in the mind and heart of the community, for if they depended on demonstrations like these, they would have small chance of prevalence or success. And yet we would not forget to honor those to whom honor is due, for taking the lead in the first agitation of the subject, even though they have fallen for a time among vulgar associates. Heaven send them wise counsels and decent friends.

LEAGUE OF HUMAN BROTHERHOOD.—An association recently organized under this title, had a course of interesting meetings during Anniversary week, at the church in Bromfield Street, at which some of the questions relating to the progress of peace principles, the extinction of all war and hatred, the diffusion of the Gospel of love, and the pacific adjustment of international differences were discussed by able speakers.

New York Unitarian Association Anniversalt. — This meeting was held in New York city, at the Church of the Divine Unity, May 13, 1847, — Zebedee Cook, Esq., in the chair. Prayer was offered by Rev. Samuel May of Massachusetts. Rev. Mr. Bellows of N. Y. offered a series of resolutions, on which addresses were made by Rev. John Pierpont of Troy, Rev. E. Buckingham of Trenton, Rev. G. W. Hosmer of Buffalo, Rev. Mr. De Lange of the Meadville Theological School, Judge Greenwood of Brooklyn, and Rev. Mr. May of Massachusetts. The resolutions related to the progress of Liberal Christianity; the right method of diffusing it; the proper relation of Unitarian Christians to the cause of religion in the State of New York, to the age, and to each other; the Scriptural authority for this form of faith; and the duty of sustaining and aiding that promising and already useful institution, the Meadville Theological School. Measures were taken for the employment of a missionary, for the dissemination of Unitarian writings, and for a largely increased circulation of the "Christian Inquirer."

British and Foreign Unitarian Association Anniversary.—The meeting was held May 26, at Hackney. The annual sermon was preached by Rev. Dr. Beard of Manchester, and is spoken of as a performance of very high merit. The greater portion of the discussion at the business meeting, was devoted to the question whether an invitation from Unitarian ministers in America to attend the anniversaries in Boston, ought to be accepted while one of the Vice-Presidents of the American Unitarian Association is a slave-holder; and whether this reason for declining should be stated. It was ascertained at last, that the invitation did not come from the American Unitarian Association, but from individuals. At the "Breakfast," Dr. Bowring, M. P., presided, and eloquent speeches were made by distinguished gentlemen.

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NO. 8.

HOW SHALL WE KEEP THE LORD'S DAY?

BY JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

We propose to discuss a practical question of no little importance, namely: What is the best method of keeping the Lord's Day? The Lord's Day is the name we use in this connection, not the Sabbath, for that is a Jewish name; not Sunday, for that is a Pagan name; but the Lord's Day, for this is the Christian name for the Christian's day of rest.

As the day has received a Jewish name and a heathen name, so it has been kept in a Jewish manner and in a heathen manner. Our ancestors, the Puritans, in Old England and New, Judaized concerning the day; they kept it with a Jewish rigor. They held it to be sinful to do any kind of work except those of absolute necessity or mercy, and all recreations were to be sedulously guarded against. It was a day not merely of solemnity, of seriousness, — as it should be — but of gloom, which it certainly should not be. The festival which commemorates the Resurrection of Jesus certainly should be one of joy. It should be the happiest day of the week; the happiest to all; to old and young, to rich and poor, to the well and the sick. It should be a day made sacred by the purest pleasures; blessed in anticipation, blessed in remembrance. The tried, the tempted, the overtasked, the careworn should look forward to it as a day when their souls should rest from anxiety as their bodies from labor. It should lighten every burden, undo every yoke and let the oppressed go free. Its morning should dawn calm and holy, full of sweet promise for the mind and the

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heart. Its evening should fall, serene and heavenly, on spirits full of love to God and to men. Not sabbatical rigor, but Christian liberty should preside over the serious, peaceful hours which are to bring us into relations of love to God and love to man. What David did when he was an hungered and those who were with him, that should we all do; enter into the house of the Lord and eat the bread from the table of the Lord. And as the priests on the Sabbath day, even among the Jews, profaned the Sabbath and were blameless; so we all, as a holy priesthood, may do it now — profane the Sabbath by any work of religion or of charity; any work of pure spiritual activity.

The Jewish Sabbath has passed by, even in New-England, and we certainly cannot be sorry that its reign is over. Its reign was not in accordance with the spirit of the Gospel. It made some sad religionists, and some hollow Pharisees. It made many haters and opposers of Christianity. It helped to restrain from open vice, but it did not inspire a joyful piety. We therefore cannot grieve that it is passing by; but a serious and very important question is, What shall take its place?

And in answer to this question we would say, that we should not wish to see the European Sunday introduced here. The continental method of passing the day smacks of Paganism as much as the Puritanic does of Judaism. To make it a time for amusement, for gay visiting and dissipation of mind, for parties of pleasure and social festivities, for military reviews and theatrical amusements, as is the custom abroad, is desirable neither for body nor mind. May such customs never prevail here.

I think there can be a better method of keeping the Lord's Day than either of the two I have mentioned; which shall be neither a burdensome task nor an idle amusement; which shall refresh and recreate but not dissipate the mind; which shall make the Lord's day what Ignatius in the first century called it—"the queen of days, a reviving, lifegiving day, best of all our days." It is very important that we should find such a method. The present tendency is to make Sunday a day of mere idleness or dissipation, a day on which to sleep late in the morning, to lounge at home, or to ride in the country, to eat, and drink, to read silly books, or to do worse. To how many young men and women here in the city, does every Sunday bring temptations and evil; dissipating their strength instead of renewing it, unfitting them for labor and duty, making them take the first steps in a career of folly and sin. The Sunday, as now spent by thousands, is, I fear, not the way of life, but the road to destruction.

But consider what an opportunity it offers, and what a responsibility

it involves. Here is one seventh of our time, redeemed from our common cares and occupations; one seventh of our time given us, in the arrangements of society, to dispose of for our best good. What infinite blessings come from it, rightly used. A man thirty-five years old, has had and used five years of Sabbaths, for which he is to answer to God. We ask not whether that commandment written on the stone tables of Horeb, "Remember the Sabbath day and keep it holy" - we ask not if that law uttered amid thunders and the shaking mountain, applies to us or not. We have not come to that mount which burned with fire, nor to its blackness, its darkness, and its tempest. But responsibilities all as weighty urge upon us to "remember the Sabbath day, and keep it holy." So large and important period of our time, in which we are released from all our usual occupations. must either do us great good or great evil. It were better to keep no Sabbath at all; it were better to work on, as at other times, than to waste this time in dissipation or idleness. To work without the rest of the seventh day would soon wear out the body; but the rust of indolence and the fires of wild pleasures, will corrode and consume both body and soul.

What is the idea of the Lord's day, and how does it differ from the Jewish Sabbath?

The Jewish morality is all of it nearly negative; the Christian, positive. The Jewish law forbids; the Christian commands. The Jewish says, "Thou shalt not kill; thou shalt not steal; thou shalt not covet." The Gospel fulfils the law by adding the positive command, "Thou shalt love." So here. The Jewish Sabbath law said, "Thou shalt do no manner of work on the seventh day;" and this was nearly all. But the Christian Sabbath (if you choose to call it so) is kept not by abstinence but by performance. To leave off our work, is only the means, not the end. The end of the Lord's day, is to bring us near to God, near to man; to renew our inward life, to refresh our soul with high thoughts, pure worship, happy intercourse, elevating influences. We are to be raised to a higher platform, to ascend the mount of transfiguration on this day. And if we fail of doing this, we have not kept the Lord's Sabbath holy, we are Sabbath breakers. We may have abstained sedulously from all labor, come to church three times a day, prayed in our families, read our Bible in our chamber; but all this profits us nothing except we have cherished by these means those inward sentiments of piety and purity which make a serene soul. At the close of every Lord's day, we should find ourselves humble, yet hopeful, meek and tender, yet animated with a high hope and a strong purpose, feeling God's presence in the very air, in the sunlight, in the breeze murmuring low and sweet tunes amid the rustling leaves. Every Sunday which leaves such an influence behind it, will go with us through the week, to refresh and cheer us, and will be indeed hely time.

With this object in view, what rules and methods shall we adopt to

- 1. Our first rule would be, to avoid whatever occupation will tend to dissipate the mind. In order to attain the ends of the day, we want calmness and repose. Endeavor so to arrange everything as to avoid all unnecessary excitement and confusion. Let there be as little work to be done as possible, as little dressing, as little cooking, as little house cleaning as possible; not because it is wrong in itself, but because it destroys the spirit of the day. I would abstain from going to the Postoffice for letters, from reading newspapers, from talking about political news, not superstitiously, but on grounds of expediency. I do not suppose that a man commits a sin who sends for his letters and reads them, but I suppose that it is foolish for him to do so, if it interferes with the great end of the day. Let everything tend to quietness, composure, concentration of mind.
- 2. Then I would recommend a season of retirement at the beginning of the day. Go into your closet, into your chamber alone, and shut the door. Sit down and meditate. Look backward over the past week, consider its blessings, consider its trials, recall its sins with penitence. its righteous actions with thankfulness. Look forward to coming time, consider what use you should make of your life, what duties you owe to others, what to yourself, what plans you ought to form, what resolutions adopt. Look inward upon your own soul. Consider what is your state of mind; is it troubled or is it peaceful, are you leaning upon God, or upon yourself? Are you hoping to rise higher, are your aims pure and noble; or are you growing worldly, steeped in sense, turning your face away from heaven, moving downward toward death and ruin? Then look upward. Ask for the help of God in this calm morning hour; ask for his inspiration to fill your soul with new light and love, to make the day pass by profitably, to give power for the work of coming years in this world or a higher. Such an hour as this would be the true preparation for the hour of public worship. You would then meet the congregation in a subdued and loving spirit, you would look round upon the assembly, not to criticize their appearance, but to feel a deep interest in them as fellow-Christians, and fellow-men. You would derive real benefit from the services always, approaching them in such a frame, while if you go with a mind full of worldly cares, business, politics, if you go from reading the newspaper or from

discussing the question of the next Presidency, the prayers will seem very cold, and the sermon very lifeless. For if you touch anything with a cold hand it will seem warm; but what you touch with a cold mind, becomes itself as cold as ice.

3. I have taken for granted that a part of the Lord's day shall be occupied in public worship. I know there are some, in these days, who think they have outgrown public worship and have no more need of it. They think that the church can do them no more good. But that depends much on what they go for. If their object is instruction, or intellectual excitement. I grant that the church can perhaps do them little good. The preacher must be a man of surpassing genius who can contrive to feed with new thoughts and ideas, year after year, a congregation who have the same sources of knowledge that he has; who have their books, their journals, and a thousand means of hearing beforehand all that he can say on any subject. "No man living can feed us ever." Intellectually, we soon get beyond our teachers; not because we are wiser than they, but because we need a different influence from theirs. But the moral influence of the Church no one can outgrow. We never can get beyond the need of meeting with our fellow-men, in the place of prayer and praise. We need to unite with our brethren in just such an act as this. We need to stand with them in the presence of God, to rejoice with them in the love of God, to bow with them before the majestic laws of God, to listen with them to the humblest of the brethren who speaks simply and sincerely of the truth and comfort of the Gospel. We meet men in the exchange, for business; in the theatre and ball-room, for pleasure; in the court house. for strife; we need to meet them in the temple, also, to recognize their immortal nature. Otherwise one of the most important relations to our fellow-men is not fulfilled. I think I have observed that those persons who have, in their own opinion, got above all churches, and who abstain from them, have a certain narrowness in consequence of this, which diminishes the power and justness of their thought. need all the influences of the church; when we meet each other in the name of Christ, Christ is with us himself. We meet him, in meeting each other. If people go into the church as they would go into a lecture-room, in a careless and unprepared mood; if they take their shops or their kitchen with them into church, then the service may seem very empty and useless. But if they go with a deep feeling of their need of God, and of his real presence in the united hearts of his adoring children, if they go, praying that he may bless to them and to all, the hour of devotion, then, they will certainly, find it good to VOL. 1V.

have been there, they will feel drawn toward their fellow-men by the deepest and widest sympathies.

The common error is to go to church to be acted upon, to be excited, to be influenced, not meaning to be active, not thinking that we have something to do ourselves. If all the congregation are in this state, they have inevitably a listless and indolent air, not the air or attitude of worshippers, but rather of those who are seeking repose. They assume indolent attitudes; many do not take the trouble to rise when the congregation rises; or if they stand, stand in attitudes which show plainly that they are not engaged in solemn prayer and praise to God; for no man could pray to God in a negligent attitude or a careless position.

Having thus occupied a part of the day in private meditation, and a part in public worship, another part, I think, should be devoted to making our own home cheerful and happy. Parents should seek, if they can, to be with their children, to converse with them; if they are in the country, to walk with them in the fields; if in the town, to read to them something which shall please and instruct. If all the members of a family considered it their special duty on Sunday to make each other happy, and instead of seeking selfish amusements, would be at each other's service, the Sabbath would be both a delight and holy to the Lord. For what sight more holy in the sight of heaven than that of the son or daughter who seeks to cheer the aged parent; of the father who gives wise advice to his children; of the brothers and sisters who walk through the solemn avenues of the forest, or gaze from the hilltop over the sleeping meadows and silver streams, uplifting each other's minds to the Author of all this sublime order and beauty. Such Sabbath hours are the golden links which bind in tenderest unions the hearts of a family. Long after the father has been laid in the grave he is most remembered in the associations of the Sabbath twilight. The daughter, the wife, whose love and sweetness charmed us, looks upon us from the spiritual world with clearer and purer beauty in the memory of that holy communion of soul, which we enjoyed with them in the calm of the Lord's day. They have gone from the earthly to the heavenly rest; to the rest which remains for the people of God; to keep the everlasting Sabbath of that kingdom. There may we meet them,

> Where love shall freely flow, Pure as life's river; Where friendships sweet shall glow, Changeless forever.

Where joys celestial thrill,
And bliss each heart shall fill,
And fears of parting chill —
Never — oh never.

5. There is one more occupation to which we may devote a part of the Sabbath — to acts of charity. We may spend an hour in visiting the poor, the sick, the sinful; we may make a Sabbath in the sick-room where no other would utter a word of religious counsel; we may change the chamber of cursing into a chamber of prayer. I have known many who have spent a part of the Lord's day thus with great profit to themselves and others. I am glad that the members of some of our churches hold meetings on the afternoon of Sunday in the chambers of sickness. In such labors, or in the labors of the Sunday school, one may often find it "more blessed to give than to receive." They may find that they get more spiritual life by what they impart to others, than by what they themselves hear from the pulpit.

I am well aware that there are many persons who have no time for half of these things; whose time is necessarily engrossed by duties to others. Still, I think that all may find a few minutes for retirement, and preparation; and then, having begun the day aright, it will be easier for them to continue in the spirit. If they cannot go to church, they can yet go to God. If they cannot assemble with the multitude in outward presence, they can meet them in spirit, and be lifted up inwardly into the general assembly and church of the first-born.

But, after all, let us remember that no rules and methods will avail without the spirit. "I was in the spirit on the Lord's day." "This," says Cecil, "seems to be the soul of the Christian Sabbath. In this view a thousand frivolous questions are answered." "On the Sabbath God rested from his six days' work, and we rest also," says Jeremy Taylor, "to attend to holy duties, so best imitating the rest of God; for God's rest was not a natural cessation; he who cannot labor, cannot rest; but God's rest was a beholding and rejoicing in his finished work; and, therefore, we truly rest, when we rejoice in God's works. And so he keeps the Lord's day best, that keeps it with the most religion and the most charity." To him it becomes, as Herbert says, "the fruit of this world and the bud of the next."

O day most calm, most bright!

The fruit of this — the next world's bud —
The couch of time; care's balm and bay,
The week were dark without thy light,
Thy terch doth show the way.

Sundays the pillars are,

On which heaven's palace arched lies;
The other days fill up the spare,

And hollow room with vanities.

But no, good Herbert, the other days need not be full of vanity, though the Lord's day be consecrated to a deeper and more inward life. The Sunday is indeed more a day for thought, but the others for action; this, to feel God's love, those to do God's will; this, for a freer communion of heart with heart; those, for mutual helpfulness, by joining hand to hand. I do not think the Lord's day any more sacred or holy than other days; it is merely a day of greater privileges, a day for calmer reflection, for purer aspiration, for happier sympathies, for tenderer charities. It is a sacred feast, a time for strengthening and feeding the soul. Let us evermore so keep it, that our souls may be fed.

THREE DAYS ON A NEW-ENGLAND ISLAND.

The visit was at the close of the month of March, a time when one begins to be weary of the winter months, to yearn for spring, and be very ready to vary the monotony of so long a period of in-door life by a little travel. In fact, the migratory spirit seems often to vindicate its place among the permanent instincts of man. The birds have some affinity with us in this. And surely the periodical restlessness of the whole Anglo-Saxon race proves them to be the legitimate children of the old Northmen, whose migratory instinct brought them from their ancient homes to the various seats of European civilization. In hordes our race still migrates to all quarters of the world. It is well that we go for peaceful pleasure or business, not for warfare, and that the clang of the barbaric cymbal has given place to the whistle of the locomotive or the splash of the water-wheel.

By these combined, by railroad and steamboat, we went to the noted island of ———. When some forty miles on our sea course, we caught the first glimpse of the place of our destination. The faintest line on the verge of the horizon was the only sign to us, that all beyond was not ocean. Soon the word was given, that a carrier pigeon was to be let go. All the passengers rushed to the place to see the embarka-

and graceful, with far prouder bearing than the common dove. A slip of thin paper, containing the important items of news was tied round his leg. The little fellow was tossed into the air, and immediately rose to a great height, looking round as if to take his observation and arrange his course. He seemed at first confused, flying round and round, uncertain of his way. But soon he aimed for the island, curving his path somewhat as if to keep in sight of the jutting land on the right. He proved a good newsman and reached the island an hour before the steamboat. Surely man is not the inventor of rapid locomotion. The wings of the dove clove the air before Fulton thought of wedding the fire to the water to produce his mighty Titan, and the light flashed through infinite spaces in the twinkling of an eye before Morse trained the lightning to run on the metallic rod.

The streak on the verge of the horizon soon broadened into a belt of solid land. Can that be a populous town, thought we, as the great sand bank revealed itself. Who would think of settling on such a place when a few hours' sail would bring the mainland and a pleasant country? But it is character and not soil that constitutes a people. Measured by its soil, our whole New-England falls below Carolina and Havana. The tropics offer comparatively a paradise. This sandy island, in the enterprise, intelligence and probity of its inhabitants, shows what the New-England character can do. It wins from the open sea a richer harvest than is enjoyed by any Southern isle, blooming with perpetual summer.

The people, who thronged the wharf to greet the passengers, gave us a good idea of what we might expect from the inhabitants. Unaffected, earnest, with an expression of intelligent good nature, blending something of rural neighborly kindness with mercantile energy, these islanders appear to unite some of the best characteristics of city and country.

Evening came, and with it an occasion that gave a good illustration of the spirit of the population. The weather was not favorable, yet a very large assembly met at the hall of the Athenaum to listen to the first of the course of lectures for the season. The great fire, that had laid waste the business part of the town the summer previous, had not spared the building which had been so long the pride of the community, on account of its collection of marine curiosities and its valuable library. Notwithstanding the severe losses by the fire and by failures, the citizens immediately erected another and better edifice by their own resources; and the liberality of friends, chief of whom stand the merchants of Boston, supplied it with books. An excellent selection

now adorns the shelves, and is dispensed to the inhabitants by a librarian whose sex well becomes a literary institution that bears Minerva's name.

How much there is in the fact that the inhabitants of this ocean sand-bank within less than a year after their town was ravaged by fire, have erected a stately Athenæum, and that within about nine months from the destruction of the former building the present beautiful edifice was consecrated to its elevated uses! How hungry the people had become for literary aliment is obvious enough from the fact, that for three successive evenings they filled the hall and listened to as many lectures from the gentleman who had given the introductory. Honor to the community that provides for education before amusement. Instances in other places might be mentioned where the bar-room and the bowling alley have been the earlier rebuilt, and schools and libraries have come up at a very tardy pace if at all.

The second day of our visit, a violent wind blew, and we went in company with friends across the island to the shore that borders upon the open sea. We never knew before what waves are. All that we had ever seen were mere ripples in comparison. The wind was so violent, that the horses at times were brought to a stand-still; and when we alighted from the carriage the particles of sand were thrown into our faces like stings. The waves were mountain high, and as remarkable for color and motion as for size.

There is something of rhythm in all the movements of nature. In the beating pulse, the heaving breath, the alternate step, the changes of the seasons, the course of the planets, there is a measured recurrence, a uniformity in variety, which has affinity with the rhythm of poetry. Thus verse but follows a divine law, and in the poet's numbers there is something far more than the jingle of cunningly chosen words. How rhythmic is the ocean — what a magnificent lyric is a storm at sea! The waves roll in, various yet regular, with every aspect of passion, yet each keeping step in the tremendous march. The poet is a creature of God, and is born of him who made the stars and the sea.

Such a scene as this storm if seen by night would stimulate an ordinary imagination to unusual achievements. Just off the shore which we visited, a desperate battle was fought during the last war, between an American privateer and the boats of the British frigate Endymion. The boats started from the frigate towards nightfall, hoping to surprise the privateer. But they were seen, and the men of the privateer were ready for them. The guns were loaded, the sides of the vessel were greased so as to afford no hold for the boarders, and in the maintops

sailors stood, ready with cannon-balls to drop down into the boats. The slaughter was terrible. Only one of the boats escaped, and if we remember rightly, nearly a hundred British were killed, with hardly any loss on the American side. This is war, and what savage business it is! Who can feel any pride in such a victory? The dead and wounded were brought to land. The islanders, men chiefly of the faith of William Penn and George Fox, were not slow to heal the wounds which their principles forbade them to inflict upon any creature. When will Christian people give up butchering one another? We could not but recall the thought of the existing war with Mexico, and curse Mars and all his brood.

Fancy, in such a scene under the evening shades, might easily conjure up that sea fight. The phantom fleet of boats glides slowly along from the haughty frigate. It nears the privateer — a moment's pause — the prey is sure; no. The vessel becomes a wall of fire, cannon and musketry open upon the assailants, and the cold shot from the maintops are thrown with deadly aim, and by their dead weight break through the boats and send the crew to the bottom of the sea. Then the scene changes, and a vision of wounded and dying men, surrounded by the kind islanders with their broad-brimmed hats and benevolent faces, appears. The dream passes, and the dreamer finds himself among the descendants of those peaceful Quakers, and on a soil that has never sustained any military company.

On Sunday an incident occurred, that presented some very interesting contrasts. The steamboat, expected on Saturday, was delayed by the storm over night, and came the next morning. As usual, the messenger-dove was sent from the boat, and arrived just before churchtime - more than an hour in advance. The news of the war was looked for with anxiety, and the bird, which is the universal emblem of peace. was the bearer of the tidings. What a contrast in Boston harbor that same day! A war-ship sailed out to carry a cargo of provisions to a starving nation. The raven of war thus bearing a message of peace. whilst the dove of peace was bearing the tidings of war. Would to heaven that the latter incongruity were not shown so often less innocently than by that harmless bird. Would that men who are called to dispense the religion whose symbol is the dove, would abstain from encouraging the war spirit. What a change would come over Christendom, if every pulpit resounded with the sentiments of the sermon on the mount.

After attending church in company with a large and intelligent assembly, we accepted in the evening an invitation to listen to a sacred lesson from an authority not always duly honored on Sunday, and by some theologians stigmatized as not ordained to preach. Our preacher was not book nor minister, but the heavens. To the question, "Is it against thy principles to look at the stars on first day?" our reply was negative, whatever might be thought of our Orthodoxy. A large equatorial telescope soon brought the upper world down from the cloudless sky. The moon revealed her mountains and valleys with a distinctness altogether new. Stars apparently one, separated into binary orbs. We felt a deep sense of the majesty of the Creator from this Sunday lesson upon his works, and when we turned to our Bible we found no rising compunctions of conscience, as we thought of the Hebrew to whom the "Heavens declared the glory of God and the firmament showed forth his handiwork." When will science exercise its rightful office, expand the intellect without impairing the faith, and the student of nature blend humility with knowledge, and enter at once the kingdom of nature and of heaven like a little child?

When the time came to say farewell to these children of the sea, we felt that our few days' stay had revealed to us almost a new world, and given us new friends and home.

What island of New-England it was that we visited, we do not say. We do say that they who go there once always wish to go again. We Yankees have a prescriptive right to guess, and the case at hand presents no very difficult problem.

THE TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT IN NEW YORK.

BY REV. P. W. HOLLAND.

A SEBAT revolution apparently has taken place in the Temperance cause in the State of New York. A year ago, on the 19th of May, the whole State went for "no license," by a majority of hundreds of thousands; the city of New York not being included within the operation of the law, gave no testimony on the subject. This year, the matter has been very generally tried again at the polls, in such towns as furnished a sufficient number of legal voters petitioning for a second trial. And 115 towns vote "license," to 83 the other way; by majorities, too, nearly as large FOR the sale as before decided that no such articles should be dispensed to the public except in cases of sickness. In

a State containing nearly eight hundred towns and villages, this vote is not after all so decisive as it appears. But those who look at this revolution from a distance, will wonder how it has been brought about. They will ask what strange infatuation has possessed an intelligent State to retrace a step of progress so generally taken. Many strange, improbable and false inferences will be drawn. It will be supposed that Temperance men had fallen asleep on their hardly won trophies: but, the supposition will be perfectly gratuitous. It may be imagined that the church turned its batteries right round under compulsion of wealthy liquor dealers, and anathematized a movement which it had formerly breathed upon with the breath of life; but, no such fact can be generally shown; some denominations, the Methodists especially. and the country clergy in general, were truer than ever before, were more energetic, devoted and fearless for the right. If the Episcopal clergy generally kept still in the camp while the battle raged hotly without, it is in perfect keeping with their customary indifference to all philanthropic movements. If it is asserted, that many miserable wretches were bribed with liquor, and abundant evidence offered that on the decisive day an unusual amount of drunkenness was observed, it is true on the other hand that the friends of temperance spent their money freely, and did all that conscience permitted and the exigency justified.

These pretended explanations, though they may be sufficient for a locality here and there, will never answer for the State at large. suggest two circumstances as at least approaching to a satisfactory solution of the problem. First, in the strongholds of Total Abstinence, no vote was taken: the liquor-dealer had no hope of a change, and could not muster a quarter of the voters to petition for a second trial. according to the provision of the law. But, the second and principal reason is that the first effects of the "no license" vote seemed to be disastrous; more liquor was sold or given away than ever before in recent times; more shops, saloons, or taverns furnished the forbidden thing; more drunkards and more desperately drunk were frequently seen in the large towns; prosecutions of offenders frequently failed; sometimes a merely nominal fine was exacted; sometimes the popular tavern-keeper went off in the triumphs of entire acquittal. These unfortunate effects are what the people saw, or thought they saw. They did not realize that the number of paupers and the amount of criminal business were all the while diminishing. Neither would they believe that some of this street intoxication was prompted and occasioned by the rum-seller's gratuities. Therefore, when the question of license or no license was again referred to them, they had no heart to vote either 20

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way. "The law cannot be sustained," (they said to themselves,) "drunkards multiply, what is the use of provoking our friends in this unhappy traffic by the idle threat of 'no license' vote?" And so, without changing their views at all of the great subject, by staying at home, or yielding to friendly solicitations and casting a vote for the largest liberty, the rest of the country has been surprised by a result which may after all prove no calamity to temperance or humanity in the end.

MAN WAS NOT MADE TO MOURN.

Man was not made to mourn;—the glorious earth, In beauty born—to beauty giving birth, Speaks not of sorrow, sadness, or despair, Of comfortless despondency, or care.

The splendid sun—o'er all diffusing light, Speaks only of the beautiful and bright; Summons all nature forth but to rejoice With cheering and soul-elevating voice.

The placid moon looks down, and whispers — Peace!
Her gentle face, so calm and sweet, bids cease
All raging passions — tumults of despair —
But hope and calm serenity are there!

And those bright gems that stud the arching sphere, Speak they of aught but elevated cheer? Bid they not us to keep, like them, a light, Above earth's clouds and mists forever bright?

And ever tell of refuge safe and sure,

When earth's vexations we no more endure,

And beauties, joys, and hearts, and homes as dear

As those which make our path most happy here?

And those in whom God's image shines most bright, The young and careless—life is all delight To them—and so to all might be their way, Were all pure, trustful, innocent as they.

Where happiness might be the lot of each—
Placed where the hand of every one might reach,
And, grasped, may never from the hand be torn—
In such a place—'t were shame for man to mourn.

THE ' IMPORTANCE OF OPINIONS.

A SERMON, BY REV. ANDREW P. PEABODY.

John viii. 32. The truth shall make you free.

And nothing else can make us wholly free. False opinions abridge our liberty in one way or another, — either by narrowing the circle of what is lawful and right, or by leading us to some form of wrong which brings us under the bondage of sin. To know the truth is to see things as they are, — to discern the actual uses, relations and ends of our own being, and of the outward and spiritual universe in which we dwell; and it is through this knowledge only that we can use the world as not abusing it, can have at our command all its resources for good, and avert all its forms of evil agency. To know the truth is to overcome the world, and to have it for our servant instead of being its slave.

It is not, however, my present intention to confine myself to the connection of truth with freedom. I am going to speak of the importance of correct opinions, especially on subjects connected with the evidences and fundamental doctrines of religion. I know that there is a prevalent and growing indifference to opinions. The current maxim is, "No matter what a man believes, if his conduct only be good," and, conversely, with regard to individuals, - "That man's life is blameless, there can therefore be nothing reprehensible in his opinions." And then people say to themselves, "It is of no consequence what I believe, if I only keep myself from overt moral guilt. There is no need of my investigating the truth on these subjects which many deem so important. I may follow the last new voice, yield to the last wind of bold or strange doctrine, or remain without any settled opinions on those deep themes that lie at the foundation of duty; yet, if I lead a life free from open reproach, my looseness or fickleness of opinion, or the utter lack of opinions that I can call my own can incur for me no blame, and do me no harm." Nearly akin to this feeling is a sort of morbid sympathy with those that set forth strange or loose opinions. There is a prevalent disposition to regard with peculiar respect and reverence those, who are reckless in the promulgation of sentiments opposed to the general belief. Did I want to get higher praise than I ever expect to get for personal goodness, I should seek it by attacking Christianity,

or casting doubts on the immortality of the soul, or denying the personality of God. However obscure my humble claims to virtue had previously been, I should then be confident that they would be thrown into the clearest and fullest light, and beheld through the most highly magnifying medium. I should be regarded as a being of unparallelled sanctity. Every word uttered or written in behalf of the truths that I attacked, would be considered as aggressive upon my rights or character, and as conferring upon me a kind of honorary martyrdom,—a martyrdom indeed under circumstances of much greater physical ease, than was vouchsafed in earlier times to the victims of the stake and the cross.

In attempting to meet the false tone of sentiment and feeling to which I have alluded, I would first speak of the duty of serious and diligent inquiry as to the evidences and fundamental doctrines of religion. You cannot doubt that there is such a thing as absolute truth with regard to these subjects. There either is, or is not a personal Deity. He either has, or has not given an express revelation. Either our own intuitions are absolute authority on all matters of duty, or else we have some higher ground of authority, and some ulterior court of appeal. Christ either spoke under the special inspiration of God. or else he uttered his own words, which he says that he did not. He either cleansed the lepers, gave sight to the blind and raised the dead, or else he falsely pretended to do these things. He either rose from the dead, or else the whole Christian world have all along built their belief and hope of immortality on a false foundation. It cannot for a moment be pretended that these are unimportant subjects of inquiry, that they hold a secondary place in comparison with any subjects that can occupy the mind of man, or that our conclusions concerning them are indifferent as regards the emotions of reverence, confidence and love towards God and Christ. Now, outward goodness, -the morality of the lips and the hands, - is undoubtedly of essential importance. But we have higher powers than those of speech or action. We have the capacity of inquiry, of research, of weighing argument and evidence, of investigating the foundations of belief and the sources of These powers must have been given us, that they might be used and well used. They cannot have been designed to remain inactive, or to be employed carelessly or without a sense of accountability for their exercise. Their right and faithful exercise is an essential department of duty, an essential branch of moral goodness. And, if they are to be employed on any subjects, they ought surely to be employed on the most important of all subjects, - on those on which a serious mistake may compromise the well-being of our own souls, and

through our influence, of many other souls, in the present life and in the life to come. But what a shameful account are very many preparing themselves to render! "Thou gavest me, O God, intellect and reason, the power of searching for myself into thy truth, of weighing for myself the proofs of what men said was a revelation from thee. the credentials of him who professed to perform upon the earth such works as made his words infallible. But I forebore to use these powers. I held these themes as of insignificant moment. I yielded my unreasoning assent to whatever scheme of doctrine happened for the time to be plausibly set forth. No strong effort of my own has sought to separate between reason and sophistry, truth and error; and here thou hast these powers, wrapt in a napkin through life, rusted by disuse, the shrivelled remnant of a noble mind."

I would next remark that our abstract opinions have an important bearing on our outward morality. True, there is no essential difference of opinion in Christendom, between men of strict and of lax sentiments. between believers and infidels, as to outward moral duty. And that there is none is to my mind strong proof of the distinctively divine origin and authority of our Saviour's teachings. For, before he came, the science of practical morality was all at loose ends. There was no virtue, which wise and profound men had not stricken or omitted from the list, no vice or crime, which they had not enrolled among the virtues. But, since the sermon on the mount was in the hands of the civilized world, no one, whatever his belief, has pretended that he could add to, or take from this perfect compend of human duty. With regard to personal obligation, there is now no avowed difference of sentiment. Only as to the application of moral principles to bodies of men, communities and nations, is there a diversity of opinion, and even that is rapidly melting away. It would seem as if there were in the moral doctrines of the Gospel something that awed men into unanimity, constrained assent, compelled belief.

But we need much more than the mere knowledge of duty. We need reasons and motives for our conduct. We need that, which can stem temptation, subdue desire, and bind the soul in allegiance to the law which it owns. Now false and defective opinions may never manifest themselves in the conduct, if the life be passed under circumstances favorable to outward goodness. We will suppose the case of a monomaniac, sound on every other point, who yet persists in maintaining that fire can do no harm. If he lives in a warm climate, and matches never happen to lie in his way, he may perform all the functions of a sane man, and neither himself nor any one else be the worse for his delusion. But leave him alone with a fire, or let him find a match, and there may be 30*

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bitter cause for regret that he had not been treated as a lunatic. So, as to morals, a man may sincerely believe that the system of duty has no higher authority than his own intuitions or conjectures, that it is selfwoven, like the spider's web, he may scoff at the very idea of receiving the law from another's lips, he may spurn the thought of a voice from heaven, of teachings sealed by miracle, and confirmed by the glad and fearful sanctions of eternal retribution; and vet he may lead a strictly virtuous life. He may have learned his first lessons of duty from a mother, to whom the words of Jesus were the word of God. He may have formed all his habits, before a doubt crossed his mind as to the faith of his childhood. He may occupy a position which depends upon the purity of his character. He may be surrounded by influences, which it is beyond his power to resist, in favor of outward goodness. He may have those chastened tastes and thoughtful intellectual habits, with which vice seldom finds a lodgment. His appetites and passions may be weak, and his judgment strong. Under all these favoring circumstances, he may live and die an exemplary man, and multitudes of the unthinking may point to him, and say: "Of what avail are faith and authority? Match, if you can, this man, for purity and excellence of speech and life, among those in whose balances he is found wanting."

But, take another case. Here is a young man, well-disposed and well-behaving, whose habits however are not yet fully formed, whose appetites and impulses are strong, and who lacks a reflective turn of mind; in fine, one of the thousands, who, the objects of as many fears as hopes, are every year leaving the shelter and restraints of home for the exposures and temptations of active life. Let him start on his career with the belief that there is no law more sacred than his own impulses, that his own tastes and instincts must mark out for him the way of duty, that he is never to obey a precept on authority, or to receive implicitly his notions of right and wrong from that being, very excellent indeed, yet imperfect and fallible like himself, whom credulous people have been wont for eighteen centuries to call their Master and their Lord, but who has no right to command belief or obedience. The young man likes the freedom and independence which this doctrine seems to confer, and has at first no intention of abusing it. But his conscience is very imperfectly educated. His notions of right and wrong have hitherto been confined within a very narrow sphere of activity, and even within that sphere have never been very distinct or accurate. And soon appetite and instinct, impulse and conscience get inextricably jumbled together in his apprehensions; and the taste or freak, desire or passion of the moment becomes his law, and self-gratification his criterion of duty. His impulses, or his moral sense, (if you prefer the term,) can never be any better than he is, but must always be the expression of his actual self for the time being. Whatever may be his sordid or vicious propensities, they form an inseparable portion of his moral sense, and will necessarily be reproduced in his conduct. On the other hand, his outward life will be perpetually deepening the hues of his character, modifying his moral sense, and alienating it farther and farther from the law of truth and right. Thus his path through life is likely to be a downward one, and will terminate, according to the early bent of his character, in sordid meanness and avarice, in utter abandonment to worldly cares and interests, or in low dissipation and sensuality.

But suppose this same young man to enter upon active life with selfdistrust, with the conviction that his impulses cannot always be safely followed, and that his moral sense admits of being refined and strengthened from a higher source than the fountains of his own thought and feeling. Suppose him endowed with faith in the infallibility of his Saviour, and the plenary authority of the Gospel, and thus possessed of an unbending law of right, attested by the hand and voice of God, and sanctioned by his retributive justice. He will then be led at every step to compare his desires with his written duty, his impulses with the revealed law, the demands of appetite and passion with the plain precepts of Jesus, the temporary gratification of self-indulgence with the profound and lasting joy of obedience. There will be a distinct and earnest conflict in his mind. He will look at both courses and their results, before he makes his choice. Virtue and sin will bear their true names and colors in his mind, and palpable darkness will seem to him to hang over the way of transgressors. There will thus be solid grounds for hoping that the better counsels will prevail; that, leaning on a stronger arm than his own, he may safely pass through the shadow of spiritual death; that, trusting to a higher wisdom, he may welcome and retain "the spirit of power, and of love, and of a sound mind." For myself, if I know my own soul, I can say, (and I have no doubt that many of you can say the same,) I would not for worlds have been placed at the parting of the way, without a belief in the Gospel of Christ, as something more than the reasonings and the counsels of the best of men, without faith in Christianity as a distinctively divine and miraculous dispensation of truth. And, had I a son or a brother of the richest promise just assuming the cares and trials of opening life, I could see him die in his innocence with infinitely more cheerfulness, than I could send him out into the world with the belief that the Bible was at best the mere product of exalted human wisdom, and that his

own mind and heart were fully adequate to his guidance among the perils and his salvation from the snares of unsheltered youth.

Here let me ask, is there anything deserving the imputation of bigotry in the determined opposition of those who believe in miracle and revelation, to those who own no authority or inspiration above that which resides in each individual's own soul? The two systems are essentially opposite and irreconcilable. They have no one point in common, and present no ground for the religious sympathy and fellowship of their respective adherents. The one prescribes implicit faith in Christ; the other, an equally implicit faith in one's own soul. The one presents a divine and perfect exemplar; the other says: "Be not thou a disciple or follower, even of the best." The one holds forth a chart of the way of life, with minute directions from "the Lord of the way;" the other commands, "Mark out thine own path, and where it looks dark before thee, obey thine impulses, follow thine instincts." The one is sustained by the noble army of apostles, confessors, martyrs, missionaries, philanthropists, who have left an enduring testimony in the moral history of their race, and dispensed heaven's choicest blessings among their fellow-men; the other shows no finished record on the pages of the past, it bears witness of itself, and no voice that we have learned to revere bears witness with it. If it be bigotry to maintain the one and to oppose the other of these systems, if it be bigotry to defend the miracles and proclaim the resurrection of our Redeemer, to set him forth as the way, the truth and the life, to offer him to my fellow-men as the infallible and the only safe guide in time and in eternity, heaven grant that I may live and die a bigot, and that my bigotry may stand on the eternal record without blot or erasure, when I appear before my Judge.

I have spoken of the importance of correct opinions, so far as outward duty is concerned. There is much more than outward duty to be performed in life. There is a morality of the heart. There are right or wrong dispositions and affections which we may cherish; and our opinions on the fundamental subjects now under discussion have a momentous agency in determining those frames of feeling and those spiritual exercises, of which God and Christ are the objects. How am I to regard the Almighty? Simply as the Benefactor of our race, entrenched behind a system of undeviating laws, which have always borne unbroken sway, and through which no special voice from Him has ever reached the ears of his children? Or am I to look to him as a Father, who has by numerous instances of special and manifest interposition adapted his Providence to the wants and needs of his children, and who has enshrined his own moral attributes in a being, whose

gentleness, tenderness and love invite the most familiar regard and intimate confidence? In the former case, God claims my cold, distant, awe-stricken reverence and adoration. In the latter, I can come to him with a child's heart, - I can lay open every want and care, fear and grief to Him who filled the wasting oil-cruse of the widow of Sarepta. sent his angel to walk in the flame with the holy children of the captivity, and gave back her only son to the mother of Nain. As for Christ too, shall I look to him as the first among equals, to be inscribed on the same page of humanity with Confucius and Zoroaster, Socrates and Seneca; or shall I regard him as the Son of God and the Saviour of men, in a sense, in which no other can share the title or divide the office with him? In the former case, I must indeed admire and honor him, as I admire and honor all great men; but he is only a luminary a little brighter than the rest in a galaxy, where I must look with kindred reverence to every star. In the latter, he claims not my reverence alone, but an entirely different emotion, of which I can make no mere man the object, my faith, my trust, my unquestioning submission. Thus important are our opinions to that portion of our spiritual life, in which character to a great degree consists, and to which, no less than to our outward conduct, the law of strict accountability must needs extend.

Let it not be forgotten that we are to die, as well as live; and our religious opinions must essentially affect the peace and happiness of the last hour. I ask myself: When I see death at hand, will my own reason, my own intuitions be sufficient to assure me of pardon and immortality? Will my self spun web hold together, when riven and riddled by the distractions, doubts, fears and agonies of a last sickness and a dying hour? Or, if I then look to Jesus, and regard him merely as a good man, who lived, and died, and slept with his fathers, will his words add much to my confidence? How knew he any better than I, that the dead would live again? What evidence of eternal life had he, beyond those fanciful analogies, which amused my days of health and happiness, but which beneath the shadow of death give place to gloomier analogies, pointing to everlasting sleep and oblivion? I am assured on unquestionable authority that he foretold his own resurrection. Is that resurrection a mere fable coined from his enthusiastic, but baseless predictions? How know I then that he labored not under equal delusion, when he spake of the mansions of the Father's house above, and promised his followers that they should meet him there again? Oh, with this faith, and nothing better, I could not dare to die. The grave would yawn before me like the bottomless pit, and my last hour would be without resource and without hope.

My friends, it will be an unspeakable consolation to you in dying, to believe, to know that the slumber of the grave has been broken, that the procession of the dead has been staid, that there have been those, who have returned to attest an undying life, who have become mortal again to bear witness to immortality. I have stood by many death-beds, I have seemed to go down into the dark valley with many, whose dying eyes rested on the countenance of the risen Saviour. I know that none of them would have fallen asleep in peace, had they doubted whether Jesus had left the sepulchre. It is in this faith, that the great company of the saints have rested calmly from their labors, and rejoiced when the end drew near. And if there be those, who themselves enjoy not this faith, it is unutterably cruel, no less than presumptuous, for them to seek to deprive their brethren of the only sure ground of hope, of the only adequate trust, in which the departing spirit can commend itself to its God.

I have spoken of the importance, the infinite importance as I deem it, of the principles of religious faith and hope, in which Christians of all ages, amidst wide diversities of form and creed, have professed entire union and sympathy. There are teachers, who preach another gospel, — the gospel, not of Christ, but of independent human reason. How shall we regard these teachers? With all due respect for their powers and attainments, with honor for their virtues, with the entire admission of their right to promulgate their own sentiments in such ways as they may seek out for themselves. But Christian consistency forbids us to lend them in any form our personal countenance as public teachers of religion, until they convince us that implicit faith in Christ does harm, that the implicit following of him misleads, that the light of his resurrection bewilders; until they can show us what injury the entire submission of mind, heart and life to his guidance has done to the characters of Peter, Stephen and Paul, of Pascal and Fenelon, of the long array of believers, who in the name of their risen Redeemer have witnessed a good confession and gone to inherit the promises; until they can, in the name of human reason and in the strength of their own intuitions, overtop the examples of holiness, fidelity and love, which adorn the annals of the Christian Church, and carry us back in a line of living light to the broken sepulchre of Jesus. Sufficient for us, till we have practical demonstration of the power of a better faith, be the simple creed of the great apostle to the Gentiles, "that Christ died for our sins, and that he was buried, and that he rose again;" and may the word of truth, here at least, be ever so dispensed, that, while these walls shall stand, it may be said, "If Christ be not risen, then is our preaching vain, and your faith is also vain."

THE INFLUENCE OF OUR DAILY LIVES.

During the last week, few could have attended our usual anniversary meetings, without being impressed with the deep earnestness and seriousness that pervaded most of them. Indeed we have seldom felt a deeper thrill of emotion than filled our hearts as we united with hundreds of others in the solemn yet delightful services of the Conference meetings; there seemed to be a conscious uplifting of the soul, a realizing apprehension of things unseen,—a feeling that we had not met to discuss mere doctrinal truths, but to excite and deepen our convictions of the infinite importance of religion to each individual's heart. And as one after another uttered words of admonition and encouragement, we doubt not that the thoughts and feelings thus excited were cherished in many hearts, and will bring forth fruit unto eternal life.

During the last meeting one of our friends related an anecdote of the result which a slight word of his had effected in reforming the character of a man, for a long time notorious for irreligion and world-liness,—a result unknown to him until many years after. Another friend then spoke of our power over the hearts and characters of others, remarking, "that had we but faith, it would be as easy for us to reach the secret spring of the heart, as to touch the organs of the body; that we are daily and hourly sending forth influences all around us, which, could we but witness their results, would excite even the most thoughtless to seriousness and reflection. Should it not then awaken us, who call ourselves Christians, to new self-consecration and watchfulness?"

The hour itself bore ample testimony to these words; and, as the multitude separated for their various homes, to resume their wonted occupations, the thought forced itself upon the mind, What will be the influence, not only for this one day, but all succeeding years, flowing from the thoughts, feelings, words and actions, of each individual here present?

And it is a thought, the deep solemnity of which we cannot too highly estimate, nor dwell upon too often. Day after day passes away, amid the busy turmoil of life, and we press on, sometimes indeed conscious for a little season of our responsibilities and true aims, but again sunk in worldliness and indifference, borne along by every current and passing breeze, little heeding the momentous results we are writing out, not only in our own hearts, but in the characters of thou-

sands around us, results which eternity alone can unfold, but which eternity itself cannot efface. Could we but once see, as written in letters of fire, the results of a single day, flowing from our common. words, acts and feelings, we should need no higher encouragement or warning: but week after week rolls on, and we live among our fellow men as if this outward life were all; as if there were no spiritual existence, no immortal hopes and aspirations, uniting us together in one common bond of brotherhood; as if there were no spiritual sympathies by which we might quicken each other's efforts, and promote each other's highest advancement. It is faith that we need, faith in ourselves, in the great truths of revelation, in immortality; that living, quickening faith which animated Jesus; which led him to notice the slightest effort for good, and to rebuke the least stain of sin; faith that we are now acting for eternity; that whatever may be the apparent results of our efforts, if they are made in true sincerity and singleness of heart, they will not fail of effecting some good.

There are many, we doubt not, who, confined to a comparatively narrow sphere of life, feel that they can do no good; that it is reserved alone for those who occupy public stations in life,—the preacher, the philanthropist, the wealthy and talented, to exert any permanent influence over others. To such we would reply, that influence is not to be estimated by its extent, but by its kind. Such was the import of the words of Jesus, when he taught his disciples to learn true self-denial from the humble gift of the poor widow, saying that "she had given more than they all;" when he bade them learn from the little child a lesson of humility and faith, when he taught them in their strife for distinction, that "the last should be first, and the first last."

We look to outward results, forgetting that thoughts are the soul's deeds, that it is the motive only which makes an act acceptable to God. The act itself may be of the least apparent consequence, forgotten as soon as performed; but the feeling that lies behind the act, the motive, the purpose of the heart, this is of infinite moment. And why is it that so many acts which the world calls great, which have been undertaken with a great array of means and combined efforts, have been productive of little or no good, and men have wandered and sought in vain for the cause, while other efforts so slight as to be unnoticed by the general eye, purposes perchance read by the eye of God alone, have effected results which have changed the very aspect of society, and breathed a new life into the world; which have touched the hearts of thousands, and the influence of which will continue to succeeding ages? Why is this? Why this apparent contradiction? We would again reply, that it is not the array of means, but the mostice, not the

act, but the feeling that lies behind the act, that makes it acceptable to God, and such as will receive his blessing.

Our Saviour proclaimed no greater truth than when he declared "that he who gave even a cup of water in the name of a disciple should in no wise lose his reward," for in these words he unfolded the great spiritual idea, that our efforts are acceptable according to what we possess and the motive with which they are accompanied, and not according to those issues which the world calls great.

If these thoughts be true,—if each day and hour we are having some influence for good or evil over others, if the consequences of our acts are not confined solely to ourselves, but affect others, perhaps remote and wholly unacquainted with us,—if these consequences are to continue indefinitely and perhaps forever—what manner of persons ought we to be, in all holy conversation and godliness?

How often in the presence alone of a good man, have we felt a holy, elevating influence, as if it were good for us to be there; and is not there an influence going forth from each one of us, though unconsciously to ourselves? No two persons can be brought together, for however short a period of time, from however trivial a cause, without affecting more than the mere outward intercourse; the slight act, the manner, the expression of the countenance, all reveal the inward character, and each bears a message to the other, though no audible voice be heard.

But there is one thought, that more than all others gives to these considerations their most solemn import. It is, that for all these things, for our words and acts, our motives and daily influence, we must render an account. And may we not well shrink from the contemplation of that day, when the secrets of all hearts shall be revealed, when we shall see the result of each word and act, even of those which we fondly imagined died with the passing moment? We shall then know how often our slight omissions of duty, as we termed them, the unkind word, the cold manner, the suspicious, uncharitable thought, have sunk deep into other hearts, and crushed the first awakening to better aims, or perchance sown the first seeds of distrust and discouragement. How often, too, may our selfishness and love of ease, have caused us to neglect golden opportunities for guiding and training others for usefulness and happiness, and will not they rise up to accuse us, for not exerting a positive influence for good?

On the other hand, these views hold out to us the highest encouragement, and the most earnest incentive to effort. If our prevailing aim and purpose has been to do good, if we have striven, though often in weakness, to follow the example of our Saviour, may we not hope that the effort has been accepted,—and will not that hour which to each

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one must reveal so much unfaithfulness and negligence, also bring to light the secret act of kindness, the humble deed of love, the fervent prayer, the faithful, persevering effort? Will it not disclose how wide has been the influence exerted by the truly Christian heart, how many have been encouraged and brought to a new and better life, through the power of its example and efforts? And what thought more encouraging, more animating than this,—that we are not to judge by apparent results, but to receive in humble faith the promise of Jesus, that even the cup of water given in love and trust, will not fail of its due reward?

Let us, then, consecrate ourselves anew to duty and effort; let us strive to make our own characters such, that a good and elevating influence may go forth from our daily walk and conversation; let us remember that the slightest word uttered in true sincerity, and falling on the prepared spirit, may have an efficacy in the formation of character which eternity alone can unfold. Let that word be spoken—let us be instant in season and out of season; in all places and at all times, seeking to set constantly before us the example of Him who came as our Guide, Redeemer and Friend. Let us remember the words of the apostle, that "no man liveth unto himself;" and, like him, having on the whole armor of God, praying always with all prayer and supplication of the spirit, press toward the mark of the prize of our high calling; remembering the admonition of our divine Master, "that not every one who saith Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven, but he only, who doeth the will of my Father who is in heaven."

H. M.

HOW TO SPOIL A GOOD CITIZEN.

[Continued from page 293.]

JOHN, with his nephew in his arms, stepped out at the door of the shop and looked after Edward, as he slowly moved down the street. Johnny's mother suspended her sweeping operations upon the house steps and sidewalk, to gaze after him, also. At her calling to John to know who the sick looking man who had passed, might be, the boy with the oil-pot popped his head out from the cellar entrance, and looked down the street; and at John's reply to her inquiry, two or three heads were protruded from the windows of the workshop above. At

this moment Edward looked back, and notwithstanding his irritation at the sight of so many starers, he returned John's signal of farewell with a nod, and then passed on, with a quickened step and more erect form.

- "He looks to me like consumption," remarked the sweeper, compassionately.
 - "He's as pale as a tallow candle," added the boy with the oil-pot.
 - "And was as rosy and fair as Mary Lee herself, two years ago."
- "They say he han't held up his head, nor cared for nothing in the world, since she turned him off," said the boy, tossing up his brush, and catching it adroitly as it descended.
 - "I do n't know as she did right," said the woman, thoughtfully.
- "Mary is a good girl, and I won't hear her blamed," said John.
 "She kept on with him as long as there was any chance of bringing him round, you may be sure."
- "Mr. John d'ye know which side Harland is on? He'll be a voter, you know, next time if he should live so long. He can't burn out 'fore then, I reckon, though he'll do his best that way he's young, and strong."
- "When they take to bad habits so young, they gen'ly can't stand it more than two or three years," said another. "It takes hold on 'em powerful strong."
 - "Six months younger than I, Harland is," said John, with a sigh.
- "Looks ten years older," remarked the boy, balancing his brush upon the tip of his chin.
- "Are you there, Ben?" said his employer. "Be steady to your ... work, boy; idleness is the root of all evil." Upon this hint, brush, broom and hammer resumed their activity, and John returned to his desk, commanding little Johnny to watch the front shop, and give notice of the entrance of customers, an office which he accepted with pride, for it was glorious to be useful.

Edward Harland was naturally affectionate and warm-hearted. As long as his feelings were influenced only by good examples, his very impulsiveness and want of consideration made him the more interesting. All his impulses were then good; or at least, he was never selfish or regardless of the happiness of those around him, in his excess of animal spirits and love of excitement. And even now, though his mind was corrupted by a course of reckless dissipation and determined thoughtlessness, his good feelings had been benumbed rather than extinguished. His heart, warmed by the kindly glow of John's good will, and softened by his appeal in behalf of his mother, was visited by strange and long forgotten thoughts and wishes. He had not the dead-

ening influence of spirit or opiates to contend with, having purposely avoided it, that morning. As he dwelt upon the patient love and unvarying gentleness of his mother, from his infancy, he was moved to make some sacrifice of vicious inclination for her sake, if not for his own; and with a deep feeling of shame and sense of the degradation to which he had arrived, came a distinct, though faint purpose of taking some step towards reform. Some step, he knew not what, that should be a beginning, an earnest of gradual return. The question in his mind, was, what promise of amendment would it cost him least effort to fulfil? He hesitated to give up even the least of his pernicious indulgences; the snake-like bonds seemed to entwine themselves more closely round his free will, the more he struggled with them. loathed them, he feared them, he shrunk back from the gulf to which they were drawing him, and which his awakened mind saw more distinctly than usual. But it would have been easier to shut his eyes, and plunge recklessly downward, than to decide on the first ascending step towards light and freedom.

In this wavering but thoughtful mood, he passed all his usual haunts and lounging places, and went home. His mother heard his step—he did not stumble at the entrance, and he took off his hat in the entry, instead of pushing it farther over his brows. She opened the door for him, with a smiling welcome; there was, however, a hurry and agitation in her manner, and a sickly, heart-broken sound in her voice, which made her cheerful words seem like reproaches to Edward. He answered with a tenderness of look and tone that was almost like his former self. "Dear mother," said he, "I have been a sad boy to you this long time; I am often sorry when I do not say so. Perhaps I shall mend, soon—I shall do better, yet—If—but—when—yes, very soon, very soon."

He stooped to press his cheek to hers as he spoke, as he was wont to do in happier days. The poor woman endeavored to look up and return his caress, but she could not control her emotion at his unexpected kindness; she burst into tears, and wept with loud convulsive sobs which seemed to rend her very heart. It was not the first time Edward had seen her weep thus. He had many times looked upon her tears with apparent indifference, and in his drunken state, with derision. Now he was sober, and in a better mood.

"Poor mother," he said, supporting her affectionately—"do not ery! Do n't sob so! I can't bear to hear you." Kind words from him had become so rare and strange that they made her tears burst forth afresh.

When the young weep, there are brightening hopes, and sunny joys

to come, shining through the gloom of present disappointment, and time will speedily dry their tears, even against their will. But in the grief of age, there is something wintry and dismal; it is no transient cause that can wring tears from the eyes of the old, who have learned to look calmly at the common vicissitudes of this life, and to view with hope the final change. Edward knew that but for him, the old age of his parents would have been peaceful and happy, "a fair life's just reward."

- "I think it would be better for you, if I were to go away from home, out of your sight," he said.
- "O! no, no; do not go while I live. I am still your mother, Edward, though not the proud mother I once was."
- "Nay, I may come back again, an altered man, perhaps a rich one, and if I grieve you then, I hope I may ---- "
- "Stop, my dear son I should believe you sooner without your swearing, if I could believe you at all."
- "Not believe me? Will you not let me take an oath that I
 - "No, I am not willing. To me, an oath is a solemn thing."
 - "It would help me to keep my promise, therefore, and _____"
- "Do not make any more promises, only to break them. The next temptation will carry away resolve, promise, oath, every scruple and doubt; -- you will not resist a moment. I wish I had any hopes of you, Edward. I would cheerfully die, if I thought my death would take such hold of your heart as to turn you from your course."
 - "Oh, mother!"

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- "You know what it is that hardens your feelings, deadens your mind, kills everything. Today you are more yourself, so that I can hardly help hoping for you. Yet tomorrow, perhaps to-night, you will be worse than ever, and deaf to everything, within and without. Don't you know it is so, Edward? Yet you have no fixed determination to abstain from it; can you say you have?"
- "If ever I am unkind to you, mother, I am not myself, for you are the only one in the world that cares about me still. John Marshall, he is a good natured fellow, and he had something of the old school feeling left. But he despises me now, and I despise myself; I will not tell you why, for it would distress you, though I believe if I were to descend into the bottomless pit, your love would still follow me. For your sake, I wish to be better." A fresh burst of sobs from the heartbroken mother, was answered by deep sighs, and at last tears, from the ruined son. She was soothed by his emotion, though it was but a transient, sympathetic feeling, and partly selfish, while she felt that her 31*

own sorrow was not for herself, and that it was wearing her into the grave.

- "Edward," said she, pushing back her cap, "see how white my hair has grown. The neighbors all say I am very much broken. I must leave you soon. I will speak, while your heart is softened. I must speak. When I am gone, remember that you have another parent, and try to comfort the poor old man. Remember that he has much more to forgive in you, than you in him. Though a cloud has come between you and him, he loves you still."
- "What! So stern. If he hated me, bad as I am, I should not wonder."
 - "He is stern only because you defy and disobey him."
- "He says I am a shame and disgrace to him, and that it would be better for me and for him, if I had never been born."
- "My son, he prays for you, night and morning, and I know not how often besides, he implores Him with whom all things are possible, to restore you to us. Often and often has he gone to his work from a sleepless pillow, his work which he no longer takes an interest in, since he has lost him for whom it was joy to labor, and to save."
 - "Poor father-he has indeed lost me.".
- "He and I often sit a whole evening without speaking, and when he takes the candle to go to bed, he says, 'Ah, wife it did not use to be so, when Edward loved his home, and Mary used to bring her work of an evening, and sit and hear us tell stories of old times.'"
- "Spend my evenings at home? Well, may be I should to this day, if it had not been for those very stories about war times, and the silver-mounted sword he used to show with such pride, that grandfather used to wear. He says it was my going to Madawaska that was my ruin, and the ruin of William Jones, and most all the boys that went from here, that were good for anything before they went. But let him deny, if he can, that I was brought up to think it a fine thing to be a soldier."
 - " Not by me ---- "
- "No. You said I could not be a Christian and a soldier too. True enough it is a pretty queer kind of Christianity that can go with an army. And you may tell father from me, that ——"
- "I am glad you have changed your mind about it, very glad. And as a Christian ——"
- "I don't pretend to be a Christian. I am no infidel, I only feel that I have nothing to do with it. I am a cast-away. And if there were a war, I'd be a soldier yet."
 - "Oh! my son! God forgive you!"

- "It is just the business for such fellows as I, and all I am fit for. . We can fill a pit as well as better men, and all the moan made over us would be the counting of the killed, like so many shot pigeons or ducks."
 - " Horrible!"
- "And as for what they say about promotion, and reward, why, that is for gentlemen's sons, you see, let them be more dissipated and drunken than any in the ranks; and you may tell father, that he ——"
 - "No, I see by your looks it is no son-like message."
- "I hear he has taken some measures about getting me on board a navy vessel, where the strict discipline, he thinks in his wisdom, may do me good. I know he'd like to have me get a few floggings with the cat, for my benefit. I thank him, I ———"
- "I have heard of no such plan, but I suppose my consent would not be asked, any more than about your going into the army. I cannot be too thankful that, low as you have sunk in vice, you have been more an enemy to yourself than to any one else, and have not the blood of your fellow-man on your soul. If you must harden your heart, let it be with rum, rather than blood. If you should die in your sins, which God avert, at least judgment without mercy is for them who showed no mercy. While you have yet the feelings of a man and a son, and much left that a mother, at least, can love, shall I not hope there is something yet in you for God and good angels to smile upon? I will hope but oh, my dear, only child, will you not have mercy upon yourself? Open your eyes to your dark sins. Resolve bravely, strongly, truly in earnest. Rouse your strength. You can break your chains if you will. Only hope that you can - hope brightly. Think how happy you would be, to respect yourself again, to have the respect of every body once more."
- "O yes—yes, certainly," said Edward, walking about, in a hurried and uneasy manner. "I can never feel as I used to, though, so it is of no use wishing. And as for the respect of the world, I see men no better than I having so great a share of it, because they have wealth to clock their vices, and make them genteel, so I don't think much of it. However, I don't mean that a good character is not a good thing. I well know what it is worth—nobody better. And I have always meant to reform—when I got ready."
- "Then why not say now now is the best time. Henceforth no more drink stronger than coffee. That will strike at the root of all, and make the rest of your task easy."
- "Why, in my present state of health, I cannot get along without a little stimulus. I could neither eat nor sleep. But as I get better, I ——"

- "You were healthy enough once, Edward, without it. How I used to love to set your breakfast before you, and see you eat!"
- "Even then, you remember, I depended on cigars to help me digest my dinner."
- "It was against my advice that you learned to smoke, and to chew. A good horse needs no spor if you do n't use him to it."
- "Can't help it now. I have lost the digestive power, and must spur, and whip too, or sink. I cannot tell you, nobody that has not felt it can know, the horrible depression of mind, the gnawing distress of body I feel when deprived of all means of stimulating. I am told it would cease after a while, but I believe I could not be thus two days, without danger of suicide."
- "Do n't admit the idea! But even now, you are committing suicide, slowly, but surely. The time must come when your jaded constitution will no longer feel the strongest stimulus, and then you must break down, and sink into the grave, as many a young man has done, before your eyes. But I shall go first. My heart will break. O, Edward!"
- "My poor mother! Why should such a good woman be cursed with such a son as I am! I will try, for your sake. I will make up my mind to take nothing but from your hand. I may die under it, or even you may see the necessity of yielding a little. I will trust to your tenderness."
- "O my dear, dear boy!" cried the mother, embracing him with tears of joy.
- "I shall shut myself into my chamber, and this one thing I beg, that father may not come near me, for one month at least."
 - " His heart will be with you."
- "Next week I shall be ready. I have some few preparations to make."
- "Now is the only moment you are sure of. You know yourself, Edward; your resolution will be like the morning dew. Let me do everything for you. You shall have books everything you can ask. I will do all."
- "What I want done, you you can't do, and would not approve. But it is for the last time. When I once turn round, it shall be in earnest. Root and branch work, I'll make of it. I will be good, so far as I may. Nay, hear me, mother. Don't be discouraged. All shall go well, believe me."
- "How could I hope, for one happy moment! Edward, Edward you are not in earnest."
 - "I was. I am. I call ----"
 - "Hush! Call not upon his name; he sees your heart. It is even

now at the gambling table, eager to snatch from others like yourself, their ill-gotten gains, — yes, to obtain the means of vicious indulgence!"

"No — it is for your sake, as well as mine, that I wish to leave off rich; I owe, besides, many small debts, some even, in my father's name. They must be paid, and my pocket full besides, before I give up."

"Edward, I will not argue with you now," said his mother, seeing that his mind was weak, and she might lose all, by attempting too much. "I do not ask you to determine to give up, but to postpone this matter, till you have become strengthened by the effort of conquering one appetite. I will give you every innocent indulgence. If your father will allow me, I will pay your debts. He will not forbid me to use what I will of his now unvalued earnings."

"Then get me fifty dollars, this moment," cried Edward, with flashing eyes. "The sooner it is over, the better. I can do nothing till it is out of my head. I have dreamed of a run of luck every night for a week—and I am sure—certain I shall have it. Then I will come and put myself into your hands. as submissive as an infant. Get me the money."

"That she shall not," said a voice from an inner room, and the old man came to the side of his wife, and seeing her pressing her hands to her aching temples, and almost fainting with agitation, he begged her to go into the bedroom and lie down, leaving him alone with Edward. As she obeyed, she vainly endeavored to catch the eye of her son, who, with a flush of shame or anger upon his brow, folded his arms, and assumed an air of dogged indifference.

[To be continued.]

f to be continued.

"MANY work to gain their wages, Few for naught, but they the sages; Who seeks hire but does not labor Cheats himself as well as neighbour."

Sterling.

THE SHOEMAKER OF NUREMBERG.

BY M. G. SLEEPER.

"Not thy Councils, not thy Raisers win for thee the world's regard, But thy painter, Albrecht Durer, and Hans Sachs thy cobbler bard."

"HUSH!" said a woman, laying her finger upon her lip, "hush! be sleeps quietly, and it is the first time for many days."

The young man so addressed stepped lightly within the chamber. It was small and indifferently furnished, but scrupulously neat. Not a particle of dust lay on the floor or on the snowy curtains, and scarcely a wrinkle was there in the smooth white drapery of the bed. With the anxious care with which affection seeks to multiply kind offices for the beloved, there were gathered there such things as were too fragile or expensive for ordinary use. The oaken table was the pride of the good housewife, and its polished surface reflected a silver cup, which, from its antique shape, had, no doubt, descended through many generations. Fresh flowers, too, beautiful tribute to the sick, spread their delicate petals, and seemed to rejoice in ministering to a human heart. For more than an hour the guest sat watching his friend, ever and anon lifting his long, damp hair, and gazing at the marble face in fearful contrast beneath.

At length the deep, deathlike slumber of the sick youth was, broken. He moved uneasily, sighed, and murmured, "I have slept well, mother. Thank God for the gift of sleep!"

His mother's eye, dim with watching, lighted up, and, having bathed his brow, she whispered, "Look round, Hans."

The boy obeyed, and then exclaimed, with unwonted cheerfulness, "Ah! George, are you indeed here? I thought you were in Italy."

- "And, so I shall be a month hence, but I could not go without bidding you adieu. How are you, friend?"
- "Sick, brother, sick, but far more ill, now, in mind, than body. Painful, ay! more so than I can tell you, was it to give up all the bright hopes I had so long cherished."
 - "But will you not return to the university?"
- "No! my thirst for knowledge must be quenched by the unwholesome streams of the crowded mart and busy highway. The fountains that well up so fresh and clear in the haunts of science are forever shut from me."

"Say not so, my friend, say not so. Health will come again, and with health, hope."

"No! no! that cannot be! There is no medicine for a shattered constitution, and no cure for a broken heart."

There was something so profoundly mournful in the speaker's voice, something so spirit-like in its wailing tones, that his guest started, and, after a few more attempts to console him, took his leave.

Two months after Hans sat by a window of the same apartment. The struggle between a strong intellectual taste and the certainty that it could not be gratified, was over, and a more quiet mind had, in some degree, renewed his exhausted energies.

"Father!" he said, and then paused to regain his composure, "father, you have been very kind to me, and have made for me many sacrifices. Now, that I can no longer profit by them in the way you wished, I cannot remain a dependent upon your bounty. I can, and will labor like the rest."

"You are right, my son, but there is no haste. Wait till you are well and strong. The old flush is on your cheek, even as we talk."

"No! father! it was your kindness, not disease that sent the blood to my cheek. The effort will be no greater now than it will be a month hence. Neighbor Hunten will take me into his shop, and while I am making shoes my mind will be as free as if I were within the walls of a university."

"God bless you, Hans!" said the tailor, fervently. "You have been a good son, and I know you will be a good, if not a great man."

Hans could not answer. Tears were in his eyes, and a deep, deep grief was in his heart.

The next day found Hans diligent in the humble avocation he had chosen, while his mind was still more active in the investigation of those terrible questions then just beginning to be agitated. He possessed, likewise, a passion for music, no longer confined to frowning castles and stately palaces. His voice swelled the full chorus in the old church which he frequented, the tones of his lute stole soft and sweet from his casement long after the city was wrapped in slumber, and the exercise of his poetic talent often won him from regretful musings.

But it was not in his nature to be long content in so confined a sphere. The shop seemed to grow smaller and more dim, and he pined for the world without. He would study the paintings of the vatican, he would dream amidst the ruins of the empress city, he would hear the Miserere in the Sistine chapel. Where were the means? They were in him-

self. He was keen of eye; fleet of foot, strong and brave; and what did he fear? He cut a staff from the nearest wood and travelled merrily on. The world seemed wider, the air fresher, the foliage a brighter green in contrast with the repulsive aspect of his late prison, and the dewy glades and dense forests enchanted him as with a spell. Nor was he alone. Students in name, adventurers in reality, crossed his path. Gay young men were they, boldly attacking the pope, exposing the licentious lives of the prelates, and taking advantage of their profligacy to throw off all semblance of religion. When they spoke of courts Hans listened with pleasure, when they derided the clergy he sighed and was silent, when they pledged him in the wine cup he hesitated but returned the pledge.

New to the world and young in years, eager to know something of the men and manners of his time, he yielded, gradually, to the fascination of such society, and often was he found at the evening revel, gilding with the charms of fancy the more boisterous mirth of his companions. But conscience, silent at first, grew loud in its accusations, and he resolved to withdraw from his fellow-travellers. whither to direct his steps, and scarcely caring where he found a home. he reached the little town of Wels, travel-stained and weary. It pleased him as he entered it in the hush of the summer evening. Gradually his mind became calmer. The great world no longer dazzled him. The simple pursuits and innocent pleasures of the people exerted over him a healthful influence, and he devoted himself with enthusiasm to the study of the arts. He vainly thought that he had found a place where temptations could not come, and, as he listened to the mass in the little chapel, as he watched the deepening of the twilight in the still churchyard, as he traced the stream to its rocky fountain, or loitered in the dim solitudes of the forest, he deemed that the mild radiance of his pathway would be obscured by no passing cloud.

But Hans had yet to learn the humiliating lesson of human weakness, and the source of all real strength. Catholicism, while it was sufficient to convict of guilt, left man unaided in his struggle after virtue.

Months had passed, so utterly devoid of incident and so like to one another, that he could scarcely believe them gone, when he was surprised, at his return from an excursion, by an unusual bustle. The heavy fall of the hammer, the concussion of carts, the muttered anathemas of jostling porters fell on his ear, and the emperor Maximitian arrived in the midst of the uproar. He was presented to the mosarch, and received from him the offer of a place in his hunting establishment. The excitement of the hour and the royal condescension brought back

the flood of passionate and restless wishes, the gay visions and cherished hopes of former years. He put on the glittering uniform of the huntsman and left the village in the imperial suite. His youth, his easy manners, his musical talents and his luxuriant fancy made him a general favorite, and the hours of evening passed unheeded when he could be persuaded to play the lute, or improvise a tale for the listening group around him.

There was much in his new way of life to interest one of so ardent a temperament. Every minute occurrence during a long day's chase took a more poetic tone from his imagination. The halls of Inspruck resounded with merriment. Song and dance alternated with the play of brilliant and caustic wit. There, too, the many classes which make up a kingdom had each its representative. There were servile cringing to power, and manly independence dignified in submission, revengeful plottings against name and fame, and patient endurance of unnumbered wrongs; there were wealth insolent in its pomp, and poverty hailing death as a refuge from its woes: extremes met, and jostled each other as if in mockery. Grave statesmen, supple courtiers, high-born ladies, professors, officers and soldiers, the hooded monk, the rope-belted friar. the intriguing priest, the long-robed Jew, the pale student and openhearted peasant passed in review before the young huntsman. experience of years was crowded into months. He found religion debased, its holiest things desecrated, its doctrines used but as the pillars of an oppressive hierarchy, and he once more longed for a purer life, and a strength not his own.

The Reformation, winged by the Holy Spirit, had progressed almost beyond belief, and Hans was both its child and its promoter, when George Steinberg journeyed toward his native city. He was yet outside the walls when he heard a countryman say to his son, "Here are the verses, thank God! and never so good a load have we brought with us from the town."

Wondering what production could appear so valuable to so ignorant a man, Steinberg asked, "What verses, my friend?"

- "Hans Sachs' Bible, to be sure; what else should it be?"
- "Hans Sachs' Bible! Why! what is that?"
- "You have been long away," answered the countryman, "not to know anything about Hans Sachs' Bible. Why, he 's turned the Bible into verse, and we call it his Bible."
- "Where does he live, my good man? He is an old friend of mine."
 - "Across the city, by the gate opposite to this. The house is small vol. 1v. 82

enough, to be sure, but it's a blessed spot for all that. I thought," he added, half aloud, and watching the traveller a moment, "that he must have come from foreign parts."

As Steinberg pursued his way, he had ample evidence of the popularity of his early friend. At the door of a quiet mansion sat a young woman reading to her blind mother from Hans Sachs' Bible. A child passed him careless of everything around her in her close perusal of the same precious book. A market woman sang in a clear, high voice some favorite stanzas, and a boy, with his satchel upon his shoulder, joined in the strain.

"I must read this book," thought he, "and see its author. No common mind could thus interest the populace."

Following the direction he had received, he soon found the humble workshop of Hans Sachs. The door was open, and, dismounting, he placed himself silently beside it. At the farther end, on a platform, elevated a little above the floor, sat the proprietor, busily correcting proof-sheets. The vivacity of youth had been succeeded by the calm, benignant expression of philanthropic manhood, and in the air, the countenance, the whole man, could be read a soul reconciled to its Maker. Before him was a row of workmen, each employed, and, at the same time, listening to a child who was reading from the loose sheets. So intent were all upon the narrative that Steinberg was unobserved, and, not wishing to disturb them, he remounted his horse and rode away.

Let no one say that Providence has placed him in a sphere so small, has assigned him a lot so low, that he can accomplish nothing for his race. To Hans Sachs was, in no small degree, committed the eternal interest of thousands. His productions found place where the genius of Reuchlin, the classic writings of Erasmus, the keen irony of Hutten could not enter, and would not have been understood. They were simple enough for the most untaught, and in a form admirably adapted to disseminate truth, to excite curiosity, to dispel prejudice, to interest the heart. They were familiar as household words where intriguing priests and the force of education would have shut out the bold teaching of Luther, and, awakening whole masses of mind from the stupor of centuries, incited strongly to the study of the Scriptures. While the historian shall record the great story of the Reformation, and the good man contemplate it with kindling eye, so long shall be honored and held dear the name and labors of the Shoemaker of Nuremberg.

THOUGHTS ON WAR.

BY CAROLINE W. HEALEY DALL

"Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God."—Matthew v. 9.

- "Like the black and melancholic yew-tree,
- "Dost think to root thyself in dead men's graves,
- "And yet to prosper?"

Webster's White Devil.

Embosomed in a quiet country town, with the roads in a state that prohibited locomotion, even to an idea, — absorbed in the familiar duties of a housekeeper, we had for weeks together nearly forgotten that our country was at war. Suddenly an irruption of city newspapers broke in upon our tranquillity, and presenting to our eyes the horrid details of the recent taking of Vera Cruz, demanded of us exulting sympathy in our country's success. Success! In what? The question moved our selfish heart, and we felt conscience-stricken, that we had proved so wholly false to our faith in human brotherhood, as to forget the poor Mexicans even for an hour.

Morning after morning had dawned upon us, with its sky of softest blue, as we listened to the soft breathings of the wind, through foresttops of earliest, tenderest green, or to louder wailings when it brushed the bare branches of fruit trees, that seemingly despaired of summer.

Hour after hour, had we watched the disappointed birds, who unfolded, again and again, in the warm noon, their summer plans, and forgot, again and again, in the chill winds of evening, that they had ever thought of love or marriage. Children played merrily beside the road, whenever we ventured forth, and the solemn tolling of the bell, as one who died peacefully on the bed of sickness, was carried to his home under the village sod, did not remind us of the distant graves of slaughtered fellow-men. Once, when we passed a careless schoolboy, bearing a string, which ran through the still throbbing breasts of a dozen household robins; and again, when a sturdy farmer came forth from his humble home, and threatened with his strong arm the well-grown miscreant who had shot a trusting "pewee," that had built for years beneath his porch, and gladdened with its music the hearts of the little ones whom he had since committed to God—a thrill shot through our bosom, and we asked in painful prayer of our Father in

heaven, "Oh Thou, who knowest the hearts of men, tell us, why women who weep for the red-breast, and men who defend the 'pewee.' see beauty in a Paixhan gun, and honor in the soldier's vocation?" Perhaps, we ought not to forget how early our childish love of color and sound was gratified by the meagre review, how often nurseryrhymes and ancient Bible stories, the melody of Herodotus, the stern narrative of Xenophon, the logic of Thucydides, the anecdote of Plutarch, the eloquence of Cæsar, and the manly prose of Tacitus, all helped to mature in us an unhealthy admiration for the heroism of past ages. How much farther has the name of Bonaparte travelled, marshalled as it is by fear, than that of Howard or Wilberforce, heralded by love! Ill tidings travel fast, say the proverb and the poet, and so in truth do bad influences, and when we remember that it is now eighteen hundred years since the Gospel of Peace was preached among men, and not only preached, but presented tangibly to them in the life of Christ, it is only through prayer that we gain strength to hope, and it strikes us, that if God had ever grown impatient of man, or swept him away on account of sin, we should not now be here, to ponder this matter. And our forgetfulness of our national sin, - we shall not easily pardon ourselves for that, and yet how many are as culpable as we! Responsible men have said in our hearing, "We have been so busy with our own affairs that we have actually forgotten our condition, until we found ourselves forced to pay a tax upon our newspapers, to support this accursed war." Alas! that we should feel most what touches our least important possession! The riches of this world, - that thieves may break through and steal, - what are they to our eternal inheritance, incorruptible in heaven and on earth, which our sympathy with this war, the popular cant, the slang of the newspapers, our barbaric ideas of glory, and our fears of treachery to our government, are constantly filching from us? The friends of peace have sometimes said of the present war, "It is as good a war as ever was fought." We understand their position, but we deny the fact. Wars have been fought between nations of apparently equal strength, for the supremacy of an idea, when neither nation was civilized enough to recognize its moral force, and trust to it. Wars have been fought for religion, with sincerest faith on both sides, but with ignorance yet greater than faith, to excuse the sin. Wars have been fought for the recovery of a righteous possession, when moral force has conquered even on the battle-field, and if we say of these wars, as we do, from our heart, that they were barbarous, sinful, offensive to God and agonizing to man, excusable only in the infancy of the race, what can we say of a war like this with Mexico, where one party fights from filthy lust of lucre, and craving of popular applause, from desire for possessions which it cannot use and must in time relinquish to its enemy; and the other from long habit, from ignorance of a better way, from fearful despair and the pressure of civil dissension? We care not for the expense of this war. If it would but touch the people we could rejoice at the expenditure of a million a day; but we are surprised at the apathy of our money-loving people with regard to it.

What would have been thought of the senator who had proposed, during the late session, to raise by a tariff or forced loan, seventy millions for the starving nations of the Old World? Yet how much better to scatter corn, in Dublin, Hamburg, Mayence and Vienna, than to scatter limbs, over the table lands of ignorant and degraded, if of offending neighbors!

What would have been thought of him who had proposed to raise at home, or abroad, the sum of seventy millions to strengthen the hands of the Mexican government, to disseminate the means of common education among its people, to scatter through its borders a band of Protestant missionaries, to instruct its young men in improved methods of mechanical labor, or to frame for it, with its own consent, a practicable form of republican government? And yet, upon a scheme like this, undertaken with loving, trusting hearts, the Infinite Father must have smiled, and had our bells rung in honor of it, choirs of angels had echoed back the true rejoicing. Nay more — in thousands of ways, the Holy Spirit had descended on them that gave, and them that took.

There is very little doubt that if this war had been conducted on American soil, it would long ere this have ended. We should not have been ashamed to have bought or begged a peace, had it been our own fields that were laid desolate, our own harvests that were scattered.

An American writing from the scene of the war, relates that after the taking of Vera Cruz, a Mexican gentleman showed him over the splendid ruins of the governor's house. Near the door, a portion of one of the rooms had been torn away. A few minutes before, a Mexican mother leaned against it, caressing two fair sons; the shell that shattered the wall, sent them loving and united, into the presence of their Heavenly Father! What mingled feelings must have swelled beneath the courtesy of the Mexican, as he pointed out the spot to an American! "Ah, yes!" exclaims some one at our side, "but then you must consider the fatal impersonality of war—it is not individuals, but the government which commits these atrocities." Fatal impersonality indeed! no shuffling, friends and brethren, in the presence of your God. You voted for the war, you controlled and modulated the

tone of the press, you gave appropriations; finally, you preferred treachery to God and heaven, to seeming treachery to the American government, and you volunteered to serve in the American army. Is this war to you any impersonal thing? God knoweth. But to us, there is yet a more shocking aspect of war than that of the field of slaughter, heaped with bleeding dead, with wounded men in every variety of gasping distress. American women! what think you of the horrid crimes, inseparable from war, as military men all tell us, committed by husbands and brothers whom you and I have loved, in the Mexican campaign? Can you offer your flushed cheeks in affectionate welcome of brutes and ravishers from their abandoned life? Wilt thou own thyself less scrupulous, oh maiden! who mournest thy beloved, still absent there, than the rarely reflecting officers - shocked at the enormities of their troops? Better, far better to die on the field, oh soldier, than return to the women who have loved thee, with the stamp of excess, of vice on thy bloated brow, and passionate lip. Most terrible to us is the death of the soul, hourly taking place where our soldiers exult over success. Come back to us, oh beloved, deluded ones, with broken limbs and mangled bodies, and we may still cherish you, forever, but save us from encountering your depraved hearts, your reeling senses — the monuments of your dead souls. The conquest of Vera Cruz - may God forgive it, may we atone for it, in bitterness and holy tears. The conquest of the True Cross - may God speed it, may we pray for it, with hope and love, and triumphing faith. Conviction cometh, even on the battle-field, even in sin, to the bewildered, but earnest seeker.

"That mountains gather clouds I know,
And bring forth wood and fire, and snow;
And when they teem with men, and teach
In word and tones of human speech,
I, too, to hills will raise my prayer,
Make them my heaven, and worship there.
But worlds of earth are only clods,
Compared with him who digs their sods,"

INTELLIGENCE.

DEDICATION AT WARE, MASS. — Under the happiest auspices, the newly organized and efficient Unitarian Society in Ware, having completed a neat and tasteful house of worship, in the Gothic style and capable of accommodating some five hundred persons, consecrated it to its holy uses, June 30, 1847. The exercises were in this order: — Prayer, by Rev. Mr. Nute of Petersham; Reading the Scriptures, by Rev. Henry Wilson; Sermon, by Rev. Mr. Lincoln of Fitchburg; Dedicatory Prayer, by Rev. Mr. Hill of Worcester; Concluding Prayer, by Rev. W. P. Tilden. — In the evening of the same day, an interesting meeting was held for conference and prayer.

THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL AT CAMBRIDGE. — The annual Visitation and Exhibition of the Theological School took place on Friday, July 16.

In conformity to a vote passed at their last annual meeting, the Association of the Alumni met in the chapel of the University at 9 o'clock, A. M. The number present was too small, on account of the early hour, to transact any business of importance, and little was done except to nominate and elect committees preparatory to the meeting in the afternoon. After this additional experience of the difficulty of securing more time for the meeting of the Alumni, it is probable that no further attempt will be made for such a purpose, and that the Association being spared the trouble of consultation to this end, will be contented with the arrangement originally made.

The exercises of the graduating Class were introduced with prayer by Professor Francis, at ten o'clock. The order of performances was as follows:-1. "Has Christianity the elements of a System?" By William R. Alger. 2. "Milton as a Theologian." by Rufus H. Bacon. 3. "What constitutes one a Christian Minister?" By Samuel F. Clark. 4. "Justice and Mercy in the Divine Character." By William A. P. Dillingham; (omitted on account of the absence of Mr. D. from Cambridge.) 5. "The Vehement and Calm Modes of Preaching Compared." By Oliver J. Fernald. 6. "The Origin and Character of Allegorical Interpretation." By Arthur B. Fuller. 7. "The Clergy and Reform." By Thomas W. Higginson. 8. "The Bible and Science." By Henry J. Hudson. 9. "The Design and Character of the Epistle to the Hebrews." By Francis B. Knapp. 10. "Christ's Treatment of Sin." By Frederick N. Knapp. 11. "The Religion of Forms and the Religion of Faith." By George Osgood. 12. "The Preacher's Views of Sin as affecting his Preaching." By Grindall Reynolds. - Several hymns were sung, written for the occasion by members of the Class.

The exercises were generally creditable to the students and their teachers, giving evidence of faithful attention to theological study, composition and

elocution. There was an agreeable variety in the subjects of the parts and a more than usual equality of merit in their treatment. We heard objections made to statements and opinions uttered by one of the graduates, as being unjust to the clergy of America, as a body, and unsubstantiated by facts; though they were set forth with a striking boldness and an attractive grace of manner. The clergy were charged with being opposed to reforms. This charge, though frequently made in some quarters, is by no means true to the extent which those who make it would persuade us to believe. The number of clergymen in the United States, who have been, and are, strenuous supporters and advocates of the reformatory movements of the age, is as great - to say the least in proportion to the whole clerical body, as is the number of reformers in any other profession or calling to the whole number of those whom it includes. Doubtless there are clergymen who actively or passively oppose reforms, There may be many such. But all sweeping charges against the clergy as a body, carry with themselves their own refutation-all wholesale and furious attacks contain the elements of their own defeat. Besides, if it were true that the whole body of American pastors, with scarce an exception -- composed as this body is, of many learned, thoughtful, wise and good men, gathered out of all ranks of the people - men whose express province it is to be studious of the word of God and watchful for the moral and spiritual welfare of the people - men as likely, certainly, to think and feel and act in a righteous and Christian manner as any other class of men - if it were true that this whole body were in opposition to any set of men calling themselves Reformers, it would be quite as reasonable to argue that there was something objectionable in the latter, as that the former were wholly in the wrong or unfaithful to their high trust. It seems almost ridiculous to transfer from foreign kingdoms stereotyped censures of the "Priesthood," and apply them without discrimination to the clergymen of our own country -a class of men very differently constituted. It is our humble opinion that if the question were at any time submitted to the great mass of our people, the more and the less intelligent together, whether the ministers of the Gospel or the so called Reformers who revile them, are most worthy of confidence and respect for personal virtues, real benevolence and exertions for the true welfare of their race, the decision would be made at once in a way to convince the latter of the impotency of their assaults. But we have used more words upon this subject than we intended. Not to have alluded to it at all would have been to leave an erroneous impression of our own judgment and that of many others with respect to one of the most noticeable of the performances.

At three o'clock in the afternoon the Association of the Alumni met according to adjournment. Rev. Dr. Francis declined re-election to the office of President. The officers for the year were chosen as follows:—Rev. George R. Noyes, D. D., President; Rev. Ralph Sanger, Vice President; Rev. Chandler Rebbins, Secretary; Rev. Wm. Newell, A. B. Muzzey and J. F. W. Ware, Committee of Arrangements and Nomination. Rev. G. W. Bursap of Baltimers was elected First Prescher, and Rev. Francis Parkman, D. D., Second Prescher.

The following commemorative vote, having been introduced with a few appropriate remarks by Rev. C. Robbins, was adopted by the rising of the whole assembly:—

"Reminded as we are by the return of this anniversary of the precious privilege enjoyed by us at our last annual meeting of listening to the eloquent instructions of an honored and beloved brother, who though dead yet speaketh, this Association cannot allow the death of the lamented W. B. O. Peabody of Springfield to pass, without expressing their grateful recollection of those eminent graces and exalted gifts by which he adorned his profession and enlightened and blessed his fellow men; as well as the melancholy pleasure they feel in recalling the rare and exquisite blending in his character and writings of genius with piety, of the taste and refinement of the man of letters with the purity and spirituality of the man of God."

The annual address was delivered by Professor Noves at four o'clock. His subject was, "The Causes of the alleged Decline of Interest in Critical Theology." It was handled in a thorough and interesting manner. The claims of critical theology were defended with learning and ability. The prevalent opinion that interest in this science has declined, was first examined. and allowed to be true in the main, but with some qualification. The various works of value in this branch of literature which have been recently published were enumerated, and the extent of their sale alluded to, as proofs that considerable interest still exists in their subjects. It was stated as one reason why less attention is paid to critical theology and why fewer publications have appeared of late, that in some departments, as for example in that of the various readings of the New Testament, the field had been thoroughly surveyed and pre-occupied. The popular objection to the study of biblical criticism. that it has a tendency to shake and unsettle our faith and encourage scepticism. was triumphantly refuted. The work of Strauss was criticised with equal discrimination and fairness. It was clearly shown that Strauss was not first led to his theory by critical study of the New Testament, but by his metaphysics, and that he approached the study of the record already under a prejudice which his metaphysical speculations had produced. He who is to answer this German scholar can only qualify himself for the work by the most thorough and exact critical study.

We hope that the discourse will be published and circulated as widely as it deserves to be. There can be no better proof of its ability and interest than the fact that, after a sultry and most fatiguing day, it was listened to with erect and unintermitted attention.

ANNIVERSARY OF THE MEADVILLE THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL.—The order of services was as follows:—Prayer. Middle Class: 1. "Advantages of the Study of Ecclesiastical History." By Charles M. Taggart, Ky. 2. "Martia Luther." By Rush R. Shippen, Pa. 3. "English Versions of the Bible." By Noah Michael, O. 4. "Christ a dependent being." By Samuel McKown, O. 5. "1 John v. 7." By Evans W. Humphrey, O. 6. "Samaritan Pertateuch." By James Elliott, O. 7. "Sunday Schools." By William Cushing, Mass.

8. "The Character of Balaam." By Alvin Coburn, Vt. 9. "Peter's Sermon on the Day of Pentecost." By Nathaniel O. Chaffer, Mass. 10. "Religious Liberty." By Liberty Billings, Me. 11. "Critical Editions of the Greek Testament." By Stillman Barber, Mass. — Senior Class: 12. "The Characteristics of Effective Preaching." By Daniel Boyer, Pa. 13. "Piety in a Minister." By Peter Betsch, N. Y. 14. "Moral Reform and the Ministry." By George S. Ball, Mass. Prayer.

A correspondent of the New York "Christian Inquirer" writes the following letter.

" Meadville, Penn., July 1, 1847.

"Mr. Editor — This has been to me an interesting day. Our Theological School in this place has reached the close of its third year. To-day I have witnessed its anniversary exercises; and since the public services, I have met the students of the School, the Professors, the visitors and friends, at the delightful mansion of H. J. Huidekoper, Esq. My hope for the progress of Liberal Christianity in this country was never so strong as now. The establishment of this School creates a new era in this good cause.

"But, first, let me tell you of the closing exercises. Yesterday there was an examination of all the classes in the studies of the year. Conclusive evidence was given that the year has been filled with hard work. The great principles of Theological Education were brought to view by the Professors, and the students in their answers evinced an acquaintance with them and their various applications which nothing but faithful study can give. After the examination, in the evening, the Anniversary Sermon was preached in the Unitarian Church, by Elder J. E. Church, of Spring, Penn. His subject was the Coming of Christ.

"The anniversary exercises to-day have been excellent. Indeed, we have had a fine commencement here in Western Pennsylvania. The meeting was in Divinity Hall Chapel. A highly respectable audience were present, nearly filling the chapel, which might hold two hundred and fifty. A platform was erected, on which sat the Professors; and in front, upon a slightly raised platform, was a table at which the students read their dissertations. Mr. Stebbins, who is President of the Board of Instruction, presided with much dignity; and when he came forward and addressed the graduating Class, and gave them their certificates, the whole audience were moved to tears. The dissertations were all good, and some of them excellent. Some were plain and sensible, some were quite cogent and logical, and three or four I could mention, which were highly finished, beautiful compositions. All were both written and spoken in a remarkably earnest spirit. I am deeply interested in these young men. They come, some from the plough, some from the mechanic's shop, and some from the pulpit of the Christian Connection, in which they have begun to preach as they could, without theological education. They are here because they hunger and thirst for knowledge, that they may be useful ministers. They are right earnest, ready to turn any way, to live any how, to dress in any manner, ready to work, to save, to receive gifts, that they may be prepared to preach the Gospel effectually -- truly. I heard of instances of self-sacrifice among

the students, and of brave labor that surprised me. One man is to start at day-light tomorrow morning, travel on foot, carrying with him such clothes as he needs, through the whole length of Ohio. He goes to preach; and he has sent on his appointments before him, averaging one every day until the close of the vacation, when he will be here again for the study of another year. This case is not one alone; other students go in other directions. So they did last summer, and so they do every vacation. Here we have something of the spirit of the early Christians.

"I am interested too in the catholic spirit which fills this School. Here are young men from four or five different denominations, from every part of the northern half of our republic — their speech marked by the peculiar accent of many nations and tongues: but they all live in harmony — they are all one in Christ Jesus. The West and the East, the Jew, the German, the Welchman, the Englishman, all are brothers. Such life is in Liberal Christianity. I believe that this School is to do much to draw together and unite the broken parts of the Church of Christ. I care not by what name these students call themselves when they shall go forth from this School of the Prophets. They may be Unitarians, they may be Christians. No matter what the name, if they go forth with the free spirit of Christ in their hearts, free themselves from the shackles of bigotry, and are earnest to make all others as free as themselves. This School is destined to diffuse theological learning in our country, and the learning it imbues with piety.

"I am glad to learn that the School is attracting the attention of the benevolent who have means to aid it. One gentleman in New York has given to the Library about one thousand volumes. A gentleman in Baltimore freely offered to do as much more.

"The library must be greatly increased; it is but the beginning of what will be needed. There must also be foundations for the salary of, at least, two teachers. There must be funds to be disbursed to meritorious young men who have nothing but their lives to give to the Church of Christ. And unless I am deceived, the time is close at hand, when a large edifice will be indispensable; already, indeed, such an edifice is needed.

"This School is no longer to be regarded as an experiment. It is established, and duly organized under its charter, with its several boards of officers and teachers. Already it has property in various forms to the value of six thousand dollars. This year the number of students has been thirty-three, and there is good reason to expect that next year there will be forty at least. The location is beautiful, and in respect to our whole country, it is central. Its rural quiet is congenial to study: and the hospitable and cultivated families in the village, which give the students a welcome to their society, will do much to open their souls and refine their hearts and manners. Nothing is wanting but endowment, and this will come. The cheapness of living, and the right economy which is here practised, will make small donations accomplish great results. But 'Meadville does not beg,' as your paper says, and I have said enough, though I might say more."

MINISTRY AT LARGE IN NEW YORK CITY.—The New York Unitarian Association have established in that great city,—the retreat and nursery of so much poverty and sin as well as wealth and virtue,—a Ministry at Large; and have appointed Rev. Mr. Ferris to conduct it. His chapel is in Sixteenth Street. May this prove only the beginning of a large and permanent system of liberal operations for regenerating and comforting multitudes.

NEW UNITARIAN SOCIETIES. — We understand that a Society has been formed, with the clear prospect of success, in Upton, Mass. Worship is held at present in a Hall, accommodating a large and attentive assembly. A meeting-house is to be erected within a few months, and what is even more important, the inward church is to be built by the immediate organization of a Sunday School and Bible Classes. We have received information to the same effect substantially with regard to the formation of a Unitarian Society in the rapidly-growing manufacturing town, soon destined to be the city, of Lawrence, Mass. There is also promise of a Society in Westboro', Mass.

Anti-Slavery Paper. — "The Examiner" is the title of an Anti-Slavery newspaper published in Louisville, Kentucky, — in place of "The True American," which Cassius M. Clay, Esq. relinquished for the purpose of fighting in the Mexican war.

Honorable Liberality.—The "Recorder" says the Hartford Central Association of Congregational Ministers, one of the most able and respectable bodies in New England, recently elected Rev. Mr. Pennington, a colored minister of a Congregational Church in Hartford, Moderator of the Association for the coming year.

FREE WILL BAPTISTS.—The "Morning Star" publishes the signatures of three hundred and ninety six Free Will Baptist ministers, who were united in a protest against Slavery and in withholding Christian fellowship from those involved in it, or as they express it, from those "guilty of the sin of slavery."

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ON THE USE OF MANUALS IN SUNDAY SCHOOL INSTRUCTION.

BY REV. JASON WHITMAN.

WE propose to invite the attention of our readers to the consideration of a question which has been somewhat agitated in different circles, and in regard to which there is a wide difference of opinion among the best friends of the Sunday school. The question to which we allude is this: - Is the use of Manuals, in Sunday school instruction, to be recommended? There seem to be three different shades of opinion upon There are some, who are very decided and strong in this question. their opposition to all use whatever of manuals in Sunday school instruction. "Discard manuals entirely," say they, "from all our Sunday schools, and bring the minds and the hearts of teachers and pupils into closer contact and more intimate communion, and then may we hope to elevate the character and increase the efficiency of our schools." There are others, who seem to consider the natural tendency and influence of manuals as of a very doubtful character. But they regard them as necessary, at present, on account of the imperfections and deficiencies of teachers. "If," say they, "we only had the right kind of teachers, truly spiritual persons, we should not need manuals." Then there are still others, who regard the use of manuals as, in its very nature, good, and as adapted, if the manuals are rightly prepared and rightly used, to promote the best improvement of our Sunday schools. They feel, with others, the obvious deficiencies in our present modes of Sunday school instruction. But they think that these deficiencies are to be remedied, not by wholly discarding manuals, either VOL. IV. 23

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now, or at some future time, but by improving the character of those which are used, and rendering them more perfect in their adaptation to the end for which they are prepared. We do not propose to discuss, fully, these different opinions, but simply to offer some suggestions in support of the view last named.

What is a manual, and for what purpose is it used? It is simply a guide in the investigation of any branch of knowledge. It is used for the same purpose for which Guide Books, containing written hints and directions, are used by travellers when passing through a strange country. And one would seem to be acting just as wisely, in refusing the hints and suggestions of previous travellers through a country to which he is an utter stranger, as in refusing the assistance of one well versed in any branch of knowledge of which he is ignorant, in conducting his mind, from point to point, in the most natural order, and in the most direct course. Accordingly, in all departments of intellectual education, every class of learners, from the infant with its Primmer, to the resident graduates in the university of Europe, with the Syllabus, prepared by the Professor to guide his inquiries, is provided with such helps. The use of manuals in Sunday schools, like the use of textbooks in our common schools, is intended to aid both teacher and pupil. A teacher may have a good general acquaintance with any branch of acience, and yet may not understand the particular order in which the facts and principles of that science can be the most easily and successfully communicated to the young mind. If a manual, or text-book, be put into his hand, well arranged in this respect, it will be to him a great help in giving instruction. His own previously acquired knowledge will arrange itself around the different topics of the manual in the order in which they are there disposed, and will, in that order, be communiested to the pupils, in the manner best adapted to their wants. For every teacher, who would be successful in his work, must strive, not only to become master of the branch he teaches, but must seek also to understand the order, in which facts, truths and principles can be most successfully communicated to the tender mind of childhood. And, as he labors in his vocation, he will find that he must go out of himself, if we may so speak, and must disregard the order in which his knowledge is arranged in his own mind, and in which he could most easily pour it forth, and keep his eye upon the mind of the child, watching carefully the order of its development and the rapidity of its progress, and communicating knowledge, only as the child may be prepared to receive it. And he will often be called upon to commence and proceed, not according to the promptings of his own mind, but in accordance with the development, capacities and wants of the child's mind; to refrain from

the communication of knowledge with which he is himself perfectly familiar, and which he would be glad to impart, because the child is not as yet qualified to comprehend it and be profited by it. It must then be of great assistance to a teacher to have a manual, in which the various topics of instruction are arranged in the natural order, and as best adapted to the gradual development of the young mind. And, for the same reasons, are manuals of importance to the pupil, as well as to the teacher. The child, about to enter upon the study of some particular branch of knowledge, finds a wide field open before him. He must begin somewhere; it is important that he should begin at the right' place, with the simplest elements. He wishes, by private study, to make preparation to meet his teacher and receive the instructions which may be imparted. And it is important that, in doing so, he should proceed in the order in which the truths and principles he would learn, naturally succeed each other. A full understanding of the simplest elementary principles will prepare the mind for a better understanding of those which depend upon and flow from them. The ease with which a pupil may master step after step, by his own efforts, and the pleasure which he may take in his course, will be greatly increased, if the successive steps are arranged in their natural order. A manual, which shall be a successful guide in the accomplishment of this object will be a great assistance to the pupil, as well as to the teacher.

From this general and abstract view of the subject, it would seem as if there could be no plausible objection to the use of manuals. And vet, from the remarks we sometimes hear, especially upon the probability that they may be dispensed with hereafter, when our schools shall have reached a higher degree of improvement than they have as vet attained, we should infer that our Sunday schools are hereafter to become very different from what they now are. In all probability they will, in some respects, become different from what they now are. And yet, in other respects, they must always remain much the same as they are at present. They will, in all probability, be always composed of children, and the young mind will remain, ever, very much as it now is, in its infantile weakness, and in its gradual development. then too, our schools will probably always be conducted, as they now are, by teachers from the various walks of life, with differences of experience, of knowledge, and of opportunity for preparation to meet their classes. And then, it is a well established fact in all education, that the process pursued will be most successful if conducted in accordance with two or three simple principles, to which allusion has already been made: - that simple and elementary truths must be communicated before those which are dependent upon them and are more

complex, can be easily and fully understood; that the order, in which different truths should be communicated to the mind, should be adapted to the gradual development of the mind itself; that truths must be grasped by the intellect, before the feelings naturally awakened by them can pervade the heart. We have said that our Sunday schools will, probably, always be composed of children, who will be very much what children now are, in their weakness, their ignorance, and the gradual development of their mental powers. Is it to be expected that the children in our common schools will ever be so changed, or the systems of instruction so altered, that they shall commence their course with Algebra, instead of beginning, as they now do, with the Alphabet? And will not the principles which forbid this, hold equally good in regard to Sunday school instruction? And besides, it requires accurate acquaintance with the tender mind of childhood, and with the gradual development of the mental powers, together with a very clear view of the relations of the different steps of knowledge to each other, in order to know how best to adapt the instruction which is to be given, to the minds which are to be instructed. But, if these things are once fully understood, and manuals are prepared in accordance with them, such manuals will contain in themselves the elements of perpetual adaptation. with occasional and slight modifications, to the wants of the young. When these things are taken into consideration, is it to be supposed that every one of the hundreds or thousands of teachers in all our Sunday schools will be so thoroughly acquainted with the young mind, and with the order in which the different steps of knowledge most naturally succeed each other, as to be able always to adapt the one to the other. without some guide or assistance? At least, is it not more reasonable to suppose, that here and there an individual, who has devoted much thought and attention to this subject, will be better qualified to adapt, in the preparation of a manual, the course of instruction to the early weakness and gradual development of the young mind than every teacher, young or old, experienced or inexperienced, can possibly be?

But, again, suppose that every teacher were well qualified to construct a manual for his own use. Even then, would it not be better for each teacher to sit down in quiet retirement, and with study and reflection prepare a manual for the guidance of his own course in teaching, than to trust to the promptings of the moment, at each successive meeting with his class, or to the unexamined impulses and suggestions that may, from time to time, occur? In the one case, his course of instruction would be the result of careful study, arranged naturally, and pursued systematically. In the other, he would meet his class at different times in different states of mind, and with different degrees of prepara-

tion, and the whole course would be in danger of becoming desultory and inefficient. In the one case, the pupils would have in their hands a guide to their private studies; in the other they would depend upon the suggestions of the teacher, as they might come, piece-meal, from his lips, at successive exercises. It would seem that the best teachers in our schools, even those well qualified to prepare manuals for themselves, would be more successful and efficient in the actual details of Sunday school instruction, by preparing a manual and then using it, by marking out a course at the commencement of their labors, and then systematically pursuing it, than they could be without such an arranged and carefully prepared course.

But the idea which is sometimes advanced is, that if our teachers were only as spiritual as they should be, there would be no need of manuals. This view is based upon a mistake. The adaptation of instruction to the wants of the child, and the clear and distinct communication of Christian truth, depends not so much upon the spirituality of the heart, as upon the clearness of the intellectual view of the natural relation of truths and principles to each other and upon the careful observation of the gradual development of the young mind. Spirituality of affections, piety of heart, are indeed important qualifications in a teacher. There are none more so. They give to all the instructions imparted, the proper hue and relish, the right influence and bearing upon the heart of the pupil. But they are not the only important qualifications. There must be a knowledge of the truths and principles to be taught, and of the order in which they can be most successfully communicated, together with a tact in illustrating and enforcing them. And these qualifications do not depend, wholly, upon spirituality of affections and character. All possible advancement, then, in true spirituality, will not, of itself, so qualify our teachers for their work, as to enable them to dispense with the help to be obtained from the proper use of well arranged and well prepared manuals. Their work is not, as some seem to suppose, simply to sit by the side of their pupils, and by conversing with them, breathe into their hearts their own spirituality of affections. For, even that spirituality which characterizes their own hearts, if it be genuine and enduring, must be based upon a knowledge and belief of the great central truths of the Gospel. It is the principal part of their work, then, to implant a knowledge and belief of these same great central truths in the minds and hearts of their pupils, that they may there become the sure foundation on which may be based true and lasting spirituality of affections and character. But these truths may not be arranged in the mind of even the most spiritual person, in the order in which they can be most successfully communicated 23*

to the young. Nor will an increase of spirituality remedy any deficiency there may be in this respect. We should seek, then, for truly spiritual persons as teachers, and should place in their hands well arranged manuals to guide them in their labors, that so they may communicate to their pupils the truths of the Gospel in their natural order, and in accordance with the gradual development of the young mind, while from their own pure and holy hearts they breathe into their instructions a truly spiritual, elevating and purifying influence.

But, it is sometimes objected to the use of manuals, that, with them, some teachers simply read the questions and hear the recitation of the answers while there are other teachers, who, without manuals, converse freely with their pupils, awaken in them a deep interest, and secure their rapid improvement. This objection arises from an unfair comparison of teachers who are deficient, with those who excel. The way to ascertain the truth upon this point, would be to inquire how those teachers who now only read the questions from their books and hear the recitation of the answers without a word of explanation or free conversation, how these same teachers would probably succeed, if they were to attempt to teach without a manual? or to ask whether those teachers who now interest their classes without a manual, would not, in all probability, unite with the same degree of interest, more systematic instruction in the truths and principles of the Gospel, were they to make proper use of a well arranged manual. If the objection be examined in this way it will probably fall to the ground.

Again, it is said that among the great number of different manuals now before the public, it is extremely difficult to find one, that is not in some respects defective; and, on this ground it is contended that all use of them had better be entirely discarded. But surely this is a strange inference to be drawn from the premises stated. The manuals now before the public have all of them, undoubtedly, been the work of deep feeling and of careful thought on the part of their respective authors. They have been prepared with at least some care, and after some experience, and have in all probability been revised again and again, before their publication. And yet they are deficient. Shall we infer from this that every one of the hundreds or thousands of Sunday school teachers in all our schools, that the young lady of seventeen, with ardent zeal but with little experience, that the man of business, with a devoted heart, but with only a few moments each week for preparation to meet his class, that every one of these, can, without thought or study, arrange, from Sabbath to Sabbath, as they meet their classes, a better course of study than the authors of these manuals have been able to prepare, with all their advantages for the work and all their care in the effort? The deficiencies in our present manuals will not, surely, lead us to look for less deficiency in the desultory instruction which must in many instances follow from discarding them altogether. It will the rather prompt us to seek more earnestly for a series of manuals which shall be better adapted to our wants than any now in use.

Still further, it is said that God has given us the Bible, and it is asked if that is not sufficient; if God's order of communicating truth is not better than man's; if He, in his infinite wisdom, has not given us manuals, why should we prepare them? The objection implied in this query is based upon a wrong view, and if it proves anything, proves altogether too much. It seems to be based upon the idea that the particular object of God in giving the Bible, an object which determined the order of the successive parts of the Bible, was to adapt the Book to the special purpose of imparting religious knowledge to the young mind. If this idea be a correct one, it will follow that the young child should be led regularly through the Bible in the order of its successive parts. Otherwise it will not be following God's order. But is it not a well known fact that God has communicated religious knowledge to the world as it was at the time needed; and that the records of his revelations have been made in such order as may have been providentially determined? It is with the truths contained in the Bible, as it is with the various objects in the natural world. They are arranged in the order in which we find them, not merely for the instruction of childhood, but for other purposes, determined by God's infinite wisdom. Then, again, if this objection be well-founded, it would lead us to discard all manuals, or text-books, in any of the arts and sciences. God has not given us treatises for the instruction of the young in any department of knowledge. He has not given us manuals in any of the natural sciences. He has scattered the objects of nature around us, in what may seem to us to be great confusion. Why then have manuals, or text-books, on Botany, Mineralogy, or any of the natural sciences been prepared? Is it not because men have found that, as they became acquainted with these subjects, their knowledge could be best retained and best adapted to their after use by being arranged and classified under some general heads or principles? And has not God given men the liberty to arrange and classify their knowledge in such ways as may best suit their own minds? But, when men have reached this point, have they not still further found, that if they wished to communicate to the young the knowledge they had acquired, they could do it more easily and successfully by imparting truths singly, and in their natural order? Has not such been their course when they have attempted to impart a knowledge of the natural sciences, orally, or by lectures? And then, when they have found others who wished to teach in their way, they have imparted their own mode of teaching by preparing and publishing a text-book or manual. And is there not the same reason for pursuing this course in regard to religious instruction, the truths of revelation, the principles of the Gospel, as in regard to any other instruction? This objection will appear, upon examination, to be wholly without good foundation.

It is sometimes objected to manuals, that they present all subjects as of equal importance; that facts in History, or in Geography, are so presented as to appear to the mind of the child to be of equal importance with the most essential spiritual truths. This objection arises from a wrong view sometimes entertained in regard to the purposes and uses of manuals. It seems to be thought that manuals are intended not merely as a guide to the inquiries in regard to the order in which the topics should be noticed and as offering simply some hints in regard to the different topics necessarily noticed, leaving both teacher and pupil to a more full examination for themselves, of the different subjects brought to view, but that they are intended to mark the limits beyond which inquiry shall not go. Now this is all a mistake. If one were to visit the city of Rome, with a Hand Book, to guide him to an acquaintance with the many objects of interest that are there, he would not feel, because he used that Hand Book, and availed himself of the brief hints it might afford, that, therefore, he was forbidden to examine the separate objects pointed out, for himself, and form his own estimate of their comparative interest and importance. No Hand Book could possibly be prepared, which would successfully point out the relative differences of different objects, in interest and importance, in a manner adapted to meet the wants of all minds. Because different objects would appear differently to different minds. So, in the use of Sunday school manuals, the teacher is not to feel that he is forbidden by their use to examine the different topics to which attention is directed, for himself, and to form his own estimate of their comparative degrees of importance. Here, as in the guide to the city of Rome, no one book could possibly point out the relative importance of different subjects, in a manner adapted to the wants of all minds. Because different minds will view things differently. What may seem of the utmost importance to one mind, will perhaps seem of less importance to another. And it is often the case that subjects which at one time may seem to be of the utmost importance, may, at another time, and when viewed through a different medium either of opinion or of feeling, seem to be of much less importance. And not only so, but every teacher will find, that some truths will, in fact, be more important at one time than at another, to one pupil than to another. One pupil may be faulty in regard to a sacred reverence for the truth. This circumstance will direct the attention of the teacher to the importance of deeply impressing upon the mind of that child those religious instructions most adapted to its peculiar failing. While it may be necessary to impress other truths upon the minds of other children, according to their differing characters and wants. This objection, then, arises from a wrong idea in regard to the true purposes of manuals and the proper uses to be made of them. They are not, by any means, to take the place of the living teacher, but are to be regarded simply as helps, to aid him in his efforts to guide the pupil aright in his religious inquiries.

It is also sometimes objected to manuals, that the use of them does not admit of those variations of instruction which seem to be necessary in order to adapt it to the differing wants of children of different capacities. This objection is of the same class, and arises from the same cause with the one last noticed: from a misunderstanding of the proper end and use of manuals. "Colburn's First Lessons in Arithmetic," is perhaps one of the best manuals of instruction, in its own department, that was ever prepared. And yet, in the actual use of the book, every teacher will be compelled to ask those pupils who may be somewhat dull and slow of comprehension in the department of numbers, many questions in addition to those contained in the book; questions adapted to lead them along to a full understanding of all the principles of the book. And these questions must be continually varied by the living teacher, in the number which are put, in the form in which they are presented, and in their different degrees of simplicity, according to the different capacities of the different children that are questioned. is the course suggested by the author of the book himself, the course which he himself pursued, when engaged in the actual details of teaching. A course somewhat analagous to this, must be pursued in Sunday school instruction. It is not to be supposed that each member of a class of half a dozen will have the same full understanding of the different topics they may have passed over, in any manual they may use. Some will be of quick perception, others will be slow of comprehension. And no book can possibly be prepared, which will meet all these differing wants. The deficiences of the book must be made up by the free conversations of the living teacher. And these conversations must be varied, in form, manner and simplicity of illustration, in order to adapt them to the different capacities of different children.

There is one view of the positive advantages resulting from the use of manuals, which seems to be of some importance, and which ought

not to be passed by without notice. One of the most important objects to be accomplished by Sunday school instruction is, to form the pupil to the habit of careful, thorough and systematic study of the Bible for bimself, and indeed to the habit of careful, thorough and systematic investigation of religious truth for himself. This habit, if firmly fixed, will probably be of more lasting benefit to the pupil, than all else gained at the Sunday school. If religious emotions are awakened, they may soon die away, if religious impressions are made, they may in after life be effaced, unless kept alive and sustained by continued recurrence to the sacred fountain of religious truth. The child, who while at the Sunday school, acquires the love and forms the habit of studying the Bible, of investigating religious truth for himself, will find open before him in after life a fountain of religious influence which may serve to keep his emotions ever vivid, his impressions ever deep and strong, and will become acquainted with a source of religious enjoyment and improvement which will be as lasting as life. This taste and habit, all will admit, may be more easily acquired, more successfully formed, with the use of manuals than without. If manuals are not used, one of two courses will probably be pursued. Either the teacher will mark out a course for the pupil to follow, in preparing for each successive exercise, or the pupils will meet their teacher without any previous preparation. If the former course be pursued, it would seem that it could be more systematically done by the adoption of some well arranged manual. Nor could there be any serious and weighty objection to this, since the arrangement and marking out of a regular course by the teacher, partakes of the nature of a manual, in fact, at least, if not in form. If the latter course be pursued, it would seem as if it must be desultory and inefficient; and that in all probability it would be productive of evil consequences. The children come together without any previous preparation, and, of course, without any deep interest in the subject, and there they are, waiting simply to be interested in the stories the teacher may be able to tell. If the teacher tells a good story, or conducts conversation in an interesting manner, they will listen attentively; if not, they will pay but little attention, and what is worse, will feel that the whole fault is with the teacher. Will not instruction given in this way, become desultory and inefficient? Will not the habits thus formed and the feelings thus cherished, strengthen and perpetuate the tendency - now somewhat prevalent among adults - of attending upon the services of the Sabbath, not for the purpose of worshipping God and strengthening Christian principle, but simply for the passive enjoyment of the interest the preacher may be able to awaken, with the feeling, that if they are not interested, it is the fault of the preacher, and that they are, on that account, released from all obligations whatever to attend upon the services of the sanctuary.

We are aware that it may be said that the views we have advanced, may be sound, if the great object of Sunday school instruction is to train the intellect to a knowledge of Christian truth. But, it will be contended that a more important object is, to reach and affect the heart, to awaken religious feelings and establish religious principles. We admit that these are more important objects than the mere knowledge of Christian truths, since they are the ends to the attainment of which that is an instrument. We therefore contend that genuine religious feelings have their origin in a knowledge of religious truth, and depend upon this knowledge for permanent life and vigor. And so too, we contend that all true Christian principle must be based upon a knowledge and belief of Christian instructions. Any system of instruction, therefore, which is successful in imparting a clear knowledge of Christian truths and principles, will be the system best adapted to the great and ultimate purposes of Sunday school instruction.

We have extended our remarks to a much greater length than we at first intended, but we have done it simply because it seemed necessary. We are aware that many of the best friends of Sunday schools differ widely and honestly from the views we have advanced. All we ask for our views, is, that they should be examined fairly and candidly;—that so, if they prove to be correct, they may be adopted, and if found incorrect, may be rejected.

A DAY AT HULL.

In these days of the questioning and subverting of old ideas and customs, the proper observance of the Sabhath has had its share of attention. Some object even to the name "Sabbath," as savoring more of the old Jewish idea of rest, than of the more Christian one of active virtue. Much undoubtedly may be said against the rigid, Puritanical mode of observance of the day, especially in its influence on the child-igh spirit. Whatever tends to invest holy time with gloomy and irksome associations, must be objectionable. It may require some tact and ingenuity to make the day a pleasant one to children, while at the same time they are in some measure restrained from those noisy demonstrations of happiness which would disturb the meditations of others. Yet

it seems to me that even this may be done; and surely to those of maturer years, to whom religion has become a vital thing, the day cannot be a weariness, even though it do restrict them to a narrower range of enjoyments, and hold in check the exuberance of spirits common to other days.

However old-fashioned the idea may be, it does seem to me that the Sabbath may in general be more truly kept in the sanctuary of a quiet home, than in any other place. Unless some errand of mercy call us forth into the haunts of men, it seems good to pass the private hours of this day of rest in the retirement of our own house or grounds. Or, if we would go forth to meditate, this purpose is best answered by seeking those secluded spots where we may be remote from the gaze and the remarks of men.

Another antiquated notion which I must still hold in connection with this, or rather as the basis on which the former rests, is that we are not wholly to lose sight of the natural effect of our example, in deciding what our course shall be. So long as it is acknowledged that every moral agent exerts more or less influence on others in his parrow or extended sphere of action, I do not see how any one can fulfil the whole law of love and duty without taking this important item into account. The sincere Christian and ardent lover of Nature might rise to greater heights of devotion in the stillness of the fields or the majesty of the forest, than he could while listening to such services as we sometimes hear in the house of God. But, if his vacant seat encourage many weaker brethren to pass the day in idleness and dissipation, is not the benefit to himself more than counterbalanced by the injury to others? It will not do for the Christian to say to his fellow-man, either by word or deed, "I am holier than thou. I have made such attainments in the spiritual life that I no longer need the restraints or the stimulants necessary to thy weaker virtue and colder devotion." A solitary ramble, or a walk with a serious friend would surely be no profanation of the holy day; but, if it be taken at such times or in such places as to encourage the worldly-minded in loitering and mirth, it is hardly consistent with the course and the precepts of the apostle who walked so circumspectly, lest he should make his brother to offend.

To riding, on the Sabbath, there is still another objection, which is the demand made on the poor animal already wearied with his week's labor. The faithful service of six days is surely enough, without the addition of a seventh day of toil. Yet there is a large class of persons in the community, to whom Sunday affords almost the only season for relaxation, especially for breathing the free air of the country, and it

seems hardly reasonable to expect that a young man who is compelled to stand behind the counter for hours every day during the busy week, should be disposed to give himself to inactivity and grave meditation throughout the only day which he can call his own. If young men so situated violate the sanctity of holy time, it would seem that society is hardly less guilty than these direct disturbers of the peace. One half-holiday, even, during the week, would undoubtedly do more toward removing this great evil, than all the indignant remonstrances that could be uttered.

A person may, however, be so situated as to be able better to secure the objects of the day by seeking some secluded spot, than by remaining amid the cares and interruptions of a less quiet home. In such a case it would be hard to say that he shall never do so. Some circumstances of this nature induced the writer of this article to set aside habits seldom or never violated before, and during the intense heat of last September, to join a family of near and dear friends in passing a Sunday in Hull; that little secluded nook, which seems set apart from all the world beside. It was a glorious morning when we set out on our drive of ten miles. We were soon out of the thickly settled village, and much of the way lay through absolute solitude. Before entering on the beach we passed through a little village whose transformation within six or seven years seems almost magical. Time was, within the memory of some persons less venerable than the oldest inhabitant is usually supposed to be, when children and domestic animals might be seen on nearly equal terms in the same dwelling. To me, who had not seen the village for eight or ten years, the change was surprising and very beautiful. Those unpainted, slovenly houses are now transformed into neat white cottages. A pretty Methodist church stands among them; and, as we are told, this happy change is in a great measure attributed to the influence of the clergyman officiating there; the Father Taylor of his region.

We soon entered on the beach, and were indeed alone with Nature and her God. How magnificent was the scene! a fit temple for the worship of the Most High! We needed no ministering priest or choir, for Nature herself was most eloquent, and "her anthem the sublime accord" of the grand old "ocean's roar." It was a scene truly in accordance with the holy day, and a solemn preparation for the services of the morning. On leaving the beach, the scenery became wholly unique to us; first the fine ocean views on either hand, then the miniature groves, adapted to a race of pigmies, and last of all the sudden discovery of the little village of Hull, nestled so quietly among the hills.

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We arrived, as we had intended, just in season to attend the Methodist services in a tiny schoolhouse, where a congregation of perhaps thirty people assembled. All was orderly and quiet, except that now and then a low groan expressed the earnestness with which some worshipper joined in a petition offered by the speaker. The little desk was on that day filled by the clergyman mentioned above, who discoursed with simplicity and seriousness from the words, "Search the Scriptures." There was little or nothing in his services to remind us that we were not listening to one of our own denomination. A bright looking woman, as we left the house, expressed her high estimation of his labors " on the other side of the beach," where, as she said, "under God, he had been the making of the people." The whole effect of the services was impressive and salutary. With what new depth of meaning did some of those glorious passages come home to the soul, where the Psalmist makes reference to the "great deep!" The impression was ineffaceable.

A part of the afternoon was passed on the redoubts, thrown up during the Revolutionary war, which command a very fine view of the ocean and neighboring islands. One of the most beautiful emblems of peace I have ever seen, was presented by the cattle feeding or reposing on those warlike embankments, now transformed into pasturing grounds, calling to mind the prophecy of those happy times when swords shall be beaten into ploughshares, and the nations shall learn war no more. It was difficult to realize that that peaceful spot had once been desecrated by hostile preparations; still more so to bring home the thought that at that very hour, on this same continent, scenes are enacted which make humanity shudder and grow sick at heart.

On our way home, we visited the life-boat, which we examined with deep and solemn interest. As it was a new boat, its associations were with the future, rather than the past; but, when we thought of the scenes in which it must act an important part, it became to us almost "a thing of life." Re-crossing the beach, where the tide was rapidly coming in to bar our progress, we returned home, feeling that the lessons of the day had not been lost, and that to have passed one Sabbath in a life-time thus, was not amiss.

N. W.

It is important to distinguish between a vague admiration of the Beautiful, and the worship of the Living God,—the Father of Jesus Christ our Lord.

SUBMISSION AND CHEERFULNESS.

On never, never let me mourn
The griefs that meet me here;
Nor when my heart's by sorrow worn
In sadness shed one tear.

I know it is man's earthly lot 'To suffer and be strong;'
And never be this truth forgot, —
To murmur must be wrong!

How heavy are the fear and care
That come upon the heart:
The brightest hopes become despair,
The fondest lovers part.

This fleeting world has many woes
Beneath the clouded sun:
But still a tide of rapture flows
To seek the cheerful one.

Oh then, as long as here I live, My heart with joy shall thrill; And bliss to me my God shall give, Striving to do his will.

W. B. A.

"The poor, the humble, and your dependants will often be afraid to ask their due from you: be the more mindful of it yourself. With what degree of satisfaction do you feel that you could meet those persons in a future state over whom you have any influence now? Your heart's answer to this question is somewhat of a test of your behaviour towards them."

THE MISSIONARIES.

CHAPTER IV.

A FORTNIGHT after their arrival. at Ceylon, Henry Maywood wrote thus to Mr. D.

"CEYLON, 5TH OCTOBER, 18-

My DEAR Siz: — We wrote you almost immediately after our arrival at this place, by a vessel bound to New York; but we had not then time to enter minutely into the particulars of our present situation, and our plans for the future were still unformed. Most gladly we avail ourselves of another opportunity, direct to your good and favored city; and Anna has already quite a little folio prepared for her family and friends.

My first duty has been to address a letter to the Secretary of the Board of Missions, freely and frankly stating the change which has taken place in my religious opinions since the day when I was ordained as an Evangelist, under the auspices of that Board. I of course tendered my resignation, feeling that I had no right to avail myself of the advantages of such a connection, since I could no longer fulfil my engagement, and preach the doctrines which are regarded by them as essential.

But, though no longer recognized as the member of a sectarian body, my zeal in the cause of Christian missions, my deep sense of their vital importance, my constant desire to awaken an interest for them in every serious mind, is not at all abated. I stand on these heathen shores, fresh from a land of civilization and refinement, of intellectual privileges and Christian institutions, — and I look round me, on monuments of ignorance and superstition, on a race of men debased, enslaved by idolatry, cut off from the knowledge of God, and who, save in the outward image, scarce retain a vestige of humanity.

But I no longer regard them as wholly corrupt, cast away, perishing under the wrath of God, sentenced to eternal condemnation for the sins which they commit in ignorance. "For these, having no law, are a law unto themselves," and as they respect or violate the dictates of their consciences, so will they be judged. On the brow of each little one I see engraved the signet of heaven, and in every soul, — I cannot doubt it, — is hid the germ of an immortal, spiritual existence. I view them all as brethren, whom God created for happiness, and whom Christ died to redeem; and I would say to every individual who comes

hither, be it at the call of interest, of duty or of pleasure:—Be a Christian missionary to this benighted people—leave not the blessed task of teaching, reforming these children of our common Father, to those whose sacred profession calls them to toil and sacrifice, but let each one stand at his post and perform his duty faithfully; let him guard his own heart and restrain his own passions; let him exemplify the virtues of justice, sobriety, sincerity and truth, in all his dealings with them, and with others, and commend his piety to God, by doing good to all around him.

Oh! how much more effectual is the teaching of a good example, than the enforcement of barren doctrines and unintelligible dogmas!

I have already stated to you, my dear sir, the doubts, the conflict through which my mind has passed, in arriving at conclusions on certain doctrinal points so different from those which had at first influenced me. For many years, you are well aware, I have at times been perplexed and troubled by the apparent inconsistency of some religious opinions which I was taught to consider essential, particularly the popular belief of the Trinity. I long sought for light and instruction, prayerfully, and I believe sincerely; but the bias of early education, and the influences around me, perhaps unconsciously trammelled the freedom of investigation and the impartiality of my decisions. However that may be, as I look back, I can recal no long period of time when my mind was perfectly satisfied and at rest; yet at the time of my ordination I felt that I was standing on a secure foundation, and believed I had arrived at the truth, so far as fallible man could fathom it.

The mental process which has since led me to different conclusions, has been often experienced and truly described; while I was resting satisfied, and believed inquiry at an end, a discussion started at one of the conference meetings which were regularly held during our voyage, irresistibly seized my attention, and led me to a renewed and searching investigation of the holy volume. The Bible was my only text-book; in its pages alone I looked for light and instruction, seeking direction from Him who knows the weakness of our nature, and gratefully using the reason which he has bestowed, in reading, comparing and interpreting. If I know my own heart, I divested myself of every prejudice; nor would I consult any commentary, or seek the opinion or advice of any one, that the result of my inquiries might be perfectly impartial and unbiassed.

That result is already known to you, my dear sir; and you, who have always enjoyed the privileges of a simple and rational Christianity, may imagine with what joy and gratitude I look up to the Father of all YOL. IV.

light and consolation, who has vouchsafed to reveal himself so clearly to my mind, as the single object of our grateful adoration, the Father of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, through whom we have at all times access to the throne of grace. With renewed courage and with ardent hope, I shall enter on my missionary labors. Thorny may be the path, but as an humble pioneer I gladly tread it. Simple are the truths which I am bound to teach: — the paternal character of God, the Saviour's love; surely the rudest heart may comprehend their meaning — the hardest must melt beneath their power.

Yet this change in my religious views has already subjected me to many and sore trials. It has exposed me to severe animadversion; it has called in question the purity of my motives and the soundness of my Christianity. My opinions are censured as bitterly as if free inguiry were a sin, and for the sincere convictions of an honest mind, I were answerable to man, and not at the tribunal of God. and valued friends looked coldly on me; the missionary brethren with whom I left my native land, united in a common purpose, and animated by the same zeal, now shrink from fellowship with me, denounce me as an apostate, and the church casts its ban upon my services and my And for what? my character has received no stain, my principles of duty are as comprehensive, my desire of usefulness, my wish to be spent in the service of humanity, as ardent as heretofore. that I may ever meet these trials in the spirit of meekness and charity; I feel no resentment, I can only lament the bigotry which leads to such uncharitableness, and marvel at the presumption which assumes infallibility, and judges of all others, as if itself alone were right.

I did not formally announce my change of sentiments before we arrived at Ceylon; discussions could only be painful, and lead to restraint and embarrassment in the circumscribed limits of a ship's cabia. I have refunded all my own and Anna's expenses for the voyage, and I truly hope our places may be filled by faithful and devoted servants.

My own determination is unaltered by this change of circumstances. My path of duty seems plainly pointed out, and whatever may betide me, I can never regret that I have entered on a missionary life. I would bear on my heart the noble motto of the early Catholic missionaries: "I shall go, I shall never return," and may the same spirit of self-sacrifice and the indomitable perseverance which animated those devoted men, give energy and effect to my own humble labors.

When I look around me, in this old land of history and adventure,—rich beyond expression in the lavish gifts of nature,—my heart bleeds at the misery and degradation of its ignorant, deluded inhabitants. Yet even here, I feel assured there is a redeeming principle, a germ of that

spiritual life which God has given to every child of Adam, and which asks the ready sympathy, the cheerful aid, the fervent prayers of every Christian soul. I would say to all who have willing minds, "Come over and help us." For now, as in the days of the apostle, it may be asked, "How can they call on Him in whom they have not believed? and how shall they believe in Him of whom they have not heard, and how shall they hear, without a preacher?" Would that those who live at ease, surrounded by social blessings and Christian privileges, could realize the multiform miseries of idolatry! surely they would feel that our Saviour's command, "Go ye and preach the Gospel to every creature," still retains its significance, and like all which fell from his lips, was not limited, but universal.

Tomorrow we shall leave Ceylon; and though conscious that we have been misunderstood and misjudged by our associates, it is painful to part from those with whom we long held friendly intercourse, and to remove ourselves entirely from all Christian sympathy and fellowship. Our individual efforts, with God's blessing, may produce some good: and though we cannot expect a harvest, perhaps even a solitary blossom, we may plant the seed which shall germinate and ripen for the future reaper. In Anna's serene and trusting faith, her cheerful fortitude and entire readiness to meet any trial in the path of duty, I find constant encouragement and support. We have obtained permission to reside on any of the islands which we may select, and shall choose one not already occupied by a missionary station. I send you, my dear sir, a variety of seeds and some few plants from this tropical region. for your conservatory; and when they expand, as I trust they may, in perfection, you can form some idea of the lavish beauty of the floral kingdom in these isles. May the time soon arrive when the spiritual growth shall be equally luxuriant!"

A few weeks later than the above date, Mrs. Maywood thus wrote:

"I wish my dear mother and sisters could look in upon us and see how snug and comfortable we are in our oriental housekeeping establishment. Everything is as primitive as in the patriarchal days, and the few little conveniences which I brought from home, — and how dearly I prize them because they speak of home!—are all in our menage, that can remind us of conventional life. Yet our little bamboo hut, shaded from the fervid sun by tall palmettos, and literally woven with creeping plants, twining their bright and aromatic flowers in every crevice, affords us all the shelter which the climate requires; and the not untasteful vessels for domestic use, carved from the gourd, cocoa, or formed of clay, moulded in graceful, antique shapes, begin to look as attractive in our eyes, as the rich plate and china which form an item in the profuse expenditure of your wealthy citizens.

We have chosen a pleasant and seemingly healthy residence in the midst of a populous island, only two days' distant from Ceylon. Near us is an old church almost in ruins, built more than two centuries ago, when the Portuguese came to possess these islands, bringing with them their indefatigable Catholic missionaries. It afterwards fell into Protestant hands, when the Dutch held dominion, and finally was abandoned, when Paganism again prevailed, after the accession of the English. We have been allowed to clear the rubbish from the desecrated spot, and most ardently do we pray that here the Gospel invitation may again be listened to, and find a response in many a willing heart.

This we may call our home; but we shall not confine ourselves to any particular spot, but go wherever an opening can be found for the introduction of the truth. We wish to become familiar with the language and habits of the natives, to attract them to us, and lead them, if possible, into the pale of civilization. Christianity and civilization must go hand in hand: and till the outward condition is elevated somewhat above the brute creation, we may in vain seek to awaken the spiritual nature of man to a comprehension of the holy and divine.

We are making good progress in the native language, which begins to have a pleasant, familiar sound to us. It was our daily study with all the aid we could command from books, during the voyage; and we have now an interpreter residing with us, an intelligent person, whose services are of great value. As yet he has been the organ of communication between us and the people; but my husband already speaks with considerable fluency, and I trust will soon be able to conduct the public services alone. In our daily intercourse with the people, we can both make ourselves very well understood; and we are glad to catch their attention, though it may be only vacant curiosity which prompts them to listen. Who can say that a word spoken in season may not bring forth fruit to eternal life?

It is interesting, though painful, to enter the rude habitations of this people, and observe the habits of their domestic life, if that can be called domestic which is so far removed from all the comforts which we attach to that expressive word. We find them sitting cross-legged, on the hard earthen floor, perhaps eating their meal of rice and curry, the daily food, and conveying it to the mouth with their hands, in a most disgusting manner. The husband invariably eats first, and the wife is forced to content herself with what he chooses to leave, dealing a portion to the children; and thus also in every respect, we find heathen woman,—not what she was designed to be, the help-meet for man,—but his abject, degraded slave. Should not the heart of every Christian female who values the blessings of her religion, which alone

has elevated her to an equality with man, glow with a generous wish to share such blessings with these degraded women, and thus raise them from mental and spiritual bondage?

Often they receive us hospitably and kindly, offering a portion of their food, which, however, they cannot partake with us, so strict are the obligations of casts; and in many other things gleams of a better nature break forth, showing that the original brightness is not wholly dimmed. But in general, the grossness of their lives, — their wide departure from the simplest dictates of natural rectitude, their blind worship of senseless and hideous idols, their apparent inability to comprehend even the first principles of religion, is truly disheartening. "Can these dry bones live?" we are often tempted to ask, with doubting hearts; and only a firm reliance on the Word of God, hope in his grace, and unwavering trust in the divinity of the human soul, could sustain us under so many discouragements."

"We still wait and watch," wrote Mr. Maywood, some months later, "and we gather encouragement from the friendly feeling which generally prevails among the people, though well aware that they often come to us from curiosity, the hope of gain, or some other selfish motive, and when they find we have no temporal gifts to bestow, some on whom we had most depended leave us and return to their idols. Patience and perseverance we greatly need; "line upon line and precept upon precept, here a little and there a little," we are bound to give, till the heart is touched and the mind awakened to feel and receive the truths we would impart. I would carefully avoid those unnatural excitements, those sudden revivals, so systematically encouraged by many sects, but which generally end in disappointment, and can never be expected to produce lasting or beneficial effects on the ignorant and superstitious heathen. We have no reason to expect another day of Pentecost, nor can that great miracle find any parallel in the history of modern revivals. Wherever Christianity is planted, in a heathen land, its standard bearers must win their way meekly though firmly, dealing gently with prejudices, kindly with error, charitably with all infirmities; content to scatter the good seed in humble faith, praying that God's blessing may descend and water it for a future harvest.

Our little church stands invitingly open, every day of the week; morning and evening our prayers ascend from it, and to all who are willing to receive, we gladly impart instruction. On every Sabbath regular services are held, varying according to the wants and inquiries of the people, but always expounding in simple language the great truths of the Gospel, and especially dwelling on the love of

God, and the mercy of Jesus in his mission to mankind. I find it useful to place this attractive and comprehensive idea constantly before the minds of the people, and to avoid every question which can perplex their simple understandings, or confuse their imperfect reasoning powers.

I have seen the ill effects of an opposite course of teaching, and feel the necessity of avoiding it. Lately a native preacher, long connected with the mission at Ceylon, passed some days in this island, on his way to a distant station, and heing here on the Sabbath day. he consented to lead the services of our little congregation. He had some natural eloquence, seemed fervent and sincere, and solicitous for the conversion of his brethren. But his preaching appeared to me but little calculated to effect the object he had so much at heart. Instead of a simple, direct appeal to the better natures of those whom he addressed, he propounded abstruse doctrines, clothed the Deity in the terrors of his wrath, and called on them to serve and love a Being who sacrificed his own son a peace-offering for the sins of mankind. advanced his Trinitarian views as a matter of primary importance; but these, and the kindred doctrines on which he also laid great stress, were received with distrust, and caused no small perplexity to those simple-minded hearers.

Many of them, I found, supposed that the preacher — himself a convert from idolatry — still retained a veneration for the gods of his early faith; for to them a triune god seemed but a multiplication of deities; so great a stumbling block must this strange doctrine of early expediency ever be to the progress of true Christianity. It seems strange that every missionary does not perceive this at the very commencement of his labors — strange that he should attempt to initiate the simple and ignorant minds of such a people in the mysteries which the strongest and most cultivated intellects could never comprehend!

Surely it is enough to inculcate what Christ and his apostles clearly taught; and however the successors of those holy men may interpret the Scriptures, and whatever stress they may lay on doctrines of inference merely, it is certain from the whole tenor of the New Testament, that a belief in God as the Supreme Father, and in Jesus Christ as his Son and the intercessor, were the only doctrines which they insisted on as essential to salvation."

VISIT OF A SEXIGENARIAN TO THE HOME OF HIS YOUTH.*

Mr. Editor — I have been some time travelling "the downhill of life," by a gentle and not unpleasing descent, in company with my few surviving sexigenarian coevals. I have resided, since my early days, remote from the homestead of my progenitors, where I was born and reared to the period of my leaving home for college. Soon after receiving the benediction and diploma from my Alma Mater, my father was removed by death to the unseen world, and having subsequently, after the usual preparation, engaged in a profession that kept me somewhat stationary, the paternal estate, upon the death of an elder brother, having many years since been in the possession of new proprietors, and the dwelling in which I had passed my early days having no longer a place upon the farm, I had neither motive nor inclination to visit the premises. But as the late spring, - so called in the Almanac, - the cold weather extending to the verge of summer proving it to be a manifest misnomer, - had nearly expired, I was seized with a kind of passionate yearning to visit the scenes in which I had grown up from unconscious infancy to the stature and ordinary development of the physical energies, affections, aspirations and imaginings common to youth at the age of sixteen or seventeen years. I ascribe this strong yearning to visit once more the home of my boyhood to a vision, which on the approach of spring visited me in my slumbers, of the fine old orchard of large, vigorous and prolific apple-trees in front of my father's house. The rich fragrance of the sea of blossoms that enveloped the trees, the humming of the bees that were loading themselves with the pollen and sweets of the flowers, the carolling of the robin and thrush, and the merry song of the bobolink, were all present in my dream, as they had been present to my waking senses, on the return of spring through the successive years of my residence at home during my spring-time of life. I said to myself, when I awoke, 'Yes, I will go and pass a day in living over the delightful period of my boyhood and youth, - in going over the old paths, the fields, pastures and woodlands, the brook that winds through the meadows, the hill that overlooked the river, bounding the farm on the north, and fertilizing the valley through which it flowed; and I will sit down, as I was wont at the time of the

[&]quot;We feel greatly indebted to the author of the following delightful sketch, the venerable and respected pastor of one of the churches of a neighboring city.

blossoming of the apple-trees, in the orchard shade, and enjoy the reality of the shadowy ideal, which has so vividly impressed me in my dream.'

I accordingly set out on my pilgrimage just in time, as I calculated. to reach the place of my destination and find the fine old orchard in full blossom, as were the apple-trees on most of the farms I passed on my way. I journeyed alone, as I was going to visit scenes and to live for a day in a world which existed only for me, in the remembered pains or felicities of which I could find no one to bear me companionship or sympathy. Leaving my vehicle of conveyance upon the borders of the small country town, in which my paternal home was located, I walked musingly and leisurely, full of sweet and bitter reminiscences, towards the old homestead. I had to pass by the spot, where stood the schoolhouse, and near by the meeting-house, in both of which I had passed so many hours of impatient, though most salutary restraint, that kept me from the sports or occupations, which I loved much better than the lessons to which I had to give no very loving heed, during those hours. I looked in vain for the old schoolhouse and church on the well-remembered sites which they occupied, when schoolboy-like I crept unwillingly to school, and often as unwillingly to church. They had vanished, and no schoolhouse was to be seen near the spot where the old one stood, though instead of the old meeting-house I counted three or four comparatively new ones, within 'a stone's throw or two of each other. Though something like a village had grown up in the place since my early days, I saw no evidence of so great an increase of population as to require so many houses of worship for their accommodation.

This change ought to have prepared me for the changes which I was to witness on my arrival at the spot, where once stood the buildings and rural appendages of my paternal homestead, and near by the orchard, which in my dream blossomed so freshly and sent out its fragrance so richly with its accompaniments of the cheerful music of the bees and the gay carollings of the birds.

The buildings, as I had been apprised, many years size, had been removed, and not a vestige was left to mark the spot where they stood, except a cavity in the ground which was once a cellar, now covered with greensward, in the centre of which had sprung up a young and thrifty tree from seed planted there by the birds of the air, or the winds of heaven. Of my orchard, alas! not a single tree remained, and early a solitary, decayed trunk and a stump or two, hardly distinguishable from the soil out of which they had grown, marked the broad enclosure it once covered and adorned with its spreading branches, garnished with their blossoms in spring, or bending with their golden fruit in autumn.

It had vanished, and existed only in my remembrance as it appeared in my dream. Just so the incidents, the companions, the joys and sorrows of my early days had vanished; yet all were vividly retained in retrospect, and I lived them over anew, while I sat beneath the shade of a fine large elm and ash in front of where the house had stood, which I remembered to have seen planted when saplings of an inch or two in diameter, by my elder brothers. They are now flourishing in their mature strength and beauty, while the once vigorous frames of my brothers have long since been mouldering in their graves. How should the orchard and its accompaniments have been so vividly present and real in my dream, when no longer existing? Is it that the images of all things that have given us intense delight or pain, are to exist in the mind and to constitute a portion of its conscious being, when their prototypes have vanished with the earth and the organized frame, which was the medium through which they were originally perceived by the mind? It would seem to be a law of our spiritual being, that the innocent joys and pure pleasures of our early days are vividly remembered and reverted to in our old days, while the pains and discomforts of that period are well nigh forgotten or faintly remembered, and cease at last to be recollected at all, at the same time that the former continue to be remembered with all the freshness and vivacity with which they were enjoyed during the happy periods of our childhood and youth. Have we not reason to hope that this law will accompany our conscious spirits in all the future stages of their immortal existence? The good remembered, the evil forgotten. I missed many other once familiar objects besides the old orchard; the whole surface and aspect of the large farm were greatly changed from what it was when I knew it in my boyhood. It had been divided and parcelled out to quite a number of different proprietors, as the population of the parish, which constituted one united flock under the ministry of my venerated spiritual father, long since gone to his reward, - was now divided and parcelled out into four separate congregations under distinct sectarian names. They had their separate places of worship and different pastors, — each of them their separate Sunday school and sewing circle, their different creeds and hymn-books; in short, though with the same Bible, each had their own peculiarities, each zealously using the instrumentalities of religion in their own way. This, at first sight, might seem a lamentable change, since the entire population of the parish are scarcely sufficient to fill a house of ordinary dimensions, and to support one pastor respectably without the payment of his salary being a burden to any. While these divisions were in process of formation, and till the lines of demarkation were fixed, no doubt much ill blood and ill feeling 35

were generated and but too manifest in the alienations and estrangements which disturbed and embittered the intercourse of neighbors and the different members of families. These alienations and estrangements. I found at the time of my visit, were much softened and nearly done away. Like many similar changes that threatened only evil in the commencement, this has resulted in good. For as in parcelling out the old farm of my father into different sections, the proprietors of the several divisions bestowed upon them a more careful cultivation and made the whole domain more productive and fruitful, so the different religious denominations into which the old parish had been divided, by a more zealous and earnest attention to their religious interests and duties, had been made more temperate and generally moral in their deportment as they became more uniform and exemplary in their attendance upon the Sabbath at their several places of worship; and the whole community, as I was assured, had become more emulous to approve the things that are excellent, and to abound more and more in the fruits of righteousness.

As there had been much improvement since my boyhood in the medse. and implements of culture upon the farm, so in the services and instrumentalities of religion there have been manifest and general imprevements, such as better preaching, better hymns, better music, Sabbath schools, Bible-classes, and the like, not only in my native parish, but in most of the New-England parishes. I was sensibly and gratefully impressed by the evidence I saw before me, that as the same grounds violded their increase under the cultivation of a single proprietor, so the same beneficent Creator caused them to yield an equal and, according to their improved cultivation, augmented increase under the management of many different proprietors; just as the spiritual husbandry, that was formerly neither barren nor unfruitful under one overseer was now as prosperous and productive, if not more so, under the several new ones. I found many old paths that were familiar and beaten tracks in my early days, nearly and in some directions wholly obliterated. Some of these were circuitous and intricate, which the new proprietoes had ceased to use, having struck out others more direct and of easier secess to the places to which they led. I could not fail to be reminded by these new pathways of the more direct and easier access of the penitent sinner to the mercy and forgiving love of our Heavenly Pather which your preachers of the Unitarian faith have laid open to their Brethren, compared with the old and so called Orthodox method of reconciliation, which represented God as inexorable and held back by his own law from showing morey and forgiveness to the penitent sinner till he had exacted and received satisfaction for the transgressor's violation of his law from the vicarious sufferings and death of his innecest. Son. God's mercy obtained by purchase, the blood of Jesus being the price, and then another condition, that of the sinner's believing in this contrivance, if I may so express it, as the only way by which he may become the object of this mercy, is certainly not a little circuitous and intricate, and differs essentially from the Unitarian doctrine of reconciliation as taught by Jesus himself in the parable of the prodigal son. The father there goes out to meet and welcome his returning, peningst child, prompted solely by his paternal affection for his lost son, new restored to favor, not by bargain and purchase, but by the free, gratuitous, forgiving love of the father.

I turned my steps towards a gentle slope that descended to the river where I remembered there had stood a fine grove of venerable caks. Not one remained. They had long since given place to a young growth of vigorous, thrifty trees that seemed, like the new generation of active and efficient young men that I had met in my walk through the village. to stare at me as they gently waved their graceful arms and green foliage in the breeze, as much as to say, "Who are you? and what brings the gray-haired stranger to look upon us who know only the men that have grown up with us, whose homes are here, and who, like ourselves, are attached to their native soil?" I felt myself indeed a stranger and alone in the midst of a strange people "that knew not Joseph," to whom my father and myself were personages of history, whom the young members of the community had probably never heard named by their elders, if haply they had even been thought of by them since they had ceased to be dwellers in the place. "Truly," I said to myself, "the families of the earth are but for a day. There is for man no abiding home here. And there is no thing that endures more than a little while." My heart breathed a silent prayer to the Everlasting. 46 Be nigh unto me, O Lord, and comfort me; for I am a stranger with thee, and a sejourner, as all my fathers were. Thou art my hope, and then hast been my trust from my youth. Now, also, when I am old and gray-headed, O God, forsake me not, but keep me through faith by thy mighty power unto everlasting life."

I then turned away; and after pausing at the brook, where, with my earliest and dearest friend,—gone to his rest before me,—I used to play at "water-wheel," as we called it, and going over the baunts where we walked or sat together, and in our college vacations, and till we left our early homes for other scenes and interests, "we talked the flowing heart," and often held "communion high and dear," upon saced things relating to the soul's destination and the life to come, which he no longer contemplates as we then did, "through a glass darkly," but

sees and knows,—so we believe,—even as he is seen and known by the spirits of light in God's heavenly presence,—I bade what I deemed a final adieu to the changed, and, in some parts, greatly improved premises of the old homestead. My thoughts, as I journeyed homewards, dwelt long and tenderly upon the memory of my best-loved friend, and upon the singular vicissitudes, and, I may add, romantic fortunes, by which he was severely tried, thoroughly disciplined and prepared for a home in his Father's house in heaven, where, I humbly trust, he awaits my coming. Precious, therefore, to me, above all price, is the promise which the Father hath promised us by his Son, even eternal life.

"For sad indeed 't would be to part
From those who long had shared our heart,
If God had left us still to fear
Love's only heritage were here.

But we shall meet, but we shall meet, Where parting tears shall cease to flow; And when I think thereon, almost I long to go."

SENEX.

FIRST OF AUGUST.

BY REV. G. W. BRIGGS.

THETEEN years have passed since this day was made memorable by the commencement of the work of emancipation in the English West India Islands. Nine years ago that work was finished, and the day was consecrated forever by the complete liberation of 800,000 slaves. And why is not the whole Christian world moved to hail the anniversary of an event so great, so beneficent, with an irrepressible joy? The glosy of the act belongs to England; but the power that accomplished it came from our common faith, and the hopes which it inspires shine out for the race. For, he who studies its history, will see that it was one of the great triumphs of Christian truth. It was a profound Christian sentiment, transcending all motives beside, overcoming the might of selfishness and interest, and the protracted opposition of government itself, which set those bondmen free. The national conscience uttered its rebuke in the name of Jesus, and no human power could withstand its sentence. The event was one fulfilment of the Saviour's prophecy,

that others still, far away from his fold, outcasts from human sympathy. like those whom the Jew despised, would hear his voice and enter the circle of human brotherhood until there should be one fold and one Shepherd. Once in Jerusalem a maddened people raised the cry. "Crucify him, crucify him;" and often beside, love and truth have been stricken down in violence and blood. But whenever we see a nation inspired by a deep sense of justice to do works which are worthy of the Redeemer's name, we should commemorate such moral victories with profound thanksgiving.

We are ashamed to hear the excuses which are occasionally assigned for a want of enthusiasm respecting this West India Emancipation. It is no credit to any man to be silent concerning it, because the English government has been guilty of great atrocities in much of its policy, or, because some imperfect motives may have been mingled with the agencies accomplishing this special measure. It is no credit to any man to taunt England to-day, in her pleadings for the abolition of human bondage, with her former sins, or to fling back the poor retort that slaves were introduced into this country by her instrumentality. Generous minds never detract from noble deeds in the life of individuals. or of nations, by carpings respecting their sins. Let us imitate England in her repentance, rather than perpetuate her crimes. Let us be magnanimous enough to appreciate the glory which belongs to her his tory, while we mourn for her shame.

This grand victory of freedom has a commanding claim to the intense thought of this whole nation. An increasing slavery blackens our own soil. Almost every man will admit it to be an evil of appelling magnitude and fearful tendency. Multitudes brand it as a crime against every law of nature and of God. But how can the problem of deliverance be solved? is the sad question in reply to every Christian remonstrance. West India emancipation claims to have solved such a problem once, in a mode as simple as it was divine. It spake, and it was done. When the clock began to strike for the hour of twelve, on the night of July 31, a nation of slaves knelt in their places of worship, and in their lowly dwellings. The next moment the fetters fell from their limbs, and the mingling shout of hallelujahs, the gush of prayer, from a nation of freemen went up to heaven. Can this great question, before which statesmanship and all worldly wisdom are confounded, emcompassed to many minds with visions of peril and violence and blood, almost too fearful to be imagined - can it be solved in an iastant by the prevailing spirit of love? Will all the peril be past when the injustice ceases, and the emancipated hearts be bound to their deliverers by bands stronger than iron? Can an enslaved people be thus 25*

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placed at once in the sure path to all noble progress? How can we believe that this nation is awake to the woe and crime of its own slavery, or feels the desire for universal freedom which it imagines itself to cherish, until it studies the history and results of this emancipation, as one tortured, perishing with disease, investigates the claim of the physician who promises to restore him to perfect health? The comparison only degrades the subject. Unless man can show a clear necessity for such a continued violation of Christ's law of love — and the idea of a necessity for gross transgression can never be admitted in this universe of God — it is an appalling, an unpardonable sin.

It is good to meditate upon this triumph of freedom, also, to confirm our hope. We can repose in serene faith, at times, upon those words of Jesus which predict the complete victory of his truth. But the Eternal Rock seems fixed beneath our feet when we see any accomplishments of the prophecy. Transient doubts vanish then. It would not be fitting to celebrate such a moral victory with noise or tumult. It was too holy for that. No noise or violence attended its progress or completion. It was soiled by no drop of blood. It was nobler than our own national deliverance, not only in the means of its accomplishment, but in its very nature. We fought for ourselves and for our children. This was a gift to an alien and degraded race. It was one verification of the angel's song at the Saviour's birth. And we should rejoice with the same subdued, religious joy in which we should listen with ravished ears, were the same heavenly song to salute our wondering souls. We are sure that it is a sin to sit down in insensibility over such a victory of Christian truth.

These thoughts lead us irresistibly to meditations respecting our own national slavery. We do not wish to check that impulse. For the sake of patriotism, we cannot be at rest to have our own Country still dooming the bondman to his chain, while England is giving him emancipation. For Christ's sake, we cannot forget this utter violation of his unchanging law. When shall the trumpet of jubilee be sounded in this land, as it has already gladdened the islands of the sea? One or two considerations, therefore, drawn in some degree from the present aspects of the question, which seem now to command our action and our speech, we wish to suggest.

Waiving all higher views for the moment, we say, in the first place, that we are bound now to plead for universal freedom, to be faithful to the original National Compact, and preserve it from fearful violation. We know that we are stating the precise reason which many urge to command our silence. Yet we believe the position to be impregnable. What was the original compact in respect to slavery? It was not that

slavery should continue through successive generations. Much less was it that slave-institutions should strike a deeper root into the soil, and overshadow broader territories as years rolled by. Slavery was to remain for a brief period, with the distinct expectation on the part of every man in that day, of its speedy and absolute extinction. It was permitted to live for a season, to prepare itself to die. We cannot give this topic a proper discussion. We can only say that the particular proofs are very numerous, and the whole evidence is irresistibly clear. The omission of the word "slave," in the Constitution, its silence in regard to any specific recognition of slavery, speaks aloud to tell us it was designed to be a prospective instrument, applying to existing circumstances; but looking on to a time when slavery should cease to be. Its framers did not defile it by inserting a word which they hoped would soon cease to be heard. The limitation of the slave trade to a fixed date, is conclusive proof of the same fact. The annihilation of the slave trade was then supposed to be a fatal blow to slavery itself. The philanthropists of England confined their efforts to that point, at first, in the same mistaken view. Indeed, it is only within a few years that this error has passed away. We have but lately learned that the root of the evil is in the slave-system and not in the traffic; that the traffic cannot cease until the system falls. The tone of the debates at the same period, confirms this position. Men from the South said that the idea of property in man must not be recognized. Some anticipated the quick overthrow of all human bondage. Those who contended for its transient continuance, only labored to avert for a time a result which they supposed to be as sure as the coming years. And if further evidence may be desired, the perpetual prohibition of all slavery in the territory northwest of the Ohio, - the whole territory then belonging to the country, - with only one dissenting vote, the immediate formation of Anti-Slavery Societies by some of the framers of the Constitution itself, the speedy extinction of slavery in many of the States, are enough to banish every shade of doubt. There was one sad mistake in the action of the noble men of that time, in the admission of any compromise with slavery in any form. Yet we can imagine how that step presented itself to their minds. They were sincere in their love of freedom, and they could not conceive that they were thus opening a gate to admit such a flood of woe. We imitate their fault and forget all other aspects of their action. Not in defiance or in anger, but in justice to our fathers' memory, and for the sake of freedom, we throwback the charge of falseness to the compromise, in any of our pleadings against this national slavery. We are as recreant to our fathers. as we are to the law of love, when we connive, in any way, at its ex-

tension, or cease to oppose it by all legitimate and peaceful weapons. Every act of legislation designed to strengthen this institution, each admission of a new State in which it is established, each demand of the South for silence, lest it should be endangered, is the true violation of the compact. We are not conscious of our own degeneracy. It has crept upon us unawares. Each successive step in our compromisings has seemed but slight, yet the result has led us to a sad remove from the love of freedom once inspiring the nation. One of the great triumphs of elequence in the speeches of a distinguished living orator. consists in the revival of the very thoughts and life of the chief champion of the Declaration of Independence, in the discussions concerning its adoption; so that we almost believe we are hearing his own burning. immortal words, when we read what he is imagined to have said in that solemn debate. If the same magic power could clothe in living words the enthusiasm for freedom of our early history, we should find that we, like many before us, may build the tombs of the prophets, and garnish the sepulchres of the righteous, and yet be false, all the while, to their spirit and their deeds. Veneration for the fathers commands us to roll back this tide of degeneracy, that we may be loval to the lives of those whose names we honor.

Indeed, on this point, stronger ground may be assumed. Let this national compact be far more strictly interpreted, still, the South itself, by its own action, has opened the door to all our remonstrances against its slaveries, and constrained us to their utterance. There was no compact for the extension of the slave system, by men who ordained its perpetual exclusion from every inch of territory in which it was not already established. That extension is a new question, sheltered by no such precedent. The whole discussion of the merits of the system to be thus extended, is instantly opened by this new demand. That discussion must be pursued, though it shake down every tower and battlement of slavery itself. Nay, more; we say to the defenders of the slave system. When you ask us to aid in endeavors to uphold and strengthen it, you give us the jurisdiction and control which you have heretofore denied. You abrogate the compact whose benefit you have so loudly claimed. Is it to be admitted that no action concerning alavery can be allowed, except that which upholds its dominion? Are we only to be suffered to build its towers of defence, to bring new regions under its lash and its curse, to strive for its eternal duration? May we only be allowed to forge fetters for human limbs? Is this the compact of a land of freedom? The liberty to build up, implies a jurisdiction which may be rightfully used to assail. If you invite our interference. we can say to the South, a power may come to do works of freedom

rather than of tyranny. When the compact is thus annihilated, we are left free on that ground alone, were there no higher rule of action, to be true to liberty. Nay, self-defence may soon demand this at our hands, unless we are willing to be nothing but the abettors of a system of bondage. We wondered that this line of argument was never presented, in words to chill the heart of every advocate of slavery, in the discussion of the great measure of Texan annexation. Men sat in the national councils who could have unfolded such views with an almost invincible force. We listened anxiously to hear that tone of remonstrance. Alas, it was not heard! But what legislators did not say, the people shall vet affirm, in a voice more powerful than that of human law, when they awake to their true position in regard to this holy cause of human freedom. Sad will be the disappointment of those who are so fanatical in their laborings for slavery, when they find that in their fanaticism they have destroyed their trusted defence. Sad will be their disappointment, when they find that the power which enacts. resolves to repeal. Yet it will not be the first instance in human history, in which vaunting ambition has overleaped itself, and only dug its grave, while it imagined itself to be laying the foundations of its throne.

But we advert to one more reason why the land should resound with pleadings for freedom, which is independent of all our interpretations of national compacts, and even of those compacts themselves. We plead the call of eternal justice; the holy claim of brotherhood, illustrated and sealed upon Calvary. We know of no compacts which can set that aside. We cannot find space to discuss the questions which are suggested here. Indeed, they need no discussion, until we shall resolve to abrogate these laws of God. We do not stop to inquire what our duty will be, if this Union must uphold the system of slavery against all pleading and remonstrance in the name of freedom and of Christ. We have only one question to propose respecting the position in which those place the national Union, who claim that slavery shall be thus sheltered and cherished beneath its guardianship! Who is it that endangers this Union? Who destroys the sanctity of the Constitution? He who weds them to injustice and oppression. Has not tyranny created its own avenging foes in all ages? What produced the revolution in which we glory, and all that overturning of once venerated authority? What but the infringements of sacred human rights? Tyranny is suicidal forevermore. When men cast themselves madly against the eternal truths of God, they must be swept on to their selfinflicted doom, as one who plunges into the raging cataract is whirled into instant destruction. And what do you hope to do, we say also to

those who represent the idea of universal freedom and the Constitution to be in such direct opposition? Can you circumvent God's law? Can you hold this divine instinct of freedom in check by your feeble hand? As well might man expect to build his dwelling upon the heaving crater of the volcano, and smother the omnipotent forces of nature which are working there. If legislation be based upon injustice, blame not those who plead against it, as the destroyers of its sacredness. You have no fee but yourself. The law of God, in the world of nature, and in the affairs of nations, as well as in the secret soul, must execute its appointed ministries.

And if, at any time, the sentiment of freedom rise up against oppression in a seeming extravagance of zeal, no cry of fanaticism will cure its excesses or obstruct its action. Doubtless excesses have always attended great movements against the world's wrongs; the grand crusades for holy truth. Perhaps they always must. The first clear apprehension of a divine principle seems to be more than humanity can really bear. We are partially blinded by its dazzling brightness. A divine madness verges upon us. But what is the proper inference when men are thus borne away by vehemence of zeal, swayed to and fro by the breath of mighty feeling, as the branches are swayed by the winds sweeping through the forests? Not that these are transient excitements merely! Some tremendous agency must be present to stir the deep sea of human feeling, as nothing but the might of the storm can agitate the ocean's depths. A divine truth is there which is not to be overlooked or repressed. The cry of denunciation will not overcome any fanaticism which may really exist. We never conquer such excesses until we obey the demand of truth. Registance only blows the flame into redoubled fierceness. Victory is gained when justice is secured, as the mists which the sun creates are scattered soon by his increasing beams.

Nothing is so needful, at this moment, as a faithful, untiring remonstrance on the part of every man who can see its enormity, against the slavery which already exists, as well as against every proposition for its extension over wider regions. Let that remonstrance be made in all the gentleness of Jesus, but let it also be made in the inflexibility of his unchanging love. The question cannot otherwise be rightly presented to the public mind. We do not believe, indeed, that men regard it as a political topic alone, when they object to these Christian remonstrances. They seek, rather, to silence reproof, or evade its force. But we have not learned, as yet, to view it singly from the high standard of Christian duty, above all political interests or combinations. We have not yet learned that unrighteousness is never to be baptized into

the sphere of political action, and thus escape the application and rebuke of God's eternal law, any more than it shall escape the coming judgments. Let the public conscience be quickened to shake the nation by the humiliations of its penitence. None of us realize the enormity of this system of slavery. Familiarity has deadened the sense of its guilt. Were another class of our brethren to be now systematically doomed to a degradation wearing even the semblance of slavery, societw would be rocked by its moral indignation, as the solid ground by the earthquake's power. The whole civilized world was thrilled with horror, a few years ago, by the story of a poor youth, immured from childhood in a dungeon, until he was reduced to idiocy by that atrocious tyranny. All men stood aghast at such a possibility of injustice in human nature. But when we consider the sacred claims of humanity which it outrages, we see that slavery really does for millions, what that injustice did for one. And still we slumber in comparative insensibility!

Do not let the poor reply be made, that those who plead for Christian truth will lose their influence in the world, by solemn, faithful remonstrance against such a sin as this. They lose their influence when they do not remonstrate. Public evils, if long unassailed, assume a moral right to exist; and their upholders put on an air of offended virtue, as though some great injustice were committed, when they hear a Christian rebuke. The pulpit can never lose its power, except by unfaithfulness to its trust. We do not wish, indeed, that discussions respecting slavery should absorb all our thought. But we do propose, and, in the name of human nature and of Jesus, we have a right to demand, that the remonstrance should be so distinct, so clear, that men would as soon believe Christianity could tolerate the crimes punished by human law, as a system of human bondage.

What other agency can secure its overthrow? And how long shall we delay? How many times shall we compromise with the claims of slavery, in the expectation of deliverance through such connivances? How many annexations of slave territory shall we suffer, when every such annexation not only extends the system, but tends to convert the regions where it has been long established, into places in which slaves are raised for the markets, and thus establish a traffic immeasurably more revolting than the slave trade itself, which we long ago rejected with horror. There is no deliverance, but rather a continually deepening shame, in measures like these. The divine appeal must be made to the conscience, till we resolve never to suffer another hair's breadth of extension to slave institutions; till a moral sentiment is aroused which shall sweep all actual slavery from the land forever. Let no

man faithlessly ask how this can be accomplished. When we once feel that something must be done, the same God who inspires that feeling, shall show us the way of deliverance. Men always find the means of escape from what they feel, in the depths of the conscience, to be a fearful sin. Let us labor for that conviction first, and a day shall yet be consecrated to universal freedom in this nation's history, to give new inspiration to the hopes of the race.

THE MOTHER'S LAW.

A TOKEN OF RESPECT TO NEW-ENGLAND MOTHERS OF THE LAST CENTURY.

A SERMON. BY REV. CHANDLER ROBBINS.

PROVERSS i. 8. Forsake not the law of thy mother.

These words point attention not only to the duty of the child to the mother, but also to the power of the mother over the child; to the influence which she may and ought to exert over her offspring, and to the great secret of rendering that influence salutary, controlling and permanent. In the command to the son not to forsake his mother's law there is implied the duty of the mother to have a law, and to enjoin and enforce it—to have a law worthy of respect and worthy of obedience—not to bring up her children without system, loosely, carelessly, irregularly, variably; but to have certain fixed principles and rules for their discipline and nurture.

If the mother is judicious enough to have a law, there is hardly any reason to fear that that law will not be in the main wholesome and good. For it is not to be supposed that any mother would studiously, on reflection, and by her own deliberate choice, adopt for the management of her children a set of principles essentially unworthy, immoral, injurious. There is sufficient security against such a result in human nature itself. Every mother, so far as she deliberates at all concerning her obligations, and arranges any system for the government and education of her family, will, undoubtedly, prefer right principles to wrong, and lay down good rules rather than bad. The danger is, either that she may not reflect wisely and seriously, may not give sober and discriminating

[&]quot;Preached on the Sunday after the funeral of Mrs. Mehitable Story, mother of the late Judge Story, and widow of Dr. Elisha Story; who died in East Boston, August 9, 1847, aged 89.

thought to the important subject of education, may not studiously form any definite plan; or, that, having adopted certain rules, she may not adhere to them steadily, resolutely; having formed a good system, may not carry it into effect patiently and firmly.

If these remarks be true, then two brief sentences comprise the sum of a mother's duty in the discipline of her children, and involve the main requisites to its successful result; first, have a law; secondly, enforce it. Have the best, wisest, highest law you are able to frame; and having, keep it, adhere to it, execute it.

Look where we will, we shall find the position verified, that all mothers who have been eminently successful in bringing up their families, have fulfilled these two conditions: - they have been wise enough to have a law, and they have had strength of character enough to enforce it. Nor is the necessary wisdom of which I speak of difficult attainment. It is not to be gathered from many books. It does not depend upon the examination and comparison of elaborate systems and finely woven theories. It does not require copious knowledge or recondite study. It is simple. It is within the reach of even moderate intellects of moderate culture. Its principles are plain. Its maxims are few. It is mastered by every honest mind and right heart. It reveals itself to every woman who consults her own reason and conscience and affections, her own observation and experience, in connexion with the clear instructions of holy Writ. It is manifest to every mother who has but a sincere desire to understand her duty, and the will faithfully to discharge it.

It is not possible to estimate too highly the value or the influence of maternal law. It is the most powerful of all human law, and when it is wisely framed, the most beneficial. It is the first law that is applied to a being constituted to be the subject of law, and which from its earliest days must be under some external governing influences, either good or bad, or both good and bad. If no positive law or system of moral management is made to operate steadily and constantly upon the nature of the child, its development will, of course, be uncertain, irregular, fortuitous. Habits, of whatever character they may chance to be, will become law to it; and any accidental influences will give it shape and direction. The great desideratum is to bring the moral being, from the very first, directly under the powerful control of right rules, to make it feel these right rules more decidedly, more strongly and more constantly, than all other influences, so that they shall be to it from the beginning as far as possible the sovereign law, from which there must be no departure and can be no appeal. All hope for any human being de-VOL. IV.

pends upon this one thing, his being voluntarily and regularly subject, at some period, to the law of right, the law of God. If he is not early, he must be later, or his life will be a failure, and worse than a failure. But if he has not been early brought under the dominion of this law, how difficult to make him yield to it as age advances! Here then, is the mother's province; an office how solemn, how exalted!—to bring this new-born subject of the moral and immortal kingdom of God into conformity and obedience to the immutable statutes of that kingdom; to transcribe and digest and simplify the principles of the eternal laws of righteousness, and teach and illustrate and apply them in the discipline of her babe.

The more I contemplate society, with a Christian's regard to the means which God has provided for the improvement and well being of his children, the more profoundly am I impressed with the dignity and importance of the sphere he has assigned to the mother, with the greatness of her responsibilities, the might of her influence. Whence are those orderly, industrious, exemplary, virtuous young men and young women, who, wherever we meet them, are the true ornament, the strength, the glory, the hope of the world? With hardly an exception. you could trace the moral beauty of their characters, the strength of their principles, the very form and hue of their virtues, back to the mother's counsels, and the mother's prayers. Other influences have operated, indeed, to shape their characters; other instructers have helped to unfold and train them; but these have, for the most part, been only secondary and subsidiary; the good mother, under God, has been behind and above, and in the midst of them all - the primary agent, the chief directing and controlling power. And long after they have gone from beneath her hand and her eye, like some presiding genius, some guardian angel, her influence has attended them in their course; soothed them to prayerful meditation at night; animated them to worthy endeavor in the morning; breathed pure and virtuous energy into the will through the conscience that has become familiar with her law; presided unseen over the studies of the school and the diversions of the playground; walked with them in the streets; led them to the church; kept them from evil; urged them to good.

I never look upon the virtuous young—the fairest spectacle on earth—as they walk orderly, neat, pure-eyed, and with the clear signet of innocence on their brows—some to their schools, some to their storea and workshops, and all regularly on the Sabbath to the house of God—unstained through the defilements that lie in their paths, unharmed in the midst of the city's snares, that the feeling does not rise of gratitude.

and honor towards those retired ministers of our Heavenly Father, who, screened from worldly observation and applause behind the curtains of domestic privacy, are sending forth into all the paths of duty these fair processions, to which we hopefully look to bless and renew the world, and lead future generations to heaven.

Who shall tell a mother's value? Who shall speak of a mother's Not the children who are enjoying now her presence and her Fondly as they may love their mother, they do not fully realine her price. Let those of us speak, whose tears have sprinkled a mother's grave. Let those feel, whose hearts have garnered up the pleasing and sacred recollections of all she did and said and suffered. Let those declare, who have thought over and over in the solitude of the night her every tone and look, her every word of counsel, reproof, solace. encouragement, her thousand nameless services of kindness: whilst. through each and all of these countless signs, they have been year after year arriving at a more distinct and thorough understanding of the exceeding depth and riches of her love. Let those tell, who cannot go now, as of old, to be soothed in pain and sorrow on her consoling breast; who go abroad without her benediction and return homeward without her welcome; who hear no longer the music of her soft stee as she comes to their pillow for the nightly kiss; or listens, in her watchfulness, at the chamber door to assure herself that her child is in peace. Let them disclose her value, who, when heated and worn with the passion and labor of life, yearn in vain to retreat at evening to the tranquillizing, hallowing influence of her fireside. Let those tell with what deep and devoted love a mother is to be loved, who, remembering all her services to them, remember also the poor, too poor returns they made to her; but which, they think, if she could only be restored to them once more, they would atone for. O, by what jealous tenderness. what holy zeal of filial duty, what constant care to gratify her heart by the exercise of every virtue enjoined upon them in her faithful law!

You that have mothers living to bless you, and whom it is still in your power to make happy by your attentions and to honor by your good deeds; whilst you thank God that they are yet spared to you, and pray that it may be long ere they depart, pray also with the meet earnest prayer — and second the petition with your most faithful purpose — that He will make you more sensible of the value of his goodness that shines upon you in their love, and aid you to reward their kindness by the gentleness of your own hearts and the pureness of your own lives.

The loss of a good mother cannot be estimated, cannot be repaired. But the power of her law can never be lost. It survives her departure.

It is felt long after she has gone. Its hold upon her children lasts as long as their life; and children's children feel its sway. I have sometimes imagined that her law is strengthened and her influence heightened after her decease. Often the thought is salutary and the impression strong, that she is still spiritually near to her children, and permitted, in ways to us unknown, to exert some influence over them for their good. She is often regarded as if she were still watching their goings, still interested in their well-being, still pleased with their virtues. But whether this idea be cherished by the motherless or not, it is certainly probable that a peculiar sacredness, an augmented authority, will be attached in the mind of a child to the remembered commands and requests of a departed mother.

But those have always seemed to me to be privileged more highly than they can understand, whom God permits to keep their mother with them till her late old age; till her children themselves, or even her grandchildren become parents; till she becomes the centre of the affections of a large circle of descendants of several generations, who gather around her from time to time, in smaller or larger groups, to pay her the respect and the gratitude that are her due; who listen attentively to her tales of olden time; who bring to her intelligence of all that is passing in the world or affecting themselves, that is likely to be interesting to her; who come to her still for counsel; who listen reverently to her sage precepts; who always find her at her own fireside, quiet, dignified, yet with an unchilled heart, and a cheerful welcome for them all; who bring to her their infants for her blessing, while on every one of them she looks with feelings of pride and love. Such children and such mothers also - if free from the more distressing infirmities of age - enjoy one of this earth's most enviable lots.

We are never ready for our mother to be separated from us. However old and infirm she may be, however merciful it may seem to our sober judgment that she should at length come to her grave; the good heart can never be quite prepared for the sundering of that sweetest tie, for the closing of those dear eyes, for the putting away of that most beloved form. So much goes when she departs! So many tender associations break up! So many clinging affections lose their old prop! So many beautiful visions dissolve! and only vacancy remains to us where, yesterday, was the living centre of our most engaging cares, our most satisfactory enjoyments, our earliest and most precious recollections.

. But the theme itself of my remarks would remind me, if there were nothing occasional to do so, of a class of mothers of which the

representatives are becoming every year more and more rare, and consequently more and more precious, amongst us. A more virtuous and noble race of women never lived, than the New-England mothers of the last century, specimens of whom still lingering to our day, all of us have occasionally seen, some have more intimately known. Individually, their virtues and their services cannot receive public recital. Their names, with but few exceptions, cannot be perpetuated on the pages of history by the side of those of their husbands, their brothers and their sons, who fought the battles of our Revolution, and laid the foundation of our free institutions and national greatness. But they are well worthy of such commemoration. They might claim an equally honorable remembrance. The part they performed for securing our liberties and influencing the destinies of this country, though necessarily less conspicuous, was hardly less important. They too were called to great sacrifices, and they made them nobly. They had their full share of toils and trials, and they endured them bravely and patiently. They participated with the best patriots in all their deepest solicitude for their country. They felt no inferior interest in all its political affairs. They kept themselves thoroughly informed upon all matters of public They were many of them in the counsels of their husbands as to important plans and measures. They animated the actors in great and trying emergencies by their patriotic zeal; aided them by their sound judgment; stimulated them by their spirit and example to noble deeds.

We would never be unmindful of our debt to them; who nursed our great and good men; who instilled into them those virtuous principles which lay at the foundation of their greatness; whose hearts were always warm with a generous ardor for freedom and the rights of man; whose hands were never idle, whose prayers never languished, at their country's or humanity's call. We lament that as a race they are fast passing away. We lament that we are to lose the influence of their presence and their principles in days when they are needed so much. We mournfully take leave of every one of them. They were indeed a noble race! For quality and quantity of intellect and character, it would be sufficient praise to the women of the present or of any generation to call them their peers. Women they were of vigorous mind, strong will, quick and high sense of right, indefatigable industry, exemplary prudence, true dignity, austere virtue, indomitable love of freedom, deep, life-pervading religious principle.

Such were their prominent traits — may I not be permitted to say? — as they were beautifully and strikingly brought together and exhibited Vol. 17. 36°

in one venerable relic of their once large company, who recently left this world from which nearly all her generation had gone before her—almost the last in their long procession—to stand in her lot again, as we firmly trust, with her old compeers, in those scenes of glory where the just made perfect shall commune and rejoice forever.

It would not become me, in this place, minutely to describe her life; it is not necessary that I should pronounce her eulogy. The record of the mother's life is on the tablet of her children's memory, and her eulogy is pronounced wherever that of her son is spoken.

It is told to the honor of the great Lord Bacon, that he felt he could never repay his obligations to her who had directed his studies as well as nourished his virtues; that he delighted to speak of her through life, and in his will left the injunction, "Bury me in St. Michael's church, for there was my mother buried."

Let it also be told of the great American Jurist, whose fame is as pure and will be as enduring as that of England's renowned Chancellor, that it was his request also, that the remains of his mother should be laid close to his own at Mount Auburn, that their dust might mingle in the grave, whose hearts had been so tenderly united on earth, and whose spirits should be as one in heaven.

Happy mother, who enjoyed the faithful obedience and abiding love of such a son! Happy son, who enjoyed the discipline and received the blessing of such a mother! Like the good and the great of every age he kept his mother's law and it led him to honor. She, by her fidelity through the quiet years of his domestic education, helped to weave the crown of his mature and public life, and he by his manly virtues, twined a perennial wreath to adorn her memory.

It is not every mother who can hope to be honored by so illustrious a son. Such talents and such opportunities as his are allotted to but few of any age. But the promise to the virtuous woman shall not fail. She shall be blessed in her children. The law of her lips and the law of her life shall stamp their characters with the impress of her own goodness — shall guide in the paths of wisdom, which are the paths of peace — shall bring them to honor on earth, or lead them to glory in heaven.

THE STRIVINGS OF THE SPIRIT.

BY S. W. JEWETT.

On worldly cares! why haunt my spirit thus?
Why drag me down as with an iron chain,
Clogging my footsteps wheresoe'er I go,
Till life seems but a lengthening march of pain?

Oh grief! why comest thus, an unasked guest, To the lone chambers of my secret heart, Which I would consecrate to holy rest, Thence stealing from the noisy world apart?

And memory — Ah, why with magic wand
Call up the pale, wan ghosts of vanished days,
Pulseless and soulless, mournfully to stand,
As if to mock me with their marble gaze?

I would be happy, — for my spirit feels
That joy, God-sent, was man's primeval friend,
His inmost life; that heavenly light reveals
The destiny to which all life should tend.

I would look out upon the face of earth,

The promise of the spring-time, and the round
Of the glad seasons as a ceaseless birth
And influx of the love that hath no bound.

I would in lofty aims and purpose high
Forget that human life hath food for tears,
And send my soul into futurity,
To feed its longings, and allay its fears.

I would learn patience with another's wrong, Be hopeful though no voice should whisper hope; Wrestle with cares till they should make me strong With every form of human ill to cope.

Ah! what I would do scarcely dare I name, So feebly do my deeds enact my will; Soaring in thought — yet still in act the same — My spirit fettered in its prison still!

THE OUTWARD AND THE SPIRITUAL LIFE.

As day after day, and week after week passes away, amid the common routine of life, there are moments, in the experience of every individual, when the spirit retires as it were into itself, and the question forces itself upon the mind with a power which will not be resisted, What is this strange phenomenon which we call Life? Is it enduring, or transitory; an event of mere outward significance, or something which has eternal results indissolubly connected with it? Is it only that which it appears to the outward eye, or is there a deep spiritual significance attached to its every scene and event?

By some, we fear indeed by many, it is regarded solely as something outward, as little better than a mere animal existence. They glide quietly along the stream, caring little whither the current is leading them, and taking little note of the mighty energies at work in and around them. To such, life may well seem tame and uninteresting: if every hope and fear is limited to mere earthly comfort and prosperity, if every desire and affection is fixed only upon what is perishing and transitory, well may existence be regarded rather as a curse than a blessing. To such the apostle well said that " to be carnally minded is death," - death to every hope and affection, death to all that is elevating and holy, death, eternal death to the whole soul. What then is Life? We would answer in the apostle's words, - " to be spiritually minded." Whoever will truly study his own mind will find there a depth of feeling and extent of powers, a capacity for progress, before unknown to him, or thought to belong only to the favored few. It is for these he is to live, - not for aught that is merely outward; to cultivate, to ennoble these is to be his constant aim, and to form the chief end of his existence. To be conscious of his every power and faculty, and to bring out and model each in its true perfection, is not this life, and work for the longest life, yea, even for eternity? To love with a pure and holy love all our fellow men of every state and condition, to feel for all as for a brother or friend, to have every affection sanctified and purified, to have that deep reverence and holy love to God as our Father which shall cast out every fear, to have Christ formed within, to have that firm faith and trust which shall support the soul amid the darkest scenes of life, to have a perfect confidence and submission to infinite wisdom and goodness — is not this work for life? Is it not enough to excite every power of the mind to fill every moment with active duty and watchfulness, to cast away all feelings of weariness?

Mortal force is indeed weak and vain for this great work, but may it not be performed in the strength of Him, who has commanded the affections "to be placed on things above"? May we not do all things through Christ strengthening us?

To one thus minded every thing in nature and man is seen with a spiritual eye; a depth of meaning is discerned in the very trees and rocks and waterfalls, —a spirit of life and love breathing through all the universe, animating and exciting all things. To him the veil which is cast over the outward is removed, and a world of spiritual beauty and harmony is revealed, and in man, in the very humblest child of earth, he discovers something beyond the mere external form, for he sees and acknowledges the same spirit of power and might, the power to love and know, to become pure and holy.

We often hear the expression, "Life is given us to prepare for eternity," as if the present and future comprehended two distinct modes of existence; but when we first receive the gift of life do we not then enter upon eternity? Can death create any essential change in our being? Is it not rather an incident of life, an unfolding of the higher and more spiritual capacities of our nature? And when we see of what advances the soul is capable during the short period of its existence here, when we discern within it the germ of so many noble powers, feelings and affections, we feel that it could not have been created by a Being of infinite love, to exist only for a few fleeting years, to occupy itself only with the transitory, outward events of daily life, without any reference to a higher or more spiritual existence. On the contrary these very capacities bear in themselves a strong proof of their immortality. And yet how little do we feel it! How little do we understand or realize the deep meaning of this word, - immortality! An endless existence, a boundless field of effort and progress, a spirit that can never die! O, why do we so little heed it? Why bind down the strongest efforts, the holiest affections to the passing things of earth? Why think so much of the outward shrine, compared with the spirit that should sanctify it? Why so neglect the only true end of life, that of becoming more and more spiritually-minded?

Let us then no longer rest in mere sluggish indifference and worldliness, but with sincere purposes of obedience, and an earnest desire for a higher and better life, commence now and here, those efforts for progress and advancement, through which the soul, when divested of its earthly tabernacle, when passed beyond the bounds of space and time, shall ever press onward in a never ending course of progress and advancement, of love and holiness.

H. M.

FAREWELL.

I could not say farewell! when last
I took thy friendly hand;
The thrilling memories of the past
Came like a charmed band,
And sealed my trembling lip while fears
Lay on my heart like unshed tears.

Now every leaf upon the tree,
Each dying flower and vine,
Speaks to my waiting soul of thee
Whose dear hand once in mine
Lay nestled like a bird at even,
Safe sheltered from the dews of heaven!

There was no weakness on thy brow,
No paleness on thy cheek,
No tears to dim those eyes' soft glow,
No accent broken, weak,
When the last moment of the hour
Bore thee from friendship's sacred bower.

But in thy heart of hearts how deep
The pang of parting lay,
Hidden in darkness, not in sleep,
To dim thy future way,
And draw thee back by countless chains
To friendship, love, and native plains!

How sweet that He, upon whose crown
The clustering stars are set,
Can guard thee lest thy feet go down
Where night and death are met!
My heart still trembles at the spell
That lingers round the word Farewell!

E. J. W.

INTELLIGENCE.

ORDINATION AT WINDSOR, VT. — Mr. S. Saltmarsh of the Cambridge. Theological School, was ordained at Windsor, July 28, 1847. The services were as follows: — Introductory Prayer, by Rev. Mr. Forbes of Chester, Vt.; Selections from Scripture, by Rev. Mr. Pope of Kingston, Mass.; Sermon, by Rev. Mr. Gray of Boston; Prayer of Ordination, by Rev. Mr. Crosby of Charlestown, N. H.; Charge, by Rev. Mr. Barrett of Boston; Right Hand of Fellowship, by Rev. Mr. Ware of Cambridgeport; Address to the Society, by Rev. Mr. Pope of Kingston; Concluding Prayer, by Rev. Mr. Newell of Pomfret, Vt. — A collation was served to a social assembly in the afternoon, at which interesting addresses were made, and in the evening there was public worship at the church, conducted by Rev. J. F. W. Ware.

ORDINATION OF AN EVANGELIST. — On Sunday evening, August 1, 1847, Mr. Frederick R. Newell was ordained as an Evangelist, at the Unitarian Church in Cambridgeport. The exercises were in the following order: — Introductory Prayer, by Rev. Mr. Whitney of Brighton; Sermon, by Rev. Mr. Stebbins of the Meadville Theological School; Prayer of Ordination, by Rev. Dr. Pierce of Brookline; Charge, by Rev. Mr. Clarke of Boston; Right Hand of Fellowship, by Rev. Mr. Newell of Cambridge.

INSTALLATION AT BELFAST, ME. — The Installation of Rev. M. A. H. Niles over the Unitarian Society at Belfast, took place August 11, 1847. The services of the day were conducted in the following order: — Introductory Prayer and Reading of the Scriptures, by Rev. Mr. Wheeler of Topsham; Sermon, by Rev. Dr. Gannett of Boston; Installing Prayer, by Rev. Mr. Cole of Hallowell; Charge to the Pastor, by Rev. Mr. Wheeler; Right Hand of Fellowship, by Rev. Mr. Judd of Augusta; Address to the People, by Rev. Mr. Miles of Lowell, Mass.; Concluding Prayer, by Rev. Mr. Judd.

ORDINATION AT LANCASTER, MASS.—The Ordination of Rev. G. M. Bartel over the Unitarian Society at Lancaster took place August 4, 1847. The services proceeded in the following order:—Introductory Prayer, by Rev. Mr. White of Littleton; Reading of the Scriptures, by Rev. Mr. Hale of Worcester; Sermon, by Rev. Mr. Bartol of Boston; Ordaining Prayer, by Rev. Mr. Allen of Northboro'; Charge, by Rev. Mr. Hill of Worcester; Right Hand of Fellowahip, by Rev. Mr. Thayer of Beverly; Concluding; Prayer, by Rev. Mr. Frothingham of Salem.

DEDICATION AT CANNELTON, INDIANA.—A new church in this village; built mainly through the public spirit and generosity of James Boyd, Esq., formerly of Bostos, aided by other gentlemen in Massachusetts, was dedicated to the worship of God the Father, and to the promulgation of Liberal Christianity, July 24, 1847. Ministers from three different denominations, Unitarian, Methodist and Universalist, conducted the services of the occasion. The prospects for a society are encouraging.

Daniel O'Connell. — We observe that the Catholic authorities in various quarters are in much disagreement and uncertainty, respecting the present whereabouts of the soul of this distinguished person, deceased. Some maintain that it is still in Purgatory; others avow it is in Heaven; and others seem not to have a very definite opinion on the subject, and to doubt whether it is in either of them, or elsewhere. The answer to the question whether O'Connell's soul stands in need of prayers and masses, is, of course, one of large practical moment; and it depends entirely on the decision of the point, how it is now "circumstanced." Theobald Mathew, Bishop, says "Sacrifices are daily presented for it on thousands of altars from the rising to the setting sun." Dr. McHale gently and delicately intimates that it is "detained," and recommends masses for its repose throughout the diocese of Tuam. Rev. Dr. Miley confidently ejaculates that "O'Connell, the glory and the wonder of Christendom, is in Heaven;" while Dr. Maguire, with a masterly and comprehensive stroke of sagacity, offers the politic suggestion that it might be safe to offer prayers for the soul, though his private suspicion is that the Liberator could do without them!

Dr. Horace Bushnell. - We noticed, a few weeks since, the able treatise of this gentleman on "Christian Nurture." Perhaps our readers, meantime, have heard something of the history of this production. It was requested for publication by a Calvinistic association in Connecticut, — the motion for the request being offered by a venerable preacher of unquestioned orthodoxy; it was solicited as a tract by the learned Committee of the Massachusetts Sabbath School Society; it was in their hands five or six months, undergoing examination; it was twice sent back to the author for correction, or alteration, and twice retouched; and then, after a long pause of three or four months, "such," the Dr. humorously observes, "as generally precedes some great convulsion of nature," it was given to the public. But, lo! after only a few weeks more, owing either to nervous apprehensions in certain Calvinistic quarters, or to its commendation by Unitarian presses, or both, it is suppressed, strangled by the obstetric committee that had actually partaken of the labors of its birth. Dr. Tyler writes a boding and twaddling letter. And now Dr. Bushnell has answered both him and them, in a well-reasoned and racily written Letter, well worth any man's reading for the vigor of its rhetoric alone. He has exhibited his critics and the inquisitors in a light where they must appear to the world at a decidedly diminished altitude. Evidently able to cope with all his adversaries, he, comfortably and in good heart, administers a cordial castigation for their blunders and injustice, and then amply sustains his doctrinal positions out of the mouths of the great Orthodox witnesses, since the Christian era. The pleasure of reading after him makes us hope that he will by some means be kept in communication with the public; and we believe that he is destined to render an important service to the religious communities of the present age, by his liberal and harmonizing mind. He has lost his reckoning, however, when he begins to talk of Unitarianism dropping like ripe fruit into the hands of New England Calvinism. Dr. Bushnell is philosopher enough to know that, wherever either may finally rest, the so-called Orthodoxy of the day must pass through the phase of Unitarianism, because the latter lies in the path of progress, and is farther advanced than the other.

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PRIESTS AND MINISTERS.

RY REV. W. A. WHITWELL.

THERE is a disposition at the present day among some descriptions of persons to think meanly of the energy and moral courage of the clergy. Some regard them as rather a sentimental, effeminate class, ranking about half way between man and woman in the scale of being; too inefficient to advance any great project, and yet clothed with so much dignity by popular prejudice as to require to be treated with somewhat more than ordinary consideration.

Again. There are others who regard ministers as idle drones, doing little and expecting a great deal, caring more for their salaries than for the welfare of the community, and willing that every evil should remain unmolested provided they can live in undisturbed quiet.

A third class openly denounce them as time servers; and one individual has with unblushing effrontery stigmatized them in a published pamphlet as "A Brotherhood of Thieves."

It is a prevalent opinion that the clergy have done in past times, and are doing at this present, very little toward reform. We believe that impartial history tells and will tell a different story. We believe that if the unobtrusive and self-sacrificing lives of those who have ministered at the altar could be written, it would appear, that as a class, priests have done as much for humanity as any other class of men. We use the word Priest as suited to our purpose, although it grates upon our ears, and savors too much of the butcher to be grateful to sensitive nerves. However near the resemblance between the two avocations vol. IV.

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might have been, when the victim was sacrificed, yet even then we fancy that Abraham and Job and Abimelech stood somewhat higher in public estimation than ordinary cattle brokers.

In Egypt, the gradual extension of colonies from the south to the north, colonies renowned for mental culture, is attributed to the tribe to which the Egyptian priests belonged. They not only sought to hold the state together by a common worship; but we have the authority of Heeren for saying that their knowledge had reference almost exclusively to practical life: "their astronomical and mathematical studies bore a close relation to agriculture." In after times we know that the priests were, in Egypt, regarded as the deputies of the king and filled all the offices of state. They were the legislators and civil judges, they imposed and levied taxes and regulated weights and measures. What there was of science and of justice remained in their custody. If, as it would appear from the passage cited, they encouraged agriculture and brought in the arts to aid it, the world is indebted to them in various ways.

The Jewish priesthood bore some resemblance to the Egyptian. That is to say, the priests were ministers both to the church and the state. Like them, too, they were the learned class of the community, and did their part to promote agriculture. In these respects, to name no more, the Jewish and Egyptian priests resembled each other. The influence exerted over the state by each was great. But the Hebrew. guided by the divine light imparted to Moses, was restrained from doing so much evil as was in the power of the Egyptian, while the hierocracy of the Israelites spread blessings over the world, which threw all the philosophy of idolaters into the shade. Egypt, like her mummies, remains a dead form, embalmed by the hand of art in ages past. Vestimes of her superiority over matter can be traced in her wonderful pyramids, but not even a Champollion can discover any spiritual progress that the world has made by her existence. While the slaves that fled from her territory to occupy a portion of the earth's surface not larger than the State of Vermont, have filled the earth with the glory of the true God. Be it remembered that the human instruments, principally employed in perfecting this work till the time of Christ, were the priests. They were regarded in the Jewish polity as ministers to the king, and he who offered himself to the Hebrews as their king, was the King of kings.

There was a period in Jewish history when the priests stood forth as the assertors of liberty, and vindicated their claim to estimation and anthority—the times of Antiochus Epiphanes; when an attempt was made to extirpate the Jewish religion; when for three days Jerusalem

was abandoned to the fury of the Syrian army; when forty thousand were slain, and as many more were sold as slaves; when the sacred city was drained of its treasure and its streets flowed with blood; its houses set on fire and its walls demolished; when the daily sacrifice ceased, and all, who could, fled to the mountains and caves lest they should be compelled to offer adoration to an idol or be put to the most exquisite tortures; when the Samaritans offered to dedicate their temple to the Grecian Jupiter; and old Atheneus was sent to instruct the Jews in the Greek religion and compel them to observe its rites, dedicating the temple to Jupiter, and on the altar of Jehovah erecting another for sacrifice to a heathen god; thus fulfilling the prophecy of Daniel of introducing the abomination of a waster.

It was in these fearful times, when an edict of the king made it instant death to offer sacrifice to the God of Israel, to observe the Sabbath, or any of the Mosaic institutions, that an eminent priest of the Asmonean family, lamenting the groves and alters erected to idols in every city, and the filthy swine his countrymen were compelled to eat or be thrown from the battlements of the temple, retired to his native place. When there sought and persuaded in an assembly of the people to obey the edict, he indignantly refused with a loud voice to offer sacrifice, and fearlessly struck down a Jew who approached the altar with that intent. Then rushing upon the officer and his retinue he tore down the altar of the false god, and called upon his countrymen to maintain the religion of their fathers. Animated by his spirit they did maintain it; and though contending against fearful odds, they drove out the heathen from their inheritance, and enjoyed something like liberty for a period of one hundred and twenty-nine years, under the direction of the priests of the Asmonean family.

It is true that the gown had often to yield to arms during this trying period; and Judas received the surname Maccabeus—the hammerer—for his heroic exploits. But it is not for us, who are now following the example of Cortez, to inveigh against those of a darker age, who "struck for their altars and their fires."

In Greece and Rome there was no separate class devoted to institutions of religion. But respect was paid to priests in the earlier days of these republics, and in after times blind superstition perpetuated ancient rites. It was for the maintenance of these, that Christians were so virulently persecuted. The oracles at Delphi, Dodona and Olympia exerted their influence; and Müller remarks "that the maintenance of freedom and good order and the softening of manners were the chief objects of their responses." If there be any truth in the foregoing observation of the historian, it will appear that even among the heathen they who took charge of sacred things did somewhat to elevate the people. In Judea the nation rose to distinction through the same instrumentality. What then would be the presumption with regard to Christianity? Might one not safely hazard the conjecture, that they, who were themselves of the purest faith, would be most earnest to follow the preaching of the forerunner, and take up the cry which Heaven is continually addressing to earth?

A few illustrations will show that this is true of Christian priests as a class. If there was a Judas among the first twelve to whom the Gospel was committed, we must not look for a lesser proportion in more unfavorable times. But who sets up the betrayer as a specimen of apostolic devotion?

Probably no reformer in New England will admit that the early presbyters would have been obstacles in their way, although some of Paul's teachings and practice might have been stumbling blocks. We may safely leave the first two centuries with the remark that, although there was some grasping for power; yet this would have ceased, or not extended beyond an empty title, if Constantine had been content to keep the bishops away from councils, and to leave each one to teach as truth dictated.

But it may be that even the desperate efforts of Constantine to govern the minds and spirits of his subjects, called forth in after times, as well as in his own, greater mental activity than would otherwise Opposition has given birth to immortal names. It called into action, a hundred years before Constantine, the powers of that most learned of the fathers, Origen, "Whose life," says Eusebius, "was worthy of his eloquence and his eloquence of his life." The boy who at the age of seventeen would have thrown himself in the way of his persecutors, but for the hiding of his clothes by his mother, and who could write to his father, "Take heed that you do not change your mind for our sake," was not exactly a time-server. The young man who at eighteen would not eat the bread of dependence, was not particularly in love with scholastic ease. Nor was he, who saw many of his pupils die a martyr's death, excessively afraid of the same fate. Probably he would have been glad to have finished his Hexapla and to have completed his instruction of the Arabian prince and to have converted the Roman empress before he died. But neither death nor excommunication affrighted him, nor did the fear of the one, or the infliction of the other, prevent multitudes from attending the instructions, or reading the numerous books, of this ordained Christian priest.

"He merited," says Waddington, "the honor of persecution, and had the double fortune to be expelled from his chair by Demetrius and to be tortured in his old age by the brutality of a Roman emperor." Such persuasiveness of eloquence had he, "as to make it a question whether our religion was ever so much advanced, in point of numbers, by the mere intellectual exertions of one individual."

If there had been no separate order of men devoted to the inculcation of Christianity, would that religion have received such direct and immediate benefit from the learning of an Origen?

But we must pass to other times. After Constantine had set the example of usurping spiritual power, his successors were not slow to follow him. Even after the lapse of many centuries, when vast changes had taken place throughout Europe; even after Mahomet had wrought the most stupendous revolution in human affairs that any uninspired mortal ever achieved; when the schools of the Christians in Africa were closed, and the sway of the unlettered Mussulman extended from India to the Atlantic; when the spirit of the Gospel was as little manifested in the ordinary affairs of men in Christian as in Mahometan countries; - who preserved Christianity alive in the world then? They who are most prominent on the pages of history? The selfish, lawless spirits that "open for themselves a window in the walls of almost every century"; and especially in those which intervene between the fourth and the fourteenth? Such men were intent on "breaking heads and crowns." Learning was confined to the monastery, and our sacred books were preserved for many an age by men unknown to fame, men content to live for posterity, in gloomy cells, with rolls of parchment for their companions, and the transcribing of these for their employment.

It was during a period, when it was thought a great object among the powerful lords to agree upon a truce, called the truce of God, by which men bound themselves that they would not molest any person, nor take any thing by force from Wednesday evening to Monday morning, that Gregory Seventh stood in the place of Saint Peter and manifested the extremest limit of ecclesiastical rule. The familiar history of this portentous pontiff need not be repeated. His ability, integrity and irreproachable morals are fully attested. How are we to account for his allowing five others to become popes, while for twenty-four years, in an inferior station, he maintained the actual supremacy? If he sought only for selfish aggrandizement, how came he to oppose so you. IV.

resolutely the authority of the emperor? Is there not room at least for the conjecture, that this austere, unbending reformer was seeking to free the church from civil dominion? that for a period of more than thirty years he devoted all his energies to bring about a great improvement, as he regarded it, in Christendom? Are we not to presume that he who dared to excommunicate the proudest monarch in Europe, and to compel him to stand barefooted and bareheaded as a suppliant and a sinner for three dreary winter days, was seeking for the people's good? We know that this fearless man afterwards in adversity, resisted all the solicitations of Robert, his protector, to do what this pope regarded as an unworthy act, although, when the request was made, Gregory was in the very centre of Robert's camp. We furthermore know that his latest words were, "I make no account of my labors, but trust only in this, that I have always loved justice and hated iniquity." A man, who could employ his last breath in such an acknowledgment, must have been at heart a friend of humanity. Take him as he was in an age of barbarism, and we believe that even this priest, the one of all others to be selected as an example of despotic, prelatic power, ought not to be excluded from the company of reformers. Even at this present time he is regarded by those, who are awaiting the dawn of liberty at Rome, as one of freedom's champions. And the speech which contained this assertion roused the ire of the ambassador of that nation that imprisoned La Favette.

We have no scruple in declaring Thomas Becket a friend to the oppressed and suffering. He was the first of the English race that rose to distinction after the Norman Conquest. And he sought distinction mainly for the purpose of vindicating the rights of the Anglo-Saxons. On landing at Sandwich after his long exile, he was followed all the way to Canterbury by the salutations of the peasants, the artisans, the tradesmen, but "not one man of wealth or distinction, not one man of Norman birth congratulated the distinguished exile on his return." Our space will not permit us to say more of this individual; we refer those who are desirous of freeing themselves from the prejudices which Hume may have engendered, to the 151st No. of Littell's Living Age, article "Anglo-Normans."

In passing to another period, it is enough to observe that the very fact that there were heretics, that is, men who ventured to think for themselves, in every age of the church, is proof that there must have been individuals of cultivated minds, to have doubted the truth of the common creed. We find from the memoirs of Petrarch, that, in the darkest ages of Christianity, there were many possessed of sound

learning, and, what is of infinitely more importance, of the purest virtue and piety.

It is also distinctly stated, that the bishops oftener opposed the popes in spirituals, than the princes in temporals. From the knowledge which the ecclesiastics possessed, as well as from their interest in religion, we might presume that the clergy would take the lead of the reformers; and this has ever been the case.

Wickliff, the morning star of the Reformation, though he held to the seven sacraments and the pope's supremacy, was opposed to indulgences and absolutions, and rejected prayers to saints and images. He boldly denied the power of excommunication, saying "that there could be no heresy without a bad life, and that no man can be properly excommunicated, who does not first excommunicate himself." These were bold words to be uttered when kings trembled at the thunders of the Vatican. It shows therefore the spirit of the Anglo-Saxon, that he was sustained even when uttering still greater heresies; such as "that it is wrong to take away the life of man on any account;" "that all war is utterly unlawful, and much more war in the name of religion." Such a man as this was the one to exclaim, "When will the proud priest of Rome grant indulgences to mankind to live in peace and charity, as he now does to fight and kill one another?" One like him was prepared to see the necessity of translating the Scriptures into the vernacular tongue. This work of his told powerfully on the community and was the principal cause of that extensive reformation of manners spoken of by Hallam. The people and the soldiers read it with avidity. and dukes and earls were busily engaged in transcribing and studying its precious contents. We may judge how highly it was prized by the people and the good it effected, by the declaration made at the time. "that if one saw two people in the road he might be sure that one was a Lollard."

It seems astonishing that England should ever after this have yielded to the Pope, and that more than a century and a half should pass by before there was any public avowal of a separation; that even then, this was effected by a king, of whom Sir James Mackintosh says, that "he approached as nearly to the standard of perfect wickedness as the infirmities of human nature would allow." Is not Cranmer entitled to some of the credit of the advance then begun?

Real reforms must necessarily be slow, especially when the means of intercourse are few. Wickliff's exertions were not lost to the world. Two of the chaplains of Charles Fourth endeavored to persuade the emperor to curb the pope and reform the church, and were banished

for their fidelity. Men, who could utter such words as follow, deserved to be banished from a warlike court. "At present," said one of the two, "the fury of the enemies of truth prevails against us, but it will not be so always; men will arise without swords and without power, and against them they will never be able to prevail."

That young priest and noble martyr, John Huss, did not read Wickliff's books in vain. He boldly declared that the pope being a priest like himself, had no authority over him; and so great was the popularity of Huss, that he might have set the authority of Rome at defiance and died in his bed, had he remained in his own country. But deceived by false promises, and zealous to spread his principles, he committed himself to the tender mercies of a council, by which he was deposed and delivered over to the secular power to be burned alive. The dust that he trod upon, for his ashes were thrown into the river, was sacredly preserved, and his glorious death gave life to thousands of souls.

The life of Martin Luther, even if it stood alone, would be enough to vindicate the priesthood from the charges so freely made against it. Compare Luther's influence with that of Gregory Seventh, or if you will, with that of Leo Tenth, and see if the stretch of power which these pontiffs usurped will have a feather's weight in the scale with the moral heroism of Luther in the other. Follow this second Paul from his unsatisfactory studies, unsatisfactory till he found a Latin Bible and discovered the principle of justification by faith, until you see him attacking the sale of indulgences and arousing the monks to a controversy respecting his principles and Tetzel's. See this controversy spreading from the monks to the people, so that now Leo is unable by his mandate to forbid it. Observe the whole University of Wirtemburg espousing Luther's cause, the prudent Staupitz, the learned Erasmus, the mild Melancthon, all priests, sustaining him by their writings; and Frederic, the wise, interposing, unasked, his authority, when the enemies of the reformer brought the whole power of Rome against him. Look at this intrepid defender of the faith on his way to the Diet at Worms. Remember that he gave the Germans their present version of the New Testament. Read his life through and see who were his principal supporters; who first made a reformation in public worship. Thirteen monks left the monastery because compelled to say mass. Had there been no pastors of flocks to set the example, would the reformation have extended so fast and so far? Had Luther followed the profession of the law, would his name have stood forth so conspicuously among the reformers?

We pass to the time of Cromwell. The establishment of the Commonwealth in England was effected mainly by religion. "The Puritans had endured as much under Elizabeth, James and Charles," says Priestley, "as they would have done had Trajan or the Antonines been in power. Their clergy were treated as felons, some were put to death as in cases of treason, others imprisoned; and there, says their historian, they died like rotten sheep."

Even so late as the day of William Penn, we know how the civil power would have treated him, could a jury have been found to bring in any other verdict than "Guilty of speaking in Grace Church Street." But before this, so severe had been the inflictions, that they would have been glad if James's threat had been executed and they had been harried out of the land. But Laud would not be so merciful; no clergy-man could go to New England without a testimonial from the Archbishop and Bishop of London. Is it to be wondered at, that after enduring so much through four successive reigns, the better part of the nation, "they by whom," as Hume says, "the precious spark of liberty had been kindled and preserved, and to whom the English owe the whole freedom of their Constitution," should have dethroned the king; and placed in his stead a man, who raised his nation to a degree of dignity that it had never before attained?

Who sustained and animated Cromwell? The army? Of what was that army composed? Of ingredients never before found in any army out of Palestine. Devout men were in it, who volunteered from a principle of conscience, in defence of their civil and religious liberty. Men of the same stock and generation of those who landed on the rock of Plymouth, and at Salem and Charlestown, and laid the foundations of our New England homes. Clergymen, is it claiming too much to say it? ministers of the Gospel, ranked among the the most eloquent and pious of the realm, were foremost in bringing about the Commonwealth of Cromwell and in founding a colony, "where the corruptions of the English Church were never to be planted, and where a new reformation was to be reduced to practice." Does not history teach this truth?

What shall we say of the two thousand non-conformist ministers, who in England, in the latter part of the seventeenth century, "gave up their benefices, to many all their worldly subsistence, rather than declare their unfeigned assent and consent to the liturgy and articles of the Church, and conform to many things which they disapproved and condemned."

We might continue multiplying examples of the self-sacrificing spirit of the clergy. We might form a long catalogue of those who

have spent themselves for liberty and holiness. Are Chillingworth, Baxter, Samuel Clarke, Watson, Benson, Price, Priestley, Wesley, names to be mentioned with irreverence by any lover of his race? Are the members of the Free Church in Scotland, who have, in our day, relinquished their livings for freedom's sake, to receive only abuse?

We have been pained while writing this, with the conviction that we were laboring to prove an admitted truth, an axiom, which had only to be named to be believed. But there is a large class of persons among us, who are altogether incredulous; and especially with regard to the desire for reform in the New England clergy of the present day. Their lives fortunately are yet to be written. But we ask any one, who can look back twenty-five or thirty years, to call to mind those who were most prominent in urging upon the community the duty of free inquiry. Dr. Mayhew, a hundred years ago, could not obtain an ordaining council in Boston, and his immediate successor was not invited to join the Boston Association until seventeen years after his settlement. What has brought about the great change in the present times? The writings of such men as Mayhew and Gay and Chauncy. Buckminster caught the spirit of the free, and transmitted it to his successors.

This spirit awakened the spirit of peace and the temperance reform. Who were the prime movers in these beginnings of moral reform? Who pointed to the spot where the lever should be placed and called on the citizens to unite their strength with their own? Every one, old enough, can remember Noah Worcester; and the sermons relating to temperance preached, and some of them published, twenty years ago.

Who have taken, and who are now taking, as deep an interest in the education of the young as any members of the community? Till very recently the most of the text books used in our schools were prepared by clergymen. Poor as they usually are in silver and gold, it would be curious to learn the number of barefooted, unknown and unkempt urchins, that the clergy of New England have taken by the hand and helped onward up the hill of science; and many of these helped, have climbed far higher than their benevolent helpers ever dreamed of going themselves.

To come to the subject which now engrosses so large a portion of those who would be reformers. Who first turned Wilberforce's mind to religion? What was Clarkson at one period of his life? What were the most of those among us, who are at this time most vehement in their advocacy of the abolition of slavery? They were students of divinity; some of them have been clergymen. Men, who

received all their power from institutions which they would now overthrow as the greatest obstacles in their way.

To propose one more question. Who caused to be republished in this country, Dymond's Essays, the moral class-book, we had almost said the gospel, of these no-Sabbath, no-clergy reformers? One, whose name even those who have the least of his spirit will not mention without reverence, — Channing.

We are of those, who believe that all human progress, to be real, must be slow. We must, with men, as with children, know how to wait. How few, even now, comprehend the meaning of liberty! How few take in Paul's definition of Christian charity! It is our decided opinion that a clergyman will make more real anti-slavery converts in the town in which he resides in the space of ten years, than all the anti-slavery lecturers and newspapers could do in the same time. A calm, reasonable presentation of the subject, time after time, will array no prejudices, form no parties, and bring all who will think, to the truth.

Although we dislike to make the assertion, as it may seem invidious, or at best like a boast, we believe that the present clergy of the New England States are doing as much for the cause of anti-slavery and for the general reformation of society as any body of men, of the same number, ever have done, since the days of Roger Williams. He too was a priest.

FELLOW WORKERS.

"Faom the crevice of a cloudlet,
In the eastern grey,
Came a beauteous Beam of lightness,
Leading in the Day.
Flowrets woke up as she softly
Stole upon the lands;
Joyfully the leaves and grasses
Clapp'd their dew-wet hands!
Over field, and over forest,
Silently she went,
Like a messenger in earnest,
On some mercy bent.

By a quiet, shady hedgerow, In a sheltered nook, Where we love to linger, reading
In God's leafy book;
There a tender Shoot of greenness
Claimed earth's needful care,
And the Beam, so soft and gentle,
Was beside it there;
And, with streaming hands of silver,
Bent she down in prayer,
While a murmur, indistinctly

While a murmur, indistinctly Rose upon the air;

"Oh, behold this germ of beauty
Pressing into life;
Come, thou golden god of noontide,
Help it in this strife!
I will tint its slender leaflet
And its fragile flower;
Ray of sunshine—fellow worker—
Help me with thy power!"
Light and Heat were fellow workers,
And God bless'd the deed;
For the flower was passing lovely,
Though a simple weed!

There are many germs of goodness
Dormant in each breast,
Lying there in sad half-slumber
And unquiet rest.
Fain they would both bud and blossom,
But, within the soul,
Prison'd are they—nothing nearer
To the distant goal.

Come, oh, silvery Beam of Knowledge!
Turn the dumb intent
To a speaking, healthy action,—
For this wert thou sent.
Be thou, too, a fellow worker,
Glowing Ray of Love;
Pierce within the sheltered hedgerow,
Draw the germ above:
Souls that else were poor and lifeless
Shall evolve new powers—
Weeds upon the wayside worthless
Shall be God's bless'd Flowers!"
Chorley, Nov. 1846.

HOW TO SPOIL A GOOD CITIZEN.

[Concluded.]

- "On dear, what can have become of Edward?"
- "Nay, pshaw, don't worry yourself, wife; Bill Jones knows all about him, I dare say. He 'll turn up soon enough, I 'll warrant him; a bad penny always comes back again."
- "Bill has not seen him for two days. I greatly fear he O, I cannot tell you what I fear. He has not been heard of anywhere since you parted, night before last."
- "Well, I know it. He's skulking round; never fear. Or maybe he's gone off. I should n't wonder. I gave him a faithful talking to, seeing he was sober enough to hear me patiently. I made him feel to the back-bone how wicked he was, how vile, and unworthy of our affection."
- "He knew all you could tell him, and more, about that. Had you encouraged him by a kind word ---- "
- "Encourage him in what? I must first sound the alarm to his conscience. Come what will, I've done my duty by him. I've been faithful, I trust. I shall have that comfort."
- "Will it comfort you, if if he has thrown himself into the river in his despair!"
- "No fear nonsense He might fall in but he generally knows what he is about well enough to keep out of harm's way."
- "He spoke of suicide, you know, as if the idea had entered his thoughts; and that is what I have been thinking of all night, and dared not speak of, lest the danger should seem more real to my mind. there is no knowing what he might do in a fit of delirium."

Having thus given vent to her dismal apprehensions, Mrs. Harland's agitation became so ungovernable that it communicated itself to her husband, in spite of his determination not to be alarmed. Presently the whole neighborhood was excited by his anxious search, and gloomy conjectures were fast becoming rumors, when a pedler drove into the street who had news of the lost sheep. He had seen Edward at a considerable distance from home, and was charged with a message to his father, that all pursuit would be fruitless, and to his mother that it would be equally vain to send anything after him, as he was travelling on, as fast as his strength would permit. To her anxious inquiries the messenger had not much to say, having merely seen this wanderer sitting by the side of the road to rest. But he remarked that he was evi-38

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dently sober, and had said something about employment in some place where he was not known.

Weeks passed into months, and months into years. The old man never spoke of Edward, and neighbors and strangers forbore to mention his name in his presence. His memory seemed to have vanished from the earth more completely than if he had been dead and buried, for then survivors would have talked of him as he was in happier years, leaving his fall and his subsequent wretched life to be judged by Him who cannot err.

But his mother — could she forget her unhappy boy? It seemed so, for she was once more cheerful, and apparently healthy, bustling and busy about her household affairs, as if she were constantly expecting visitors. There were no heart-sick watchings, no more agitating scenes to shake her nerves, and she was now not only tranquil, but ready to smile and make merry with the neighbors' children, calling them in to play in her little garden, or to taste her nice things. With their help, she sometimes called up a momentary smile upon the gloomy countenance of her husband. Once, as he kindly patted a curly little head, she ventured to say, "Ah, is it not like Edward's at his age?" But the father's only answer was a groan, and a look of agony, as if she had struck a dagger into his bosom.

There was one sympathizing friend, who knew that poor Edward was never forgotten. Mary Lee was a willing listener while the mother's imagination bridged the chasm which divided her from her wandering child, and pictured his return to happiness and the paternal roof. Mary did not share her romantic hopes; her good sense suggested that a destitute and forlorn condition was not the most favorable to reform, and that a man of weak principles and bad habits was not probably gaining his living in an honest and respectable way, nor hiding himself from all who knew him, in order to form a character of which his friends had no need to be ashamed for him. By kindly pretending to hope, however, and suggesting cheering probabilities when the mother's yearning heart grew sick with hope deferred, she herself at last began to have a faint and wavering faith in Edward's final return. "A man who has yet a heart is not to be wholly despaired of," thought she, as she heard repeated for the thousandth time Edward's last conversation with his mother.

At last Edward came home, and was pressed to his mother's bosom with joy. Not that he came smiling and well clad, bearing in his mien the credentials of respectability and good conduct, prepared to meet his father's eye, and proudly to answer his doubts and fears. Edward, as of old, came home late at night, when his father had retired to bed.

Drenched with rain, muddy with travelling, shivering with illness, a more wretched object could hardly be conceived. He was soon in a comfortable bed by the warm fireside, and if his mother wept, as she watched his feverish slumbers, it was not because she had asked any questions, or listened to any confession. She wept with joy and tenderness that she had the privilege of ministering to his comfort in his distress.

Soon her husband waked, and came to share her anxious watch. At first he kept carefully out of sight, and spoke only in whispers, but before morning Edward was in the delirium of a fever, unconscious who were sitting pale and aghast at his bedside, while he raved of robbery and murder, flight and pursuit, and called on his mother to hide, and his father to protect him.

Early in the morning, Mary Lee came to the house, and opened the door, as usual, without knocking, when her further entrance was prevented by Mrs. Harland, who drew her back into the entry, threw herself on her neck, and sobbed aloud.

- "You have heard, then," said Mary. "How fast bad news flies! I have brought the newspaper; has Mr. Harland seen it yet?"
- "Edward is here here in this house," cried the mother, not attending to what she said.
- "Here!" said Mary, turning very pale, "what madness! Yet perhaps they may not come to look for him, till less obvious places are searched. Where where have you concealed him?"
- "Help! You shall not hurt a hair of his head! Murdering villain! Strike me first! I'll call the watch! Fly, Henry, fly!" cried Edward, struggling with his father, whose voice was heard, bidding him lie down, and be quiet, in tones of authority mingled with tenderness. Mrs. Harland ran to compose the darkened mind of the sufferer by caresses and soothing words.
- "There there they shan't hurt Henry no he 's safe enough all 's well now go to sleep again poor boy your mother is by father watching too ——"
- "But the crow-bar! See his white forehead, all bloody! Cruel! Cruel! The iron bar —— "
- "Here! I have taken it away—and the pickaxe too——Hush—sh—sh—Hush!"

Mr. Harland came to press Mary's hand in silence. She pointed to a paragraph in the newspaper she had brought, in which Edward's name was mentioned. A goldsmith's shop in a neighboring town had been broken into in the night. A young man who slept in the store had from some cause had his suspicions awakened, and being a heavy

sleeper, had brought his mattress into the front part of the store. He did not, however, wake till the villains had made good their entrance, and as soon as he opened his eyes, he was stunned by a heavy blow on the head; not, however, till he had recognized in one of the ruffians a young man he had formerly known, by the name of Edward Harland.

- "What can be done?" said Mary, her tears falling fast, as the old man with shaking hands, but an unmoved countenance, folded the paper, and returned it to her.
 - " Nothing."
 - "If he were not so sick -- "
- "The justice of God and man has overtaken him, and to their mercy we must leave him."
 - "I will stay perhaps I may be of use."
 - "God bless you, my child, you are always a comfort to us."

When the officers of justice came to apprehend Edward, they found him held in durance by a stronger power than theirs, and were convinced, as they stood by his bedside, that a death was impending over him which neither flight nor concealment could evade. They listened to his incoherent broken exclamations in hopes to obtain some clue to the discovery of his accomplices, and the names which he uttered led to a close espial of the motions of certain individuals, and their final committal on suspicion.

Many days passed, and Edward was still upon the borders of the grave. The inquiring neighbors and townspeople were daily surprised with the intelligence that he was yet living, and charitably hoped that he would die. "For surely," they said to each other, in mutual apology for so heathen a wish, "surely, he can be no loss, and will live only to go to prison and stand his trial, to bring a public disgrace on his family," &c.

Far different were the feelings of the three watchers by Edward's bedside. At the end of a fortnight, the balance turned in his favor, and he gradually rose so far that his mind and speech returned to him. How welcome, and how interesting was every sane word, as he gained strength to ask for anything he wanted, and thank the bearer of it. Mary had kept her promise to be a sister to him in sickness and distress, and he now expressed his grateful sense of her condescension and kindness.

"When I get better, I shall tell you all, and how unworthy I am that any one should befriend me. O Mary! Terrible as death looked to me, when I thought each day's sun would be the last I should see, I had rather die, than go back to what I was — to the life I led."

Edward's recovery was as slow, as, with the prospect of a prison and trial before him he could wish, and many long and interesting conversations convinced his anxious friends that his repentance was sincere and humble, and not the mere effect of weakness or fear.

"I should have come home long since, if, like the returning prodigal, I could have hoped for a father's forgiveness. I had nothing to say but that I had sinned till my wretchedness brought me home; and I dared not come into your presence, my father."

"How little you knew me, my son. A true penitent I could not but receive kindly."

"Perhaps I was not a true penitent. I only know I was most miserable, and longed to fly from myself, and from the diabolical associates with whom I had become involved to such an extent that I was powerless in their hands. How I envied the faithful Henry Allen when I found him, lying in his innocent sleep, prepared to defend his master's property - yes, envied him when I saw the iron club suspended over his head, ready to strike if he awoke. The weapon was in the hand of a brutal villain, an English deserter - who had seen enough of human butchery to think lightly of shedding blood. I knew he would not spare. I could hardly even pretend to be busied in anything but watching those closed lids, on which the glare of the lantern fell full and strong. At last, they quivered — the eyes opened — I sprang forward to stop the descending blow - I was too late - I caught Stewart's arm, and held it in check a moment - but the fellow threw me off, dropping his lantern, in the scuffle - and at the same moment, I heard that dull, heavy stroke, which I supposed to be fatal - for Henry neither moved, nor groaned - I became faint and sick - Having accomplished their object, the villains hurried off with their booty, dragging me with them, with threats and curses. Hearing sounds which made them apprehensive of pursuit, they left me in an alley, to shift for myself, and made off in different directions. From that time, I scarcely remember anything, till I found myself lying here, unable to raise my hand, without assistance."

"Poor boy! No one but your mother would have known you for Edward Harland, that night, bowed down with pain, and wild with fever, dripping with rain, your very hair clogged with mud."

"And whatever may await you, as punishment due to your crimes, we shall find comfort in the thought that, at least, no blood is upon your hands."

"I am resigned to suffer what I deserve, and bless God that I am not a Stewart, and at liberty," said Edward, shuddering. "I have heard that man talk of the most horrible atrocities with perfect indifference,

and even a brutal gaiety. I have felt my flesh creep, and my hair rise with horror and disgust — my soul loathed the companionship of such a diabolical nature. Yet, Mary, I had fallen so low that no indignant word escaped my lips, let him boast as he might. I, and others like me, regarded his cold-blooded contempt of the ordinary feelings of humanity as a matter of course in a man whose trade had been war and rapine. I was led by him, I hardly know why or how, except that he had an iron will, and I was weak, and regarded myself as hopelessly lost. It was not fear of him that brought me under his power — at least, not personal fear — though I knew that, give him but a motive, he would not spare the life or happiness of his best friend — Friend ! I said — such a word is not for him — hardly for me."

- " You could never have become so callous, I trust," said Mary.
- "You would have said once, I never could rob a benefactor," said Edward. "You would have thought once that I could be no man's enemy but my own. But when a man has neither the power nor the will to struggle against evil, when he gives himself up to whatever current may be bearing him on to ruin, he goes downward like a straw in a whirlpool."
- "Conscience was not dead in your breast," said the old man. "I frequently was convinced of that before you left me, and your repentant feelings prove it now."
- "Father, the pain of my conscience was like the agony of the nightmare, which the sleeper cannot throw off by an effort, though he is
 dimly conscious that he might do so. You hoped to rouse me to better
 things. It only increased my torment. I was angry and ashamed, but
 not penitent under your reproaches. My mother sometimes awakened
 my better nature—It has never been wholly torpid. But the shock of
 Henry Allen's murder burst my bondage, and set me free—that, and
 the near view of my own grave. And now I pray God in his mercy to
 keep me from falling back into the pit from which I have escaped.
 Pray for me, my friends, for I feel my weakness. Do not ask that I
 may be saved from disgrace and imprisonment, nor even death, if I
 have so far violated the laws—but pray that my good resolutions, my
 humble contrition, may not pass away, and leave me more hardened
 than before. That is all I dread. I have no other fear."

Edward's strength gradually returned, and as soon as he was able to sit up, a guard was kept round the house, to prevent his abduction or escape. Not all his father's arguments, his mother's persuasions, and the terrors of the law had yet been able to convince Edward that when he gave hisself up, he ought also to give up his accomplices. To his view it was meanness and treachery. By turning state's evidence, and

delivering up the gang, or at least those already in custody, to punishment, he could himself be exempted from it. It was a perverted generosity, but still like his former self, that made him revolt at such immunity. Mary alone sympathized with it, while her judgment was unbiassed, and she endeavored to show him that it was a feeling he had no right to indulge at the expense of the community.

One night, when Edward's arm-chair had been placed where he could enjoy the cool air from the open door, a man suddenly appeared, and pointed a pistol at his breast, with violent and threatening, but ailent gestures. Before the invalid could call any assistance he had vanished, leaving at Edward's feet a scrawl, bidding him take heed, for if Jim Stewart and Bill Johnson were not soon released, through his testimony, there were those at liberty who would take his life, and burn his father's house over his head.

Edward no longer hesitated what course to pursue. Through his testimony, and the information he was able to afford to the police, a gang of housebreakers and incendiaries which had infested the neighborhood was broken up, and the leaders among them sent to the state prison. Henry Allen recovered, and the gallows was robbed of its due in the person of Bill Stewart. It was to be supposed, however, that the tender mercies of an enlightened jury would have defrauded the hangman, had he been tried for his life, since murder for murder is fast going out of use, except among the uncivilized tribes of the red men, or in the court of Judge Lynch. Stewart's full acquittal would probably have ensued upon his capital trial, setting him loose to wreak his vengeance upon the Harlands. No mischief befel them, though Edward looked for it daily, and almost accused Providence of injustice that he was allowed to pursue his way undisturbed, and with every aid and encouragement to improvement.

It is a good natured world in general, and a sincere and humble heart finds no lack of cheering good will abroad in it. Whenever Edward met with reproach and contempt, instead of encouraging treatment, he bore it patiently and humbly, as no more than his due; and his submission put severity out of countenance. He gradually acquired the confidence of those who had any intercourse with him, and built up a new character, the more valuable as it was founded on humility and self-distrust, which led him to religion for aid and hope.

In a few years, Mrs. Harland died. Her eyes were closed by the hand of her son, whose grief was rendered bitter by the thought that the seeds of her decline were sown by his misconduct. Such sorrow hardly admits of consolation, or of being healed by time. The old man gave up his business at once, into Edward's hands, and withdrawing his

thoughts and affections from the world, waited in a state of tranquillity nearly resembling lethargy his own summons to depart. Every one saw that he would soon follow her who had so many years been his companion; and who should console poor Edward, whose errors had brought premature old age upon his father, and who felt bowed to the earth by grief and loneliness of heart? Who but Mary, who to his glad surprise, vielded to the old man's request that she would be their comforter, and by marrying Edward, fill the void made by the death of Mrs. Harland. Edward knew that her early romantic love for him could never be renewed, and her union with him must be viewed as in some degree a sacrifice. Mary was generally beloved, and by many admired; and he hesitated to urge her to share a stained name and humble income. But, either from friendship, or pity, or something of her old affection for him, remaining at the bottom of her good little heart, Mary cheerfully gave him her hand, and brought the sunshine of her smiles to gladden the desolate home of the Harlands.

The old man revived under her affectionate ministrations, and lived to tell the story of the old sword, and its valorous owner, to his grand-children, whose parents, however, sought early to enlist their young hearts in brave and active service under that banner whose motto is, "Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men." c. w. L.

CHARLES LAMB finely exhorts us: "Shut not thy purse-strings always against painted distress. Act a charity sometimes. When a poor creature (outwardly and visibly such) comes before thee, do not stay to inquire whether the 'seven small children,' in whose name he implores thy help, have a veritable existence. Rake not into the bowels of unwelcome truth to save a half penny. It is good to believe him. If he be not all he pretendeth, give, and under the personated father of a family, think (if thou pleasest) that thou hast relieved an indigent bachelor. When they come with their counterfeit looks and mumping tones, think them players. You pay your money to see a comedian feign those things, which, concerning these poor people, thou canst not certainly tell whether they are feigned or not."

THE MISSIONARIES.

CHAPTER V.

FROM Mrs. Maywood, and her husband's journal and letters, we shall continue to make such extracts as may best suit the design of this simple narrative; which, it must be perceived, is intended to illustrate the progress of humble, persevering efforts in the service of Christianity, and not to relate striking incidents, or detail startling adventures. The example of a holy, devoted, Christian life, springing, as it must, if true and consistent, from an inward principle of love to God and man, is felt and understood by all; and it contains more unction than the longest and most stringent creed which theologians have ever framed.

"We have been much engrossed lately," wrote Mrs. Maywood, "by the severe illness of our young convert, whom I have before mentioned, and who now bears the Christian name of Rachel. Her tractable and loving disposition had greatly endeared her to us; and her improvement was so rapid in all which we attempted to teach her, that she is already fitted to aid us greatly in the general duties of the school. Her patience and submission, and her serene and happy faith under severe suffering, and in the near prospect of death, evinced the sincerity of her religious professions; and we feel grateful that God has heard our prayers and been pleased to restore her to life and usefulness.

"Rachel was the first individual whom my husband baptized, together with her child, and our own infant son. We met her, under circumstances but too frequent in this land, and which well illustrates the deplorable ignorance and superstition of its inhabitants.

"Not long after our arrival here, we set apart a day for visiting from house to house among the humble inhabitants in the vicinity of our location, and were more than usually encouraged by the friendliness with which they received us. We were admitted, as it were, into the heart of their domestic life,—if that can be called domestic, which is so far removed from all the comforts we attach to that expressive word,—and many of them listened to us eagerly, and with an earnest desire to be further instructed in the word of life. We found them engaged, generally, in the simple toils of a rude people, who, seeking only a daily subsistence, have few wants to gratify, and no artificial desires to provide for. Some were sitting cross-legged on the hard earthen floor, eating their perpetual meal of rice and curry, and conveying the food to their mouths, with one hand, without knife or fork,

in the most unseemly manner. The husband invariably eats his portion first, the wife waiting in submissive silence, to satisfy her hunger on what he leaves, if his will assigns her even that favor; for here, as in all places where Christianity has not elevated woman to an equality in man's home and affections, she is his abject and degraded slave.

"We were courteously offered a portion of their food, though we could not be allowed to partake of it with them, — so strictly are they bound to abstain from eating, or drinking even from the same well, with any of a different caste. We find this a great obstacle in the way of familiar intercourse and instruction, and the strong prejudice deters many from entering their children at our school.

"On our return, at eventide, we rested on the brow of a little hill, before we approached our own quiet home, which lay, nestled like a lonely dove-cot, beneath the sheltering branches of a friendly banyan; and our hearts were lifted up in gratitude for all the happiness which awaited us there, and for the encouragement and hope which had that day been given to cheer us.

"The bland, refreshing air, so welcome after the sultry heat of day, seemed to bathe our spirits in tranquillity, and the pretty landscape spread around us, so purely oriental, so tranquil and so pastoral, carried our imaginations back to the early history of the world, and to the fertile pastures of the patriarchal tribes.

"Extensive fields of rice, stretched like verdant plains to the edge of the horizon, dotted here and there by groups of stately palms; or a single tree raised its lofty stem, tufted with feathery foliage, and threw its giant shadows upon the moonlit sward. Groves of orange-trees, the date, tamarind and fig were there, and various others, bearing cooling fruits, whose light foliage, and graceful forms, and delicious fragrance, seemed the very soul of harmony and sweetness. Scattered houses, or small clusters of picturesque dwellings, gave life to the landscape; their sharp roofs, covered by the fan-shaped leaves of the palmyra, or the braided foliage of the cocoa, and their virandahs wreathed with the starry blossomed jessmine, now flickering like countless snow-flakes, in the transparent moonlight.

"A lovely stream, held sacred in the religious ceremonies of the natives, flowed on at a little distance, its green banks fringed with drooping willows and aquatic plants, and the full glory of the cloudless heavens reflected from its crystal waves.

"A low, broken chant, so sweet it seemed like the murmuring of a naiad in her sea-shell, or rather like the sighing of a blessed spirit over the sorrows of humanity, it was so tender and so mournful, mingled at first with the music of the waves; and turning to the spot from

whence the sound proceeded, we saw a female sitting near the margin of the stream, tenderly caressing a young infant, which she lulled to repose by the gentle melody it had learned to love. The woman seemed in the flower of youth; and the profusion of jewels with which she was adorned, the fine cloth she wore, wrapped around the waist, and thrown gracefully over the shoulder and bosom, betokened her of the higher caste, as females of the lower order are not allowed to cover themselves above the waist.

"The infant was quite naked, as young children usually are, in this climate; but every little limb was twined with strings of scarlet coral, and with wreaths of gay and aromatic flowers, as if the unconscious victim were decked out for sacrifice. And so it was; for while we yet looked on, in silent wonder, the mother laid it gently on the ground, and cast herself passionately beside it, calling on her gods, and marking her forehead and breast with ashes. She then arose, and lifted the still slumbering babe, but with averted face, as if afraid to meet its innocent gaze; and, quick as lightning, threw it far from her, into the midst of the stream.

"A sullen splash — a wild laugh from the stricken mother, and the waves closed over the little victim of superstition, and pursued their tranquil and unceasing flow.

"My own senses were bewildered — stupefied. I could neither speak nor move, so intense was my horror; but my husband darted from me, and a moment after he was buffeting with the waves. A sense of his danger recalled me to myself, but I knew him to be an excellent swimmer; twice the little one rose to the surface, and disappeared again; the third time, he succeeded in grasping it, with a firm hand, and bore it safely to the shore.

"Both mother and child were conveyed to our own house; the former was long perfectly unconscious, and for many weeks she lay suspended between life and death. We rightly judged that the misguided woman had sought to sacrifice her child from an impulse of superstitious frenzy, for such things are of too common occurrence here. Her husband, whom she tenderly loved, had proved faithless, and deserted her; and she endeavored, in vain, by every art which woman's love could suggest, to win him back to duty and affection. Believing that as she was so severely punished, her sins must be very great, and demanded some great sacrifice, and that the gods would listen to her prayers, if she offered to them the costliest gift she could bestow, in her misery and despair, she resolved to cast away her child, to save her own soul and recover her unfaithful husband.

"I nursed the little stranger with my own child, and they linked

themselves together in our affections, and became indeed as twin-brothers, in their love to each other and to us. As the young mother slowly recovered, and by degrees the truth was unfolded to her, and her unconscious crime was revealed in its true light, as she learned gradually to comprehend the faith which points to a Heavenly Father, and the submission which is due to him, her heart melted with contrition, and it became her sincere and unwearied effort to regulate her whole soul and life by the precepts of the Gospel.

"She has never left us; her husband has not returned to claim her, and with cheerful submission she now bears her trials, 'growing' daily, we trust, 'in grace, and in the knowledge of God and her Saviour."

"It is a year to-day," wrote Mr. Maywood, a short time after the above, "since we reached this place, and it may be asked, What has that year effected? what encouragement has it given, for continued effort and perseverance? In the review, I find occasion for deep gratitude to the kind Disposer of all events, for the many mercies which have followed us, individually, for continued health, perservation from many dangers, and the enjoyment of many privileges.

"In regard to our missionary labors and prospects; these might seem barren and discouraging enough, to one who counted on great results, or who felt that a multitude of converts was the sure test of usefulness and progress.

"As yet, I can number but very few who appear to have sincerely and heartily embraced Christianity. One, among these, is our interpreter, who, though long living with Christians, and employed by them in various offices, and also quite withdrawn from idolatry, never evinced any interest in the practical truths of the Gospel; hut has now embraced them humbly and heartily; and his intelligence and activity render him a useful assistant and fellow-laborer. Another, is a wealthy native, of high caste, a man of acute and discriminating mind, who, like many others of the more intelligent heathen, has long felt that the ancient religion of his country is false and unsatisfying. He has had frequent intercourse with the missionaries at Ceylon, who strove anxiously for his conversion; he received from them books and tracts, and religious instruction; but the doctrines which they inculcated were a 'rock of offence' to him; he would not embrace a system which inculcated mysteries and contradictions at which his reason revolted. But he received from them the best gift they could have bestowed, a Bible; and he read it in solitude, and meditated on its simple doctrines, and its pure and elevating precepts, till his mind was thoroughly convinced, and his heart burned within him, kindled by the glow of fervent and sincere devotion.

"This is the nucleus of our infant church, around which, we trust, may cluster many a redeemed and rejoicing spirit, ripening here, for the kingdom of heaven.

"Still, we have reverses and disappointments enough to check a too confident expectation. We will not despair. We will yet believe, and strive, that the Gospel in its simplicity shall be received by the ignorant and benighted children of this fair and fruitful clime."

GROWTH IN CHRISTIAN KNOWLEDGE.

A SERMON, BY REV. M. G. THOMAS.

2 PETER iii. 18. Grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

This scripture is an exhortation to progress in Christianity. We would now use it as such in a very general sense. In an age like the present and in a country like this, change and movement are to be expected. Happy will it be for us whenever they result in greater good. That we may aid in bringing about such a result, let us consider some of the movements and tendencies of the day. Perhaps we may find in them indications or means of growth in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

The day of polemics and of somewhat narrow and sectarian controversies, seems to have declined. A new department in Christianity, so to speak, is opening before us and engaging the thought and action of the religious world. Discussions about God and Christ, and theories of religion, and systems of doctrines, are giving place to things more immediately practical. The humanity of Christianity is beginning to throb and palpitate in the great heart of Christendom. The doing of that will which is alone to prove it from God, is occupying more and more the Christian world. It is well. We would closely watch the signs of the times and endeavor to read aright the lessons of God's daily providence in which he is passing before us, that we may catch the earliest and the faintest rays of every new day in the coming kingdom.

What then are some of the indications and manifestations of growth in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ at the present time?

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They are such as show that Christianity is more faithfully and practically applied, not only to private life and character, but to all institutions and customs of society. Missionary operations seem ever to have led the way in this change. But the same love to man and gratitude to God which prompts to the promulgation of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, will not let us rest satisfied in the possession and enjoyment of any increasing sense of redemption, regeneration and salvation by Jesus Christ, which we may not communicate to others. Hence has it been, and now is the fact, that just in proportion as we are beginning to feel and to know of redemption in any department of life, we become desirous of imparting it to others. No man attempts to inculcate by precept and example, by effort and self-sacrifice, a true temperance in all things, as a part of the spirit and obligation of the Gospel, until he has himself experimentally been convinced, and known thereof. Then the same spirit of love to man and gratitude to God which, at the first prompted him to spread the Gospel, will prompt him to spread the new form and application of it which he has come to know. growth of one and another from time to time into an engagedness in the various benevolent plans and operations of the day.

Why the continually increasing societies, associations, leagues, operations and publications of the day? Do they not argue a deeper and an increasing interest in mens' hearts in regard to all the subjects to which they relate? And are they not all practical, or believed to be practical by those engaged in them? The spirit of the disciple that has so become one with the spirit of him who of old delivered his enslaved Israel with a high hand and an outstretched arm, and with the spirit of him who came to preach the Gospel to the poor, deliverance to the captive, and the setting at liberty of them that are bruised, that it will not let him rest without action upon these great, and Christlike and Godlike themes and purposes, makes him an Anti-Slavery man. He puts his hand to the plough, gives of his substance and bears his testimony in this new sense of Gospel obligation into which he has grown, and in this new direction.

The spirit of another has felt the descent of the dove of peace and has become intellectually and morally alive to the deep wrong of an personal hostility and deadly strife. He has come to feel with Jesus that wrong cannot cure wrong, any more than Beelzebub can cast out devils, and that he must conquer by love and draw to his own blessed spirit by that in which he suffers, or in any way is lifted up in this present evil world. He has come to know that all the enmittes of every day life that often used to shade his paths are to be healed, if at all, by the perfect love into which he may receive them and lose them forever.

Having thus come himself to be born of a spirit that will no more resist evil than did his Master, but only seek to overcome it with good, and having deeply felt the redemption and divinity which are in this his new birth, both to himself and to others if they will but receive it, he cannot be at rest until he is active to impart, and faithful to promote and awaken the new life and experience in others. He becomes a Peace man, anxious to convert and redeem society and the world from all the spirit and manifestations of war, to the utmost of ability and opportunity which God has given.

And will not any one just in proportion as he may grow more and more into this knowledge of his Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and find himself in feeling, spirit and life redeemed from all enmity and hatred, even to the slightest degrees thereof, and knowing instead only compassion and love, like unto those in which the bleeding Lamb of God was lifted up, be anxious and under a sense of obligation that others may come to know of this redemption? And will there not be a proportionate growth in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ in all around him?

Now if the illustrations which have been given are just, they lead us to the contemplation of a great fact whose meaning we wish correctly to understand.

We see in this country and in others men of all classes and conditions in society, becoming more and more engaged not only in Temperance, Freedom, Peace, but for the Prisoner, the Criminal, the Licentious, the Laborer, the Immigrant, the Insane, the Sailor, the Blind, the Deaf and Dumb, the Widows and Orphans, the Idiotic; then there is a class of societies and associations a little different from these, in that they have perhaps a more direct pecuniary bond — Odd Fellowship, Sons of Temperance, Rechabites, Protective Unions, Unionists, and many others too numerous to mention; all profess to have a benevolent and helping There are those in them all, and who are foremost in them, to whom the pecuniary engagements are but as the small dust of the ballance in comparison with their fraternal, benevolent, social and helping tendencies. We do not wish to form a judgment or express an opinion in this connexion in regard to any of these bodies of men or their various purposes. But only to bring distinctly to view as the great fact of the present day in matters pertaining to religion, that the tendency is to the humane and the practical. The religious community is becoming interested more and more in some one, or more, or all of these and kindred subjects and operations. Platforms are opened in every village and grove, and village church, and wherevever men do congregate. Discussion of the freest kind prevails. Everything that is uttered in

regard to any of these various subjects of interest is thoroughly discussed and sifted. Not a principle that is advanced, but friend or foe will push it to its extremes, and it must either be fully and manfully sustained and proved, or disproved and relinquished. Such discussion suffers no subject to rest, nor does it leave it with a single suggestion to make its way in the public mind and heart. But opposite and conflicting views are suggested and agitated until the moral sense is fully awakened and judgment formed. These free discussions constitute a sort of school or gymnasium in which the public mind and conscience are enlightened and quickened and carried forward upon almost all subjects, beyond what they would be by the single presentation of subjects by any one mind, however powerful and acute.

Then too, in these various associations, those of different classes and conditions in society, who are deeply and experimentally interested in the subjects discussed, come forward with their earnest and practical word. They are themselves a manifestation of a certain amount of mind and heart and life as affected by these matters discussed and acted upon. If we view them only in the light of witnesses they become an exponent of the interest felt and of the spirit that is abroad and still kindling upon the altar of the public heart. There is no portion of society that is not getting voice, and type, and embodied action. No antiquated wrong or deep inequality that is not being stirred from the dust of ages and adding its note to the Babel cry that is already filling the land, resounding along our shores, and echoing from our hills and mountains.

And what is the interpretation of all this so general discussion and action and movement concerning the practical and home questions of every day life that reach and deeply affect the conditions of all men? They show us where, in the good Providence of God, there is present pressure upon the mind and heart of our brotherhood. They serve as an index to pulpit application of the Gospel, and to direct Christian and philanthropic thought and effort. They show at what points counsel and truth are called for. Concerning what things there is hunger and thirst after righteousness that will welcome it and improve it gladly. That the great issues of the time are concerning humanity, and practical righteousness, or the doing of God's will.

What then would seem to be the wisdom of the pulpit in a day like this? The pulpit — may it never forget its highest office, as the ark alike of the Old and the New Covenants, where they, with all the fulness of their Revelations from God, and upon all subjects, shall be faithfully kept! We would not that it should ever have a hobby. God forbid. Or that it should ever become the absorbed and forgetful organ of any

one only manifestation of Christianity. For we believe that all that the Father hath, belongeth to it. But may it not stand on the summit of the mount and catch the first level rays of each new day, and concentrate them with focal power upon all that is wood, bay and stubble in our midst? May it not be the first to light its torch at the fire Providence is kindling, and ready to go forth at any time to hail and to sanction any good nuptials among our Father's children? When a jewel is laid bare in the well worn paths of toiling life, and good professes to have come out of Nazareth, let not the pulpit be Jewish, but Christian. that jewel shines or that good appears, let it be present with clear, and full, and sure light from God upon that very spot. Let it welcome the good in the days of its scorn and rejection, that it may help to prepare the way of the Lord. Let it not forget that there are pearls of great: price, and that good may come out of Nazareth, and if it heed them. not, the one will shine in the ranks of unbelief, and the other will rise in judgment against those who would not "come and see." It was not from Mount Sinai nor Mount Moriah, nor from the Mount of Olives, of Tabor or of Calvary that God always revealed himself, and there ever shone first and brightest and last. The cloven tongue of fire sometimes descended upon the worn prophet of the wayside, and the wilderness, and upon the toiling poor as they continued in prayer and in the breaking of their bread from house to house. And we who have filled our urns so often and so long from that of the Nazarene, and from those of the Galileans of old, will not forget to listen, or refuse to profit, whatever the medium through which the Father's truth may be: uttered, or his spirit breathed.

There is another reason why we may well avail ourselves at the earliest practicable moment of any growth in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, though it may be found with those who are not of the number upon whose breasts God would that the Urim and Thummim should ever shine.

There is no general movement of thought or of life in a community like ours, that must not early reach and affect the pulpit and its usefulness and efficiency. If the moral eye of those who look to it has been opened to the breaking light that dispels the shades of any night of ernor and of sin, it will be prepared to bear the mid-day splendors of the sun of righteeusness. It will be able to say the spirits whether they be of God. But when strong and full light succeeds to darkness we are blinded and grope in the nonday as in the night. There will be also so this darkness in the onward movement of the ever coming kingdom in proposition as we gather up the first rays of light and truth that

may shine upon any darkness or error that may yet be found among men, and become familiar therewith. And although there can be no progress without a ripple in the water or a hurtling in the air in the natural world, so is it in the moral world. And the ripple and the roar will be large and loud, as the successive waves are seldom and vast, or frequent and small. In the one case revolution cometh. In the other, growth. We prefer the latter.

As Christianity can never enter any new fields whitening to the harvest, without a conflict of opinion and a struggle between what has been and is, and that which is to be, it would ever seem the dictate of wisdom to diminish the violence of the conflict and struggle so far as consistent with fealty to truth and righteousness and supreme devotedness to the will of God in Christ Jesus.

May it not sometimes be true that the children of the pulpit have gone out from its influences little ones, and on their return in full growth and maturity, the aged parent whose eye has become dim and whose ear heavy, does not at once recognise in the manly forms and hoarse voices that return, those that went out as its own of old, and that have but come back with interest after many days. But let good come in whatsoever shape it will, and originate where it may, all true children of the kingdom will welcome — nay, even buy, and sell it not.

But there is a strange inconsistency even among the children of the kingdom, which leads them to rest satisfied whereunto they have already attained, even though half conscious that they have but entered upon the way everlasting. They know that the latter day glory is yet in the womb of the future, and that it can only appear as the mountains sink and the valleys rise, yet are they at ease in Zion. The watchman may cry, but it is to ears that are heavy. His light may shine, but it is amid darkness that comprehendeth it not. With suicidal blindness the inactive and ease-loving Christian will often be offended at the disclosure of a new field of duty and an increased sense of obligation to do good and to bless. Instead of regarding it a privilege whereby the soul is to swell its heavenly treasure, - an opportunity to enlarge its inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away, it is looked upon as an unwelcome call to bear the cross. And men shrink from its being moved or mooted, and the path of the Watchman as he would lead the way to growth in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, is hedged up with thorns. Such are without growth in the knowledge of Jesus Christ. They come not to the light lest their deeds should be reproved. Such will either die under the cloud, or late repenting, find, like Judah returning from the days of her captivity, the glory of the latter temple less than that of the

former. The institutions of the Gospel which they dearly loved and desired most reverently and devoutly to cherish, will have been mistakenly fostered to death. Will not such ever be the tendency and the result where there is unwillingness to welcome whatever new light or faithfulness of application which may yet be gathered from the Word of God.

Especially will it not be so when the movement is of that *humane* and *practical* character and spirit that will bear directly, not merely upon the opinions, but upon the acts and the interests of men. Where the judgment is to be made up, not about theories or professions, but matters of every day life and practice.

Will not then, the lovers of all Gospel institutions welcome their growth in all knowledge pertaining to the kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ? It will prove the truest fidelity to those institutions as well as the highest opportunity and good to the accountable subjects of their blessed influences.

We would add a single suggestion concerning the growth and movement of the day. Each individual, whether in the pulpit or the pew. has his own moral position and point of view, and not another's. Be that position what it may, it is to him his light, and he feels under obligation to think and act according to the light that he has, or thinks he has. And he is so. Differ then widely as we may in our moral sense and judgment concerning these things, and in our precept and example concerning them, there is no room for uncharitableness, denunciation or coldness one towards another. Wherever aught of the kind may exist, we know not what manner of spirit we are of. Surely not of his who came not to destroy but to fulfil, not to condemn but to save. Rather let each utter his word and give forth his light, and each permit the full privilege claimed. There is no earnest and sincere word but will find its echo. No light but will be reflected. We would not, if we could, at any moment stay the voice of reformer or conservative. Their respective places and offices are in the Providence of God, as much so as those of the minutes in the course of time, or the drops that compose the river. Each is under the highest obligation to help the coming kingdom as he before God regards it; and never may his fellow say, in any other form than that of argument and persuasion, and in the spirit of love - What doest thou?

THOUGHTS ON IMMORTALITY.

In the sweet tale of Undine, that light and sportive creature is represented as being overcome with awe, when she finds herself about to be endowed with an immortal soul. She fears as she enters into its overshadowing presence, though it is by her own voluntary act that she acquires the priceless treasure, she shrinks and shadders as she feels its approach. She is almost ready to forego the blessing, in view of the fearful responsibilities it involves. Beautifully did that guileless spirit perform its mission on earth, walking amid the scenes of mature life in all the purity which it brought fresh from the hands of God; sadly perplexed by the obliquities of men and the false sentiments of society, yet going on its way in patience, and keeping "itself unspotted from the world." But with the subsequent course of that fair creation of a poetic fancy we have nothing now to do. It is the deep truth contained in the scene to which we at first referred, that is to furnish the text for this article.

The gift of an immortal soul, how great! how solemn! may we not add, how awful? Were it in our power to choose or refuse the gift. how momentous would be the decision! But the choice is not for us. The treasure is already in our keeping. Whether we will or not, we must be under all the solemn responsibilities attendant on so high a trust. Not being aware of the precise moment when it was committed to our "trust, coming gradually to the consciousness of our higher pewers, we may now in this life awake to a full sense of the greatness of the gift that is in us. Carelessly or wilfully we often close our eyes against the great truth that God has intrusted us with the keeping and the training of a deathless spirit. There is, in fact, something so stupendous in the idea of living forever, that the mind can hardly grasp it. In the midst of the din and bustle of active life, it is difficult to realize that our daily and honrly deeds are stamping their character upon the soul; and that they may be recalled ages hence with all the vividness of present arealties, and with a significance of which we have now but a faint conception. Neither is it easy for beings so hemmed in by time and sense as we, to arrive at an adequate idea of our own powers. Our wealth, our personal beauty, our learning, our various accomplishments all are sufficiently prized. Often they are over-estimated and made to minister to vanity and pride; but this greatest boon of all, a nature capable of adoring and imitating the Infinite One, a being which is to be coexistent with the endless future, how strangely is it disregarded! How

seldom do we reverence as we ought the godlike within us! In our better moments, alas that they are so few! we do indeed approach a just appreciation of our immortal nature. The spirit then asserts its superiority, and we feel that it is divine. In the still watches of the night. when we have entered our chamber, shut the doors about us, and are alone with ourselves, with God, and the spirit-world, do we not sometimes bow in reverence, almost in awe before the majesty of our pature? There is nothing of pride in the emotions with which we contemplate our nobler capacities; for the more highly we appreciate them, the more are we humbled that, with so great capabilities, we are so little. The spirit that came so pure from the hands of the Father, how sadly is it travel-stained by its sojourn in the world! The affections, which should have had their rest in the bosom of Infinite love and truth, how often have they gone wandering up and down, to and fro in the earth, clinging to idols of clay, which have crumbled in their grasp and left them desolate! These are the thoughts that often crowd upon the mind in view of our immortal nature, and leave no room for self-gratulation, though they do not exclude present gratitude and lofty aspiration.

Let us endeavor for a moment to conceive what would be the feelings of one, suddenly gifted with a soul in full maturity of intellectual power, if it were possible, and at the same time with all the purity of the infant spirit. With what reverence would he look upon it as the inspiration of the Almighty! With what intense curiosity would he scrutinize its various capacities! How sedulously would he endeavor to improve them all, to develop in its true proportion every power! With what jealous care would he maintain the supremacy of the spirit in the body! With what holy fear would he guard it against all the pollutions of the world, that no shade of sin should sully its pure robes! How joyfully would he avail himself of the privilege of communing with the Parent Mind, in renewing his life at its great Source.

Such is the watchfulness we should expect from a being such as we have supposed. How much greater the necessity for vigilance to one who has allowed the springs of thought and feeling to become contaminated! around whom evil habits have gradually woven their chain, till that which was slight, at first, as the spider's web, has become like fetters of iron. It is no light task to wrench or wear these chains away, and stand again a freeman. To eject the enemy from the citadel, and resume his sway as the rightful sovereign in his own mind is not the work of a moment; nor when this is done may he give himself up to slumber, lest some traitor thought again admit the enemy. The path of the victor over cherished sins must be marked by conflicts which are none the less fearful that the spirit's agency is known only to God and

that invisible "cloud of witnesses" who rejoice over every sinner that repeateth. With constant striving must be press on, till, in the place of the lost innocence he bewails, is enthroned the steadfast virtue that has overcome the world.

Such were life, and so solemn its duties, even were they confined to the formation of our character; but when we regard ourselves as in some measure our "brother's keeper," how vastly are its responsibilities increased. Insensible though we may be at times to the wrong done to our own souls, who does not shudder at the idea, that he may have put in peril the soul of another, "for whom Christ died"? Of our own sins we may repent; but who shall assure us that he, whom we have caused to fall, shall ever rise again? How shall we measure the sphere of our influence? It is bounded neither by time nor space. Never in this world may we know our power; but in that future life, when the chart of our earthly wanderings shall be laid before our spiritualized vision, with what intensity of interest shall we trace out our relations to those, whose very names were unknown to us here! what extatic, though humble joy may we view the blessing attendant on some lesson of virtue, or some casual word! With what agony of wo may we see in some unkind or thoughtless act the blighting of another's soul! As we look back from the far-off ages of the future, we may behold ourselves still living and acting among men, through spirits whose work on earth had not commenced, when we had passed away. In this view how solemn is life! how urgent the call to fidelity in every duty!

This mortal state seems to have been far too lightly regarded even by the Christian world. It has been esteemed a virtue to look with a feeling bordering on contempt upon the present state of being, while all the hopes and aspirations were fixed on a future heaven. Truly our conversation should be in heaven; but that heaven does not all lie beyond the grave. To every faithful soul it has its commencement here. The great idea of life as it lay in the mind of Jesus, who can fathom it? To him it must have been a continuous existence; that event so great to our apprehension, which we falsely call death, forming scarcely, a dividing line in its progress. Let it be so to us. Let us no longer walk the earth as animate bodies merely, but as living souls. Neither let mago mourning on our way, as pilgrims through a dreary wilderness, which must be passed before we reach the promised land. It is not thus that we honor Him, who has made even this earth fair and holy. But let us oso live here, that our departure chance may be not a passage across a broad sea to a strange lands but the return of children from pleasant ojourneyings to a still more congenial home. ... Mat We

A SKETCH.

The night is very stormy. It rains hard and the wind blows heavily. The old elm near the house, and the cherry trees close to my window, and the locusts on the opposite side of the lane shiver and moan like the spars and cordage of a vessel in the darkness and tempest of the Gulf-stream. Every little while our farm house trembles with the blast; the sashes rattle in the half-windows of this upper room; a blind slams in a lower story; and then a door creaks or rattles its latch, as if strange guests, belated and weary and wofully wet, having entered by stealth, were seeking for lonely chambers where to rest. Or it may be the late father of the family chooses such a night to revisit the premises and look upon his wife and children, and notice the changes that have taken place since he slept here, a living man.

Somebody is talking in the next room. Either slumber has got hold of an earnest thought and utters it, or it has been scared out of bed by the noisy gale, and left the occupant to toss and grumble.

There is something almost fearful in a voice heard at midnight, stealing through a house long sunk in repose. It reminds the watcher that he is surrounded by dreamers, whose visions, dim and fleeting, may be chasing each other even by his side. It reminds him that life is flowing neveteriously by, nearly hushed and unconscious, all around him; or that a sick child cannot lose his sense of pain; or that a mother's love is anxious for her babe. In any case, where the voice reaches our attestive mind, it goes far to stir up an old memory, a hope, fear, or ludicross idea, or sober fancy, and seldom leaves any without a deep though vague impression of its visit. Yes, there is much worth reflection often. in a careless tone heard at an odd moment. The music of a serenade may not be sweeter, nor the whisper of death sadder, nor the scream of torment more appalling. And when the storm shricks optaide in the fields or streets, how boldly does the small murmur fly forth to meet it. leaving one with a listening ear, almost frightened for its safety amid such a tumult !

What are the birds about? Can they keep to their nests on the swinging boughs? Can they rock with the branches, heedless of the gale? Or do they tremble with the leaves and long for the daylight and sumhine? Poor things! We know so little how their hearts are made to beat, that it may be a waste of feeling to pity them, while human poverty can find no shelter, and the sailer tails from watch to

watch on the dreary seas. Oh! the dangers that walk abroad! Could each one behold his own secret foes for a moment, would a single cheek remain bright and ruddy? would the idlest lip fail to quiver, and the brawniest hand to be lifted in beseeching agony? Let the concealing shadows fall as they have done forever! Let the truth be covered! Beneath lies a doom more terrible than destruction, a continual fear, that would drive the world to madness. The mariner, the outcast, the bird, lean, in this lowering hour, upon the same soft bosom of tenderness. Life and death for them are held in the kind hand that never fails, and either dispensation will be their best blessing.

A lull for a few moments. The storm strides like an old giant up the steep road, halting at intervals to gather strength and nurse his fury. His work has a touch of desolation, and he springs to it with a rough growl and bluster, wholly given up to a kind of fiendish satisfaction. I have been thinking during this transient calm of the changes to which the universe is subject. Two hours never pass alike, with precisely the same cloud and blue sky. Every day wears a different aspect from the preceding or the following. Every life varies its distinctive features and garments from the cradle to the grave. The wisest cannot calculate with certainty as to the opening of a flower or the ruin of the smallest promise.

At sunset who dreamt of the present state of things? Evening closed in with peculiar beauty. The sun dropt into a low, black cloud as if it were all over with him. But soon one point of the cloud began to brighten; and the splendor, increasing quickly, became almost dazzling. The long mass, before so dark, was filled with radiance; and then the sky above caught the glow and carried it on to the fleecy, gray clouds beyond; till it seemed as if children had been flinging millions of roses upon the breeze, which had been borne aloft and stuck there to bloom a little for their innocent delight. One other sunset I remember like it, at sea. A night or two before we made Rio Janeiro, the heavens, from horizon to horizon, were covered with a similar blush. The dense clouds of a long, dull storm thinned away and separated into small feathery portions, most delicately tinted, coloring the broad ocean, like a wonderful Aurora.

So goes the world, and the wonder is, that with countless imperfections we can so well adapt ourselves to its vicissitudes; and the solemn thought is, that however unprepared we arrive at any crisis, a careful, perfect Love is always near to take us by the hand.

Open the blind and peep through the trees at the spreading country, if you can. There is a full moon the other side of the tempest, so that the prospect is not as dark as it might be. But we can see nothing

distinctly. The white village steeple is the only object that appears in a guise approaching its own; and that looks visionary. We should not see it but for the dark hill rising close behind. The rain resembles the heaviest mist that hangs upon the water, wan and wavering, sweeping by like troops of phantoms, sheeted and forlorn, from the grave-yard yonder. It blows a stream into our faces. We will shut the window and let the howling hurricane alone to report of what happens without.

How pleasant a brisk, wood fire would be; for this room is not too tight to the weather. The air comes through the crannies, threatening my lamp and chilling me with its cold dampness as if breathed from the lips of November. Besides this, the chimney and fireplace are spacious, and only a few feet intervene between the hearthstone and the outer darkness above. The furious gusts, therefore, do not hesitate to use this entrance among others to my lordly presence.

And why lerdly? Tell me if a man thoughtful and lonely, awake while others sleep, thrilled by invisible powers mightier than human forces, companioned by forms vague but sublime and often beautiful, beings not of this world, the great departed and those nearer ones whom he has loved and buried or been absent from for many living years, - tell me if this man is not sovereign of a splendid realm? Who can dispute his title? Who can snatch his crown? For the brief space that we are at any time alive to the wondrous influences of nature, alive to her loveliness and grandeur, touched truly by her sweet and awful voices, participants in her joy and sorrow; while we experience all this do we not rise superior to the potentates of earth? not with a loftier race who hold more intimate communion with the Eternal, and possess a deeper knowledge of his providence? And, as it is by the delicate workings of the individual mind that this spiritual world is brought near us, do we not of our own right, under Heaven, hold a kingdom that monarchs might envy? Their rule is over material forms, ours over invisible essences; their authority extends only to the outward act and appearance, ours to the passions, feelings, motives of the inward soul. Kings we may be "of a fantastic realm," but kings who have the wide heavens and the wide earth for their empire.

Here have I sat an hour or more driving the pen at a venture; now pausing to dream, and now to listen for the swelling of the wind after one of its naps. The battle continues bravely and seems likely to. The elements will not give up a strife, wherein, strange to say, there is such constant harmony. Upon what key has nature set her anthem to-night? A minor surely with the double bass in play. Yes, a melancholy strain is this blending of rustling leaves, creaking boughs, fast pattering rain, and sullen, roaring, never tiring winds. A practised ear YOL. IV.

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might discern a symphony in the confusion more exquisite than Beethoven has produced. Mine is not quick enough for that, but is satisfied with bending over occasional notes which remind me of mournful voices that have died away.

My curiosity is awakened on a sudden; and a fancy has glided off to the thickest part of the wood adjoining the opposite pasture. A deep, dark, tangled dell is there. The sunlight seldom reaches it, and few beams of a star from the clearest sky fall into its bosom. A charm reigns over the spot. What is the storm doing in that dense solitude? For miles around it the woodland stretches, and from every quarter pour in swollen streams of growing commotion, which meet with a noise of thunder, and tumble together, like foaming torrents, in this hollow among the trees. The tall pine, the slender birch, the young oak, and the strong elm shake with palsy, while their crashing limbs scatter the torn leaves upon the raging whirlpool of sound. But my truant fancy grows frightened and runs back under cover just as the fury of the scene subsides and the lonely dell settles gradually to a repose that will soon be broken again.

Down in the cornfield under my side window, off in the peach orchard on the slope below the barn, what is the storm doing there? Wait till the morning and see the grain levelled to the ground and broken, and the green fruit scattered, blown into the road and lodged upon the walls.

Still, the gale, after doing all this, and much more, is not spent to any sensible degree. I could shut my eyes and believe myself at sea very easily, where the waves will roll mountain high all night long, and the darkness seems to howl in pain. The heavy foliage gives us no faint roar of the ocean; and the top of this hill where we are perched like eagles in an eyrie, commands an expanse as broad and free and open to the north-easter as the main-top of a man of war laboring through the wide Atlantic.

One more look at the tall white spire, and the sheeted rain, and then Goodnight!

R. P. E.

[&]quot;LORD NUGERT describes himself as about to walk out of Hebron through the large gate, when his companions, seeing a train of camels approaching, desired him to go through "the eye of the needle"—in other words, the small side of the gate. This his lordship conceives to be a common expression, and explanatory of our Saviour's words; for, he adds, the sumpter camel cannot pass through unless with great difficulty, and stripped of his load, his trappings, and his merchandise."

MR. WALL'S GREAT PICTURE.

BY REV. E. E. HALE.

THE Christian poet of the Book of Revelations describes the coming triumphs of Christ in language which has always been remembered as most enthusiastic in the songs of triumph of the church. "And I saw. and behold, a white horse; and he that sat on him had a bow; and a crown was given unto him; and he went forth conquering, and to conquer." The image and the language are exactly fitted for poetry. The simple images of the old Hebrew poets, in their very simplicity give force and clearness to onr conception. And this single image of Conquest, the white horse bearing a royal rider on to victory, comes back to the Christian memory side by side with these consecrated symbols of older prophecy. As, with David, Jehovah makes the clouds his chariot; as, with Isaiah, trustful man mounts up on eagles' wings; so, with the unknown poet of "the Revelations" does Christ ride forth crowned, to victory. Pure as the white snow, - his winged words fly straight, quick and true, and there is given to him the crown of royalty: King of kings, he shall be owned the Master, to whom all owe dominion, and as he goes forth conquering, he shall ever go forth, yet to conquer.

For many months past, I have wished that some other pen might call the attention of the reader of these pages to Mr. Wall's grand picture, painted to illustrate this glowing Christian prophecy. Whoever has heard him speak, with all modest dignity, of the true duty of Christian art, would be sorry to hear another attempt to repeat his convictions or He foresees a noble future for Christian art, to which its past efforts in painting and in sculpture have only led us on. May it not prove that the Christian artist, by going far beyond the mere illustration of particular scenes in Scriptural history, by selecting a wider field for his Christian effort, may, in our day, go as far beyond the efforts of Catholic art, as they beyond classical, or merely Jewish inspiration. The Christian painter who lingered merely on the canvass which represented Rebecca at the well, fell far, very far, behind the higher genius of those men, who, in their paintings of scenes from Christian history, have, with all the fire of genius, exalted the beholder's conceptions of Christian truth and love and power. Of course he is the most successful Christian artist, who so handles his subject as to purify and exalt most the Christianity of those who look upon his picture.

How will Mr. Wall represent Christ conquering and to conquer? Shall the painter limit himself to the poet's symbol? Hardly so. A picture of the white horse, - of the crowned rider rushing forward, will hardly satisfy the eye. That will be only another effort, - from which the beholder shall turn back, saying, "This is not my conception of Jesus." That will only be another display with paint on canvass of physical force, - which, with the highest skill of art, will not be a true type of the moral triumph of the Faith. The poet's symbol is not the true symbol for the painter. Certainly not in this case, - perhaps it never is. It serves the imagination of the reader, or of the hearer. The reader, or the hearer will seize the simple idea of victory, -- of triumph: - and for himself complete the method of the triumph, sketch out its progress, and trace its history. But the painter can shew us more. We are not well satisfied unless he do shew us more. In illustrating this splendid prophetic ode of triumph, the great artist will shew us more than the mere words of the prophet who long ago proclaimed that the triumph had begun. And in the view at which we have hinted, the Christian artist is bound to shew us more. We read of the faith of Christ, that he rides forth thus crowned and triumphant, - and, as we have just now said, we tax our imagination and thought to show us how the prophecy has thus far been fulfilled, and how it may be, in days to come. What will be his crown? How does this triumph come to pass? Where do these arrows strike? How often is this bow bent which showers them? In one word, how does the world feel this moral conquest? Where is the progress of Christ's kingdom? We put to ourselves such questions in the moment that we read the poet's words. And when we hear of Christian art, we demand that it shall help us to this idea of Christian victory. It must help us to see the conquest of faith. We do not want merely to see the symbol which the poet used to illustrate it. We ask if Christian art cannot give us farther illustration of that victory of victories.

Mr. Wall attempts to meet this demand. His picture of the conquests of him who goes forth conquering, is a brave effort to raise the beholder's conception of the power of the Faith. Of course, it is hardly wise to attempt to describe it. What we have said ought to debar us from the effort.

He represents, in a painter's way, the victorious march of Christ. Far back, in the distance of the picture, are the altars and temples which remind you of the oldest worship of the world. They are almost veiled by the smoke of their own incense. And yet light shines cot from them. The Christian eye can still detect them in the far distance, for the smoke of those altars also, going up perpetually, went up to heaven! Their faith, poor though it might be, was based on the Godly

faith which is somewhere or other in every man's heart. And so, as you look back into that long, distant perspective of the ages, you can see sparks of light shining forward from those now forgotten fanes. Sparks of light, — and little more, for between us and that distance is the group of crosses upon Calvary,—there is the falling veil of the temple of a formal worship; and, as the great earthquake of that day shakes tombs and monuments of the past, a light as from heaven, radiates around the whole, in the brilliancy of which the flames from older and corrupt altars pale their ineffectual rays.

With such imagery in the distance, reminding the beholder of the outset of Christian triumphs, the artist has gone on to depict them. They vary in purity and circumstance, but still are victories, in each of which we may recall the memory of the Conqueror. Amid blood, perhaps, and crime, still is the prophecy fulfilled. The master goes forth conquering. Dim in the mass of groups, for which the history of conquering centuries claims a place upon the canvass, you may see Crusaders riding down the enemies of the Faith. Bitter conquests, those, indeed! And yet, somewhere in the hearts of those mail clad men. there was a veneration for the Master, and that veneration alone upheld' their wild chivalry so bravely and so long. There, again, are the groups of emigrants to our shores, Cortes, Pizarro, de Soto, the Virginians and the Pilgrims: - seekers for fame, for gold, for earthly immortality, for easy luxury or for homes, and yet on the banners of all of them was drawn the cross of Christ, and on the lips of all of them was the profession of his service. Even there.

> Amid the schemers, — and the men of lust, — Amid the soldiers, — and the men of crime, Who fled man's justice, there were men of prayer, Who sought God's face, — whose hearts were true to Christ.

And thus, on this mingled, but not confused chronicle, the painter leads the eye forward to the truer and more pure, the unmingled triumphs of him who goes forth conquering. Clear before the eye, undimmed by any mist or confusion or distance, you may see Penn, binding the Indian of the New World with the true Christians of the Old,—in warm alliance; you may see devoted missionaries calling converts from every island—of every color—of every name—and all kneeling together to praise the same God:—you may see teachers with one Word of Truth clasped in their hands, and collecting around them the learned of every science: the men who give a new value to whatever form of truth, by showing whence truth comes. There are chains falling from slaves' hands. Here are soldiers throwing down their weapons.

A group of priests and augurs, of the most varied rituals, are trampling on the machinery of their past mummeries, and with united hands hold up the cross which is the sign of the triumph which flashes so brightly on their faces. And these victories are working in the presence of teachers of every grade and name — sailors — women — children and missionaries, — all alike are calling all to him, — are aiding in the Christian conquest.

Now I know how readily the question will be asked, how these various groups can be harmonized in the same picture. This is for the artist to tell. It is his triumph if he succeeds in doing it. I cannot go into the arcana of the art. I do not know by what machinery of light and shade and grouping, - by what intertwining and arrangement, by what contrast and what resemblances it is, that a painter can present to me the idea of myriads of human beings, without confusing them be fore the eye, or making a motley chaos, a mere mob from the very mass of them. It is a mystery of the artist's genius, I suppose. A mystery of this noble art which he professes. A mystery of the processes of art which gives art the power to express that real harmony of spirit, which at times, binds together men, whose outside life is widely different. No one would feel amazed, who should have seen in life Penn and Fenelon meet together cordially, and with great enthusiasm of friendship. If the artist has any power, he ought to be able, - by what hidden transcendentalism of his genius we outside barbarians need not ask, -- to show such bond of inward sympathy, between those who appear most different.

It ought not to be impossible therefore, to bring together harmoniously the world of groups which we have been describing. The same spirit is involved in each. Christ conquering and to conquer is in all of them. And beneath the hand of genius they do harmonize in one picture. Boldly indeed, but not too boldly, the picture itself gives the key to their sympathy. The eye glances upward to see the source of the light from heaven which is shining upon them all. And there in the radiance of that light, a wreath of incense from the altars below has almost taken form. As you look upon it, - like the cloud of summer it becomes more and more distinct to your accustomed gaze; till at last you suspect, and then search for, and then detect in the midst of that blaze of light upon the canvass, a shadowy figure, from around which it radiates. It seems to be - it is the figure of a white horse and of his rider. Amid the very light of heaven there is just discernable, the shadowy transfigured form of one who has a crown upon his head, -and, amid the legions of earth below, you see how he goes forth conquering.

By this lovely, fanciful conception, which, as it stands on the canvass, could not displease the sternest taste, the artist connects his illustration of the triumphs of Christ, with the fervent Christian prophecy of those triumphs.

In speaking of this picture, I will not raise the discussion as to allegorical painting so called. Here is no allegory. It is the painting of facts. I will not discuss the artist's right to combine them on the canvass. If he has succeeded in his combination, he had a right, by all rale of art or of good taste to combine them. To any who is sceptical as to the effect of such combination of actions various in place and time, I can only say that with myself, the Catholic power of the whole picture sweeps away all such protest. Had I never thought so before, this picture would have taught me that all Christian victories are One victory. The crucifixion, the martyrdoms, the missions, the reforms, the pacifications of the world,—they are the conquest of different trophies on one battle-field. They are groups in one scene. They are the leaves of the crown of one Conqueror.*

REV. J. JOHNS.

SADLY have the tidings been borne to us across the ocean of the death of the zealous missionary, Rev. J. Johns of Liverpool, - of the loss of a good and useful man. How many of us go down to our graves without using our personal influence upon any beyond our immediate circle; but he of whom I speak labored in an extensive field, and faithfully did he discharge the duties thereof. Of his literary attainments it is not my purpose to speak; I would look upon him in his highest and noblest aspect, as the friend of the poor, as the Christian minister. Long will the lone widow wait and listen for a footstep which had become music to her ear; wearily will the orphans look for his coming who brought joy and peace to their dwelling; and heavily will the anxious wife and mother sigh as she thinks of the kind voice which was wont to soothe and sustain her in her daily depressing cares and anxieties. And the strong man, he who has been saved by his kind hand and voice from perils of soul and body, will drop a scalding tear as he thinks he shall see his friend no more. "Prayer and kindly in-

is I suppose that this picture is still to be seen in Mr. Wall's study in Boston. He has undertaken two other pictures which illustrate two other of these passenges of prophecy in a kindred spirit.

tercourse with the poor are the great safeguards of the spiritual life: they are more than food or raiment." And so Mr. Johns felt it to be. It was not duty but love which drew him so constantly to the dwellings of the lowly; it was not his profession but his noble, sympathizing heart which led him from morning until night among the weary and heavy laden - among the sinful and suffering. Of a highly wrought, poetical and susceptible temperament, his sensibilities were touched and his heart torn by the sufferings which he witnessed around him and which he, with all his assiduity, could only partially alleviate. Untiring in his efforts for their relief, he seized upon every project, every plan in which he could benefit them. To loan-societies, evening-schools, improved dwellings, in short every thing that could save, instruct or elevate them, he gave his time, his purse, his strength, and his whole heart. In his letters his constant theme was the poor; what he was doing or striving to do for them; and the bright face of Hope always seemed to be beaming upon him. He had apparently reached what Dr. Arnold supposes "the desirable feeling to entertain with regard to one's work, always to expect to succeed and never to think you have succeeded." As I write, his image, as I saw him some years since, rises before me. His simple, child-like manner, his devoted being, his earnest, sincere tone as he discoursed to the poor men and women who composed his audience, are deeply impressed upon my memory. O who can tell the void, can estimate the loss, of such an excellent man, such a Christian?

No one who knew him can be surprised at the cause of his death. As it was God's will to call him home while in the midst of a useful career, I cannot regret that he died in his devotion to those to whom he ministered through life. A man had died of ship fever, and none would assist the Catholic priest to remove the body except Mr. Johns, and both fell victims to what they considered their simple duty, but what the world may term their humanity. While on earth, his Master's business was his highest pleasure, and early has he been called to his reward. Like Bacon he felt that in this world God and the angels were spectators, and unceasingly did he labor in the vineyard which was given unto him. "The day which we falsely mourn as his last was the day of his better nativity." He has gone to those mansions of which he loved to speak and think, and where he taught the suffering to look for peace and repose, and the sinful for pardon and hope.

Alas! alas for those who are left to mourn for him; for the desolate hearth of the noble, loving wife and the young children! May the Father be with them and lift up the light of his countenance upon them!

EDITOR'S COLLECTANEA. NO. VII.

THE discourse of Dr. Frothingham at the funeral of Dr. Grav, bearing the title "Gathered to his People," seemed when we heard it to be so full of the author's elegant felicities of expression, and withal to be so marked by that rare merit in all obituaries, - simple vet not stinted justice to the subject, - that we remember earnestly desiring, at the time, that it might be printed and go forth to be an example in that kind of writing. That wish is now fulfilled; and by the published Sermon the impressions occasioned at its delivery are fully renewed and justified. It is the tribute of an accomplished and discriminating scholar. to an amiable and worthy divine. - We omitted, when it ought to have been done, to acknowledge gratefully the reception of the spicy and pungent "Centennial Address" of Rev. Mr. Babbidge at Pepperell, in February last. Admitting that a close controversy, pertaining to local and theological matters mixed, is ever desirable, we have here a specimen of the thing, done thoroughly and to some purpose. - Rev. A. P. Peabody, in the Sermon styled "The Triumphs of War," makes use of the foolish and thoughtless, if not unprincipled, demonstrations of rejoicing that followed the late capture of Vera Cruz by the American army, and the refusal of his own church at Portsmouth to participate in those demonstrations, to exhibit the utter inconsistency between all war and the teachings of Christianity, and to expose the unrighteousness and shamefulness of our present war in particular, - a work that he executes with great directness, fidelity and just effect. - Rev. Mr. Lunt's "Artillery Election Sermon" carries with it ample assurance of a strong intellect, affluent resources, and a hand well used to excellent writing. We are so accustomed, indeed, to admire whatever comes from its author, equally in style and spirit; the vigorous, firm and even current of his thought is so apt to bear us along with it; he presents his views in so noble and manly a fashion, that we are half vexed with ourselves for not wholly liking the able discourse before us. Whether from a prejudice on the peace question, or some other cause, we cannot help wishing that the force of so grand a performance were borne even more decidedly and unequivocally than it is, against every form of fighting. The sum of our objection is simply this, - that, whether justly or unjustly, the sermon will be taken by many persons, - persons whom we are sorry to see furnished with any arguments or any support, -as an apology for the making and conducting of wars.

Lunt, reasoning according to his convictions, with the singular sincerity and truthfulness that belong to him, — doubtless feels that what is the exact truth to his own mind is precisely the safest and in fact the only thing, possible for him to state. He is certainly right in this; and perhaps all we have to regret is that a single-hearted and earnest hater of bloodshed cannot speak out his whole idea, and draw careful distinctions, without being construed as the defender of a custom that he abhors.—
"The Minister and the Age," by Rev. Prof. Stebbins, is a manly declaration of the writer's impressions respecting the spiritual and social wants of the time, and the real worth and meaning of the ministerial office.

THE SPIRIT-CALL.

- "Men and worldlings, have ye never Heard the solemn spirit-call? Listen! for it whispers ever Unto one and unto all:
- "Wherefore to this dull earth cleaving, Listless as a noon-day cloud? Wherefore toiling, vainly weaving Golden lining for a shroud?
- "Truth bestows a crown of lightness, Easy on the brow it lies; But ye spurn it, lest its brightness Vex your film enveloped eyes.
- "Ye are cringing, ye are fawning,
 With your hearts at Fashion's feet;
 Up, arise! a day is dawning!
 Welcome it with chorals meet.
- "Then unclasp the 'Book of Ages,'
 Read it with the inner eye;
 Breathe thy soul upon its pages
 With a truth that shall not die.
- "Heed not, then, the gay winds driving, Let life's dark clouds earthward roll; Be ye dauntless, ever striving To perpetuate the soul!

Men and brethren, will ye never Listen to the spirit-call? Lo! it whispers, whispers ever, 'On forever! onward all!'"

·INTELLIGENCE.

ORDINATION AT ROXBURY, MASS. — Mr. W. R. Alger, recently of the Cambridge Divinity School, was ordained as Minister of the Mount Pleasant Congregational Society in Roxbury, on Wednesday, September 8, 1847. The exercises were as follows: — Introductory Prayer, by Rev. Mr. Huntington of Boston; Selections of Scripture, by Rev. Mr. Hall of Dorchester; Sermon, by Rev. Mr. Lothrop of Boston; Ordaining Prayer, by Rev. Mr. Alger of Marlborough; Charge, by Rev. Mr. Peabody of Boston; Right Hand of Fellowship, by Rev. Mr. Hale of Worcester; Address to the Society, by Rev. Dr. Putnam of Roxbury; Concluding Prayer, by Rev. Mr. Thomas of South Boston.

An act of fraternal generosity and Christian courtesy on the part of the old Society, (Dr. Putnam's,) was mentioned in the course of the services, namely, that the old Society had presented the new one with a service of plate for the communion table. With a church building unencumbered by debt, with harmonious relations among themselves and towards their fellow Christians and neighbors, and with an acceptable and earnest minister, the Mount Pleasant Society have encouraging prospects.

ORDINATION AT NEWBURYPORT, MASS. — Mr. T. W. Higginson, late of the Cambridge Divinity School, was ordained Pastor over the First Religious Society in Newburyport, on Wednesday, September 15, 1847. The following was the order of exercises: — Introductory Prayer, by Rev. Mr. Clarke of Boston; Selections from the Scriptures, by Rev. Mr. Nichols of Saco, Me.; Sermon, by Rev. W. H. Channing; Ordaining Prayer, by Rev. Dr. Nichols of Portland, Me.; Charge, by Rev. Mr. Clarke of Boston; Right Hand of Fellowship, by Rev. Mr. Stone of Salem; Address to the People, by Rev. Mr. Fox of Boston.

ORDINATION AT CHARLEMONT, Mass.—Mr. George F. Clark, late of the Cambridge Divinity School, was ordained "as an Evangelist in Charlemont and its vicinity," on Wednesday, August 11, 1847. The following was the order of exercises:—Introductory Prayer, by Rev. Mr. Everett of Northfield; Reading of the Scriptures, by Rev. Mr. Nightingale of Cabotville; Sermon, by Rev. Mr. Gray of Boston; Ordaining Prayer, by Rev. Mr. Field of Charlemont; Charge, by Rev. Mr. Brown of Brattleboro', Vt.; Right Hand of Fellow-

ship, by Rev. Mr. McIntyre of Brattleboro'; Concluding Prayer, by Rev. Mr. Stearns of Rowe, Mass.

"The services at the church were all good, and none too long. At thei close, the whole congregation were invited to partake of a collation at the house of Rev. Joseph Field, and to listen to some addresses and to music it the grove near by. The people were much interested at the church, and very cheerful, social and happy at the festival which followed. Mr. Clark enter upon an interesting field of labor. He ministers to a people widely scattered but united in faith and zeal. He preaches alternately in Charlemont and Shel burne: two towns which are together more than twenty miles long. Mr. Stearns of Rowe, of whose interesting little society high up among the hills we have often heard, will be his only near neighbor of our denomination; but he will not be without other friendly encouragement and sympathy. We bid him God speed." [New York Inquirer.

FOREIGN ITEMS.

THE RAGGED SCHOOL IN NEWCASTLE. - The new school in Sandgate near the Wide Open, is worthy of a visit. We looked in on Monday and found between forty and fifty barefooted boys - some busy with their less. ns. others noisy and frolicsome - all of them answering to the description of "rough and ready." Like most street-boys, they are quick and apt - naturally gifted, but rude and uncultured. The master, a patient, laborious, intelligent young man, has rapidly increased his school to its intended limit; and, if the institution should be adequately supported, he will be provided (as he ought to be) with an assistant. The importance of the work in which he is engaged cannot be over-estimated. Boys, whose home (we may almost say) is the street, are here brought under intellectual and moral training, and have a way of escape opened out to them from an after-life of ignorance and crime. Many of them are orphans - some of them worse than orphans. It is the duty and interest of society to step into the place of their parents; and they will richly repay good husbandry. At the close of their forenoon lessons, the master dispensed a basketful of bread and cheese. [Gateshead Observer.

OPENING OF MR. GEORGE DAWSON'S NEW CHAPEL AT BIRMINGHAM.—
On the morning of Sunday, this very elegant chapel, which has been in course of erection during the summer, was opened, when an elegant and impressive address, occupying about an hour and a half in the delivery, was given by Mr. Dawson to a crowded congregation, among whom were the Mayor of Birmingham, and other leading men of the town. Several friends were also present from London, Manchester, Derby, Nottingham, Norwich, &c. The discourse was expository of Mr. Dawson's religious views, and the grounds of union among the members of the congregation. The friends of Mr. Dawson at a distance will be glad to learn that this preliminary and expository address is to be printed. Care was taken to secure the valuable services of a gentleman accustomed to report the eloquent and rapid utterance of this remarkable speaker. [Manchester Examiner.

THE

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SWEDENBORG.*

BY REV. SAMUEL OSGOOD.

Or the many noted men who flourished in the eighteenth century, Sweden may claim the credit of having produced the two most singular. In their own spheres — the one among kings, the other among philosophers — they stand almost entirely by themselves. To some it is still an open question, whether the one was a demigod or madman; and the other, the chief of prophets or the strangest of monomaniacs.

In the year 1718, these two comets were accidentally brought into conjunction. Charles, bent on finishing the war which he had been waging with the powers of Northern Europe, was laying siege to Frederickshall, a fortified city in Norway. Himself possessed of mathematical powers of no common order, he needed one of the ablest engineers of his kingdom to aid him in his plans. Swedberg, the son of a Swedish bishop, had already attracted the king's notice by his scientific attainments, and was called to the work. By machines of his own

- *1. Lectures on Swedenborgianism, delivered in the Theological Seminary, Andover, February, 1846. By Leonard Woods, D. D., Professor of Theology. Boston, 1846.
- Swedenborgianism Reviewed. By Enoch Pond, D. D., Professor in the Theological Seminary, Bangor, Me. Portland, 1846.
- 3. Mesmer and Swedenborg; or the Relation of the Developments of Mesmerism to the Doctrines and Discourses of Swedenborg. By George Bush. New York, 1847.

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invention, this engineer contrived to transport over the mountains a small fleet of galleys and boats, which enabled the king to carry his artillery near the walls of the besieged city. Charles was killed in the attack. The engineer, soon to be known by the name Swedenborg, lived more than a half century afterwards. Already he was a marked man, and probably regarded by his countrymen as destined to make a figure among the scientific men of the age. He had gained some reputation by his mathematical and philosophical publications of recent date, and it had not probably been quite forgotten, that nearly ten years before, he had put forth a little work on the Ancient Moralists, and a collection of Latin verses. As yet, however, there was nothing in this man to give any just idea of his subsequent course. Thirty years of his life had passed without affording any indication of those elements of character that were to make him, in the view of all, the most celebrated mystic, and in the faith of some, the illuminated seer of his age. probably had as little thought as his friends, of his singular career.

It has become a frequent and interesting question, what we shall think of his claims as a teacher of morals and religion. Was he a profound philosopher, veiling his abstractions under mystical imagery? Was he, as his followers maintain, both a profound philosopher and inspired prophet? Or was he a monomaniae?

The works which stand at the head of this article are sufficient proof that his system has attracted considerable attention among the theologians as well as the people of this country. The list might have been increased many fold. It is enough to state that two of the prominent theological professors of New-England have felt themselves in duty talled to give each a distinct course of lectures upon Swedenborgianism. Prof. Bush of late has taken the lead in advocating the system. To state the whole ground at issue between the parties would be no small fabor. Profluxity is especially the quality of our Swedenborgian friends. Prof. Bush has already sent forth a huge pamphlet of more than two hundred close pages in reply to Dr. Woods's little book, and several replies have been made to Dr. Pond. If the Fabian policy holds good in literature, and delay conquers, the champions of the Swede are likely to win, unless the opposite party is by a miracle made proof against the fatigue of an interminable campaign.

The little work of Dr. Woods is rather more close in its argument than that of his brother professor, and apparently less open to criticism, although far less interesting and comprehensive. Neither of these works equal in metaphysical power the small pamphlet recently put forth by an officer of our army upon Swedenborg's doctrines in comparison with those of Spinoza. The resemblance indicated is remarkable.

As to Prof. Bush, no reader of his various treatises can deny him the credit of scholarship, ability and candor. Yet the ease and apparent earnestness with which he reconciles all stubborn and contradictory facts with the doctrines of his present faith is remarkable. Of old, as an Orthodox commentator upon the Bible, he displayed an ingenuity of interpretation that made many a grave head shake with alarm. But in his recent works, he has completely distanced all former achievements. Of course he might be expected to find the three senses of his creed in every line of Scripture, as he receives it, but the facility with which he has developed the cyclopedia of human knowledge from the dark savings of the mesmeric shoemaker, Davis, has given us great misgiving. In finding proof of mastery of the Hebrew language in doubtful words from the mouth of this person, he indicates a keenness of insight that might have given its possessor a high name among those Old Rabbins who found seventy-two faces in Scripture. His "Statement of Reasons for embracing the Doctrines and Disclosures of Swadenborg," gives a very interesting view of his previous conflicts of faith, and exhibits very obviously the features of the New Church system which led him to renounce the old faith. It is an important chapter in the religious history of the nineteenth century.

Without presuming to treat in detail the many topics started by the controversy in question, we would take a rapid glance at the career of Swedenborg, with the hope of finding the clue to his system in his own history, and of accounting in some measure for the nature of his influence.

We said, that he reached the age of thirty without giving any indication of his final course. Yet, two or three circumstances in his early history are worthy of note as bearing upon his future development.

The son of a Lutheran minister, he was of necessity led to think of religious subjects from his childhood. He appears in his early years to have exhibited decided religious sensibilities and convictions. His remarks frequently surprised his parents and made them sometimes say that angels spoke through his mouth. Little folks have large ears, and we have his own authority for believing that the boy remembered very well, that he had been thought worthy of being visited by angels. Such facts have great influence in forming the character.

Before he was twelve years old, he showed a turn for theological argument, and was fond of conversing with the clergy who visited his father's house, upon the value of faith and charity, always stoutly contending that love is the very soul of religion, the vital principle of faith as of virtue. It is not difficult to see why it was that his mind turned in this direction, when we consider how dry and dogmatical the Luther-

an religion had become at that time, and that having lost the fervor of the great reformer's spirit, it dealt too exclusively in barren formulas and scholastic creeds. Few persons of any considerable acquaintance with theological disputations and homiletics will be found who cannot sympathize with this bright boy in the emphasis with which he urged the worth of a true spirit, and the nothingness of a creed without a heart of love.

When just of age, Swedberg started on his travels through Europe, and passed four years thus, visiting the chief cities of England and the Continent. There was not much in the religious or theological world to stir or instruct him. It was a cold and dark time in the Christian Church, and the traveller found nothing so interesting as Mathematics and the Natural Sciences. In these he won such honor as to be offered the choice between a professorship in the University of Upsala, and the office of Assessor on the Board of Mines. The science of nature was his delight, and he chose the pursuit which would make it his business to study the mineral kingdom.

Put all these facts together — his religious sensibility — charitable spirit — his position among dogmatists — his ardor for science; and we may see some connection between his early and later years. At least we shall not deem it impossible that the Swedish engineer, who, the year after his exploit at Frederickshall, was ennobled by Queen Ulrica, and under the name of Swedenborg took his seat with the Equestrian Order of Nobles, should afterwards astonish his age by a system of theology which combined scientific form with mystical revelation.

Unknown to himself his education went on. First mathematician and mechanic, he pressed on in his studies into the nature of things, until he dared to venture upon topics which most men regarded as beyond the scope of human reason or forbidden to human curiosity. He appears to have exhausted the scientific knowledge of his time respecting the kingdoms of nature, to have made discoveries in the economy of organic beings, and then to have passed on towards the science of the soul and of the spiritual world. Yet what he called his chosen hour, the time of his divine illumination as he styled it, did not come for years. The man introduced to us at thirty as the scientific engineer, must continue the man of science yet twenty-four years more and until past fifty, that sober age when most men fold their pinions and keep pretty close to the earth.

During these twenty-four years, he published at intervals of about ten years, his two great works, that on the Mineral and that on the Animal Kingdom. From these, especially the latter, we may learn very plainly the tendency of his pursuits. His mind becomes more and more reverent as he advances in the study of the Universe. He feels himself as within a vast temple of the Godhead, and approaching from its outward walls nearer and nearer the inner shrine and covereign glory. The study of Anatomy in which he was a proficient and even a discoverer, had for him peculiar sacredness. He searched through the mazes of the nerves and brain as through a mystical labyrinth, boping to find the clue to guide him towards the invisible soul and that hallowed chamber where God reveals his spirit.

In his scientific works, we find the essential principles which afterwards formed the basis of his theological system — certainly his prominent doctrine of the analogy between things natural and spiritual — the correspondences between the soul and body, and his theory of order ow degrees. We do not know of any words that can describe what he was aiming at better than the passage from Bacon's Essay on the Advancement of Learning, which speaks of the summit of human science and the way to gain it by uniting the notions and concaptions of sciences. "For knowledges are as pyramids whereof history is the basis. So of Natural Philosophy, the basis is Natural History; the stage next the basis is physic; the stage next the vertical point is metaphysic. As for the vertical point, 'Opus quod operatur Deus a principio usque ad finem,' the summary law of nature, we know not whether man's including can attain unto it. But these three be the true stages of knowledge, and are to them that are deprayed no better than giants' hills:

'Ter sunt conati Pelio Ossam,

Scilicet, atque Ossæ frondosum involvere Olympium.¹

But to these which refer all things to the glory of God, they are as the three acclamations, 'Sancte, Sancte, Sancte;' holy in the description or dilatation of his works; holy in the connexion or concatenation of them; and holy in the union of them, in a perpetual and uniform law.'?

To the vertical point of this pyramid, the Swede strove to climb, and thought to do it by going over the whole realm of nature and exploring the animal kingdom to ascend at last to the pinnacle of the soul. "Thus," wrote he, "it is my hope, if I bend my course continually inwards, that I shall be enabled through the divine power, to open all the doors which lead to her presence, and at length to be admitted to a full contemplation of herself." From this pinnacle in presence of the soul and with the guidance of her divine laws and oracles, he hoped to stand on the very summit of creation and chant his thrice "Sancte" to the Creator.

- But the effort was too much for him; too much for his sanity, say his opponents—too much for his reason without special illumination, say vol. 1v. 41*

his disciples. Before his great work on the Animal Kingdom had gone through the press, the author appeared in a wholly different character. The man of science retires into the background, and lo—the illuminated seer appears claiming to hold communion with God and angels; to have authority to interpret Scripture and tell the secrets of heaven and hell. Here is truly a most interesting problem for us. Here cautious reason looks upon the seer with great misgiving, whilst the faith of his disciples from this time forward hails him as the revealer of a New Dispensation of Christianity, in comparison with which all that men had recognized as Christianity is but darkness.

It would be very easy to gather ludicrous particulars and make a jest of Swedenborg's illumination. But such a course would be neither wise nor fair. However erroneous his claims to supernatural revelation may be, there is no good ground for questioning his sincerity, or denying the worth of many of his views of man and Providence. The best course will be to consider his own estimate of his mission and the nature and extent of his labors in his new calling, and thus let his career speak for itself.

He considered himself chosen to his office, "to the end," as he says, "that the spiritual knowledge which is revealed at this day might be rationally learned and rationally understood; because spiritual truths answer unto natural ones, inasmuch as these originate and flow from them and serve as a foundation for the former. I was on this account first introduced into the natural sciences and thus prepared from the year 1700 to 1745, when heaven was opened unto me."

To trace his mental history through the subsequent period of his life, nearly thirty years until his death in 1772, would be an interesting study to one curious of searching into the singular developments of the human mind. We are not aware that it has ever been attempted, although the publication of his spiritual Diary must facilitate the work. For us to attempt it here is wholly out of the question alike from want of time and from the intrinsic difficulty of the subject. We must be content with a glance at his principal works and his mode of life.

There seem to be three principal stages in his mental life during the period before us. The first fruits of his illumination were given to the world in his Celestial Arcana, a work in twelve volumes, on the internal sense of the Pentateuch, the first volume of which was printed in 1749. Soon after the completion of this huge work, he gave his views mose the form of a theological system; in his treatise on the New Jerusalem, in 1758, he announced the passing away of the Old Church and the advent of the New; and in the volume on "Heaven and Hell," professed to unfold the nature of the spiritual world, even to the very

geography of its three domains. As we read of the Swede's prophecy of the fall of the prevalent Christianity, and especially of the old Calvinistic system of justifying faith and original sin, we cannot help thinking of a very different man in our New England who was at that time engrossed with a very different work. On the banks of the Connecticut, the mighty Puritan Edwards was contemplating the rise of a new age of Calvinistic strictness, and hoping to hasten the good day by his treatise on Original Sin. The year 1757 which Swedenborg declared to be the date of the ending of the world or passing away of the Old Church was the date of the work of Edwards.

Five years after his treatise on the New Jerusalem, Swedenborg published his deepest metaphysical work, the Wisdom of Angels concerning the Divine Love and Wisdom, a work, which in the opinion of Prof. Bush, contains more true science in respect to the constitution of the universe, than all the learned tomes of all the Libraries of Christendom. This production virtually completed the development of his system and gave a philosophic symmetry to views that had before appeared in an exegetical and doctrinal form. He added little that was new by his subsequent publications. The most valuable of his works was indeed composed afterwards. But its value lies in the fact that it is a compendious statement of his previous communications. For the "True Christian Religion" aims to combine in a single volume the results of his former studies and illuminations. He wished to live to finish and publish this. The wish was granted; and the year after the publication was made he died.

Of the amount of his composition we dare not risk an estimate. It is enough to say that in amount nearly 30 octavo volumes of 500 pages each have been published, and the end is not yet.

Would we form some idea of the man and his way of life, just take the aid of the few sketches of him that have reached us, and look upon him in his singular retreat. Let the time be the summer of 1766 or \$77. He lives in the southern suburbs of Stockholm. His house is pleasantly situated, and has an attractive garden with a handsome summer house with two wings. We may judge of the kindness of his nature by his plans for entertaining his visitors. Of children he is especially fond, and he has constructed a curious labyrinth in a corner of his garden for their amusement. His mode of living is very simple, and the gardener and his wife are all his retinue. Much of his time he spends in his little study and often labors there all night. His most frequent book is the Bible. He has copies of it in various tongues before him. His Library is kept in one of the wings of his summer house, a room which seems to be a kind of temple whose peculiar

structure and dim light made it suitable for retirement and contemplation. Visit him and he is affable, perfectly ready to converse upon the loftiest topics, and to speak freely, now of his intercourse with angels, and now upon the most subtile of metaphysical questions. His age is not far from 70. His face is bland and cheerful, although pensive in expression. He is thin and pale, but not without traces of beauty, and with a manner that at once engages the attention. He is somewhat above the average stature, and quite dignified in bearing. He speaks in a slow, deliberate tone that serves to stimulate curiosity in the listeners. Sometimes, when interrupted, he is found with a peculiar expression on his countenance; his eyes open and elevated as in a trance, and shining with a singular light. In dress he is careless, and in manners often eccentric.

Thus the Swedish seer passed some of his seasons of illumination. After the completion of any important work, he went to some country more promising in literary facilities, generally to England to give it publication.

There he died in 1772. A fortnight before his death he received the sacrament from the hand of Mr. Ferelius, a Swedish minister in London, and in a conversation with him insisted upon the truth of all his previous statements.

[To be concluded.]

VICTOR HARRISON.

Victor Harrison was a handsome fellow, and like most men who have the advantage of a fine person without an uncommon proportion of brains, he valued himself chiefly on that account. It was his good heart and frank disposition, however, that chiefly recommended him to other people.

- "What a superb officer I should make!" said he, one day, with ingenuous vanity, as he advanced and receded before a mirror which he had inclined at such an angle as to reflect his whole figure. Two pretty giels sat laughing together at his peacock-like self-admiration.
- . "Is not that just the shoulder for an epaulette? and a fine hollow back, is it not? And, without vanity, I may say, such a chest as mine needs no padding to make it noble enough for a Hercules, or a Juniter!



Quite thrown away in a counting room, or even in a parlor — I'll volunteer, I declare!"

- "Not with my consent," said his yet beautiful mother; "not with my consent, Victor."
- "Can't spare you," said his pale and careworn father. "I can't do without you."
 - "You'll be killed! you'll never come back," said his pet sister.
- "And if you do, I'll have nothing to say to you," said his betrothed Helen.
- "Mother, I'm too tall to be tied by your apron string. Father, I'm twenty-one and my own master. Sister, I'm no girl to be afraid. Helen, you shall sing, 'And it's oh in my heart that I wish him safe at home.'"
 - " Not I. Mr. Volunteer."
 - "O, you can't be in earnest! My only brother!"
 - "Ungrateful, is it thus you use your freedom?"
- "Far from my apron string my voice will still sound in your ears, my own boy," said the harp-like tones which had always reached his heart, from his infancy, and lulled all its stormy passions to sleep.

Let me pause a moment at the brow of the hill; give me time to take one more look. How lovely, how peaceful the scene! And am I indeed going to carry the sword and the brand to peaceful homes, and full of loving hearts, like them I left behind! Home — mother — farewell!

Victory or death! We go forth to conquest and glory! We shall win never dying fame, and our country's gratitude! Three hundred brave hearts, bounding with young blood; we'll pour it out like water at our country's call! If we fall, a nation shall weep for us! If we win, the whole world shall hear of our prowess! Our names shall go down to future ages! We will extend the area of freedom! Our very enemies shall bless us hereafter! Hurra! On—on—let us not be too late for the battle! Let them win no laurels we may not share! Our horses are prancing as if they shared our spirit.

Are you soldiers? Are you even men, and can you so despise each other? Can vice stalk shameless and unrebuked in open day? Can I, even I, like others, learn to view these things with indifference — without abhorrence? Was it for such society as this that I became a volunteer! Even now, I blush to think of my pure-minded sister, my high spirited betrothed. I am shocked, and my very soul disgusted by what

I daily see and hear. Custom must blunt my senae of it; heaven grant it may not do more. My very prayers seem polluted by the air I breathe. Yet will I not be degraded and vile; I will keep myself from evil. There have been and are high-souled men who have been soldiers, though they are strangely rare among us. Mother, I hear thee; I am still worthy of thee, worthy to be called thy son. Be with me, even in a camp.

Oh, this intolerable sun! This raging thirst! There is nothing before us, my good steed, but the burning waste, covered with prickly cactus, for many a weary mile. Water, water; would I not exchange a year of my life for the sight of a fountain? I would, were it but for the sake of those who are suffering more than I. Poor fellows; how they pant and stagger! One has dropped; must we leave him at the road side, to the mercy of the Camanches? Heaven forbid; while I have the power to walk. Place him in my saddle. I will support him. Courage! The longest day must have an end.

I have been in presence of the enemy; I have done my part in a battle. We have been viotorious. The newspapers, from one and of the Union to the other, will be full of boasting. We have counted our dead, and gathered up our wounded. And shall we exult because they are few, and the enemy's loss so great? Let us hide a fact which makes our victory a butchery, a massacre. There are no laurels to be won in Mexico. Not a day will I stay, when my time is up. My visions of glory are gone. I see only bloody toil which even my general's "rough and ready" nature revolts at; an endless struggle of trained valor with well-founded hatred, and ill disciplined patriotisms. Were I a Mexican, I could fight heartily; my noblest instincts would be roused to defend hearth and home, friends and all I hold dear. I would die, ere I would yield an inch of my native soil to be peopled by tyrants and slaves. Well may their watch-cry be "God and my Country!"

And feeling thus, can I do my duty as a soldier! I cannot withdraw, I should be branded with infamy as a coward. I am hut an instrument, a weapon! I am not a free agent. May this plea serve me when God shall judge me for the deeds of this day. Not mine be the blame; not on my head be the blood of this multitude. I aimed at no individual; I have done no murder. One poor fellow I did indeed ride down, as he was pointing his rusty blunderbuss at my breast. I cast but one glance behind, as my horse planted his hoof upon his heaving bosom; but never, never can I forget that upturned face. It will haunt one to

my dying hour, whether I die in old age, or lie bleeding on this blood soaked ground tomorrow. Surely, it was an act of self-defence! A man has a right to defend his own life; at least, nature seems to say so much.

No; mother, I cannot listen to you on this point. I will not believe. Would even you have had me take the fellow's fire? Among the hideous gory forms I have seen writhing in death on this accursed field, are there not many whose wounds must have been the consequence of my undistinguishing shot, and why should I think so much of one? Yet I wish I had not this remembrance, this feeling that it was a personal conflict; anger, hot blood; not simple soldierly duty; not mechanical, unresponsible action; work done for hire, at another's bidding.

O war! Much have they to answer for, who put such engines in motion. Bad kings and rulers well earn the throne among the spirits of the damned, which the poet assigns them. But is my heart and conscience relieved by condemning others? No; I can no longer bear solkude. Gambling — drinking — anything but thought, henceforth.

Wounded - perhaps dying - Oh, my mother!

Who has drawn me from beneath the horses' feet? who is bathing my thirsty lips? what friend is near? It is an enemy—but a Christian. O thanks, thanks; and is it a Mexican woman who shows me this mercy in my utmost need? How many Mexican mothers have we bereaved! How many wives have we widowed! We who were better taught! We who thought ourselves better Christians! It is the Catholic who obeys the hardest, the highest command. O, true follower of Jesus! The blessing of him that was ready to perish, be on you.

O, sleep, that never failed me in health, why do you fly my pillow of anguish! O, for one hour of sweet oblivion of pain; one hour's forgetfulness of the hospital and these heart sickening moans. I could suffer, and no murmur escape, could I even dream of my mother's kind voice, my sister's gentle hand, Helen's pitying eye. I were selfish to complain, since while I invoke sleep to comfort me, yonder lies one who calls on death for relief. His agony wrings my heart, for we have long been companions in hardship and danger, and hoped to return home together at last. Were I nearer, my voice might comfort him. I might bear his dying messages to —— I bear them? Who among us knows that he shall ever return? The very air is hostile to us. How long will our brethren at home support the cruel policy that

sends us here to die! Must this fatal soil be whitened with the bones of brave men, and shall no one be called to account?

I begin to long for active service. Soon I shall be able to bear arms. I am weary of inaction, under the persecuting power of thought. I shall feel my spirits return, when I am once more doing my duty. Yes, duty shall be my watchword. Every man has his duty; a soldier his, and a hard and stern duty, which many would shrink from that yet require it of us. I can obey orders; for what object they are, is not for me to question. My duty is plain, under the circumstances in which, by my own foolish and thoughtless choice, I am placed. Yes, it was my own rash act which placed me where my duty to God and my duty to man are at variance.

Yet are they so? If they are, ought I to remain in the service a day longer? Let me leave subtleties to theologians; I need not examine a question on which good men disagree, no; I am no profound thinker. It is not for me to doubt. Have not prayers for success, and thanksgiving for victories, risen from many a church of Christ? And if ours is not a righteous cause, not mine the blame. Yet

Joy! My letters have come to hand, at last. A strange hand! a black seal! Can Death have invaded that peaceful, happy spot?

'She died calmly, hoping for that peace which passeth all understanding.'

My mother — shall I never again hear your voice! and no message of forgiveness, not a word of blessing for me, even for me.

' Your father is bankrupt and broken-hearted.'

That scoundrel's doing whom I left in my place. Did I not warn them not to trust him too far?

'Your sister will not live till your return. See Postscript.'
Helen married!

A starving, half clad prisoner. Only the brave are generous. Cowardly hatred will barely suffer us to live, that we may endure its insults. This neglected wound in the face — must I be a hideous object for life? Helen waited not for this, to desert me for another!

A chilling norther benumbs my limbs. Hunger is gnawing at my life. I am weary and faint. I shall be retaken. They will carry me back to endure all the ignominy hatred can invent, and I shall die by inches in helpless captivity; my very grave, if I am not denied ene, will be trampled by insulting feet.

I wish I could sweep these Mexicans from the face of God's earth! They deserve not to live. Cannon are too merciful; bombs not unsparing enough; pestilence is too good for them. How I hate them, for their dastardly cruelty!

I must sink down — I can go no farther. Here let them find me. My comrades shall avenge my sufferings a hundred fold. A hundred rascally Mexicans for one American!

I must sleep. My waking will perchance be a rough one.

A gentle touch, this, if it be an enemy's hand; a kind and pitying face! Shall I trust you? Will you not betray me? Is there one Mexican bosom in which natural humanity is not soured — turned to cruel malice and revenge? Food — Is it not poisoned? Safe shelter, is it treachery?

It is midnight. A comfortable bed is such a strange luxury that I cannot sleep. Its soft, warm embrace is doing even more good to my soul than to my body. My heart was crushed. I had lost my faith in human nature; for my own worst passions were stirred, and my own mercy turned to gall. War makes men devils!

Shall I again need to ask, Can a man serve his God and lead a military life? If I look upon Christ as my exemplar, I cannot follow him in the camp, and to the battle-field, for I can nowhere trace his steps, or his spirit. His example was lost to my view, when most I needed its light. Now I can indeed feel the sublimity of his dying love for those who mocked, scourged and crucified him. I feel shocked at the malignant feelings which I have indulged, when I think of patience and forgiveness he sets before me as a pattern. His enemies returned evil for his good — mine merely evil for evil.

Am I dreaming, or waking? Whence comes this bright light, dazzling my aching eyes? Who are these bright and graceful forms, bending over me, and smiling? One bears the form of my sister; is she then a spirit? Are ye angels, come to bear me away from this darkened world?

"Dear Victor: I thought we should never have waked you! Your brows were knotted — so, — look at me; your hands were clenched, and your teeth set. We were half afraid to awake you. Never go to sleep in the orchard again, I beg. Tea has waited an hour." So spoke the sister; and her energetic shaking and clapping of the dreamer's shoulder proved her no ethereal visitant.

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"No wonder you had the nightmare, dreaming, doubtless, of epaulettes and drums," said her companion, archly.

"Yes, Helen; and would to God every young man might have as safe and happy a waking from his dreams of glory. Come — let us march at double quick time, for I am half starved; and I long to be further convinced I am awake, by the sight of a smiling father, and a loving rebuke from the lips of my mother."

c. w. L.

THE MISSIONARIES.

[Concluded.]

CHAPTER VI.

The life of a local missionary generally affords but little variety; its history is written in the self-sacrifice of devoted hearts, in the experience of hope and disappointment, the earnest conflict with ignorance, superstition and error. None could have been more faithful to their trust, than were Mr. and Mrs. Maywood. Withdrawn from the sympathy of their brethren, — for, in rejecting a creed, they had forfeited their fellowship, — with untiring energy they followed out, alone and unassisted, the path of duty which their own judgment and experience prescribed.

Simply they expounded Gospel truths, and enforced moral duties; patient with the ignorant, forbearing with the vicious, gentle and charitable to all. Many discouragements they experienced, for among the multitudes who thronged to them, with specious words, but few, comparatively, remained to profit by instruction. When they found no worldly lure was held out to them, and no tangible good could be obtained, the greater part returned to their idols; many derided, and others sought by petty annoyances to discourage and drive them away.

But, "in patience they possessed their souls." "We have never allowed ourselves," said Mr. Maywood, "to feel disheartened under the most adverse circumstances; in the darkest hour some gleam of hope was always visible, which led us cheerfully on, putting our trust in Him whose arm is ever stretched out to succor the weak and fainting."

The establishment of a school early engaged their attention, but it had long to struggle against prejudice and opposition. It was thought discreditable for females to read and write, — they were doomed to the drudgery of life, — the hereditary slaves of man's pleasure and con-

venience. The privileges of caste, too, were jealously observed; and children of different orders would not meet together in the ordinary concerns of life without reproach and degradation. The prejudices of a people so shut out from the civilized world, and receiving their customs unchanged from generation to generation, are necessarily very strong, and in proportion to their ignorance, are they inaccessible to reason, and disinclined to reform.

Frequently, young children of both sexes were found deserted in the highways, and perishing from want, the victims of that unnatural custom which allows a parent to cast away his child when it becomes burdensome. These were joyfully received into the school, and having none to interfere with them, were looked upon with especial hope, as the future native missionaries of their country.

Three years of patient trial and unwearied exertion had not damped the sanguine expectations with which the missionaries commenced their labors; for at that time, we thus read in Anna's journal.

"Our school has very much increased of late, and gives promise of abundant success. The children are more dull than we at first supposed, and those domesticated in the family readily enough adopt our habits. The language has become quite familiar to our ears, and we speak it with tolerable fluency, which greatly facilitates our intercourse with the natives, and renders instruction easy. Many children are sent to be taught English, that they may be fitted for employment in various civil and military establishments which the English hold here, and which offers a tempting field for the cupidity and ambition of the na-We know, from the experience of others, that as soon as they are sufficiently instructed, they will be carried back, if possible, to their idolatry and their former habits. But we hope the influence acquired over their young minds during this important period, may never be effaced, but that, even in the midst of idolatry, they may continue to cherish the spirit of the Gospel in their own hearts, and by a pure example, commend it to the hearts of others. I cannot believe that any effort made in the service of God and humanity, will be wholly lost; like the ! little leaven ' hid in a measure of meal, it must diffuse its virtue silently, slowly and effectually, till the whole mass is leavened, and made ready for the kingdom of God.

"I wish that any of our distant friends who fancy we are spending life in a vain cause, could realize the utter degradation of their fellow creatures in this benighted region of the world! Never shall I forget the horror and abasement which I felt, when I first entered a heathen temple! My heart seemed to stand still with intense emotion, nor would I raise my eyes to gaze upon the hideous and distorted images

before which the people prostrated themselves in frenzied devotion! Thousands of these deluded people daily load those senseless blocks with costly offerings, to propitiate their favor, and inflict on themselves stripes and torments as an atonement for their sins! No spiritual aspirations bear their benighted souls beyond the visible and gross personification of the unseen; no light of truth dawns on their darkened minds, no heavenly voice cheers them with the tidings of futurity; all without and within, gross darkness, which the mere light of reason can never penetrate!

"With what grateful feelings would the friends of humanity turn from this chilling spectacle, and rest their weary spirits within the little church where a goodly number, purified from the dross of sin, meet in simple devotion 'to bless the Lord who has redeemed them!' With what intense interest would they regard the daily instruction of these young, immortal souls whom we hope to train for usefulness in this world, and for the happiness of God's children, whenever he shall please to call them hence!"

In the midst of these cheering prospects of usefulness, Mr. Maywood was seized with sudden and alarming illness. He had been absent several days from home, on a fatiguing mission, and in the course of duty was called to minister to sick and dying, who were stricken down by the fatal disease of the country, then raging with fearful violence.

Anna waited for him on the expected evening of his return, with an anxiety seldom indulged. She knew that danger attended his path, and perhaps something of that vague foreboding, which, -call it by whatever name we will, - sometimes casts its shadow upon us, and checks the bounding pulse, in the midst of hope and enjoyment, caused her so often to pause and look forward in the clear twilight, and listen with breathless earnestness for his approaching steps. She had spread their evening repast on the cool verandah, and culled with her own hands the fruits he best loved, adorning them with fresh flowers, in readiness for his arrival. But he came not. A messenger at last arrived - a pious missionary, who had before visited their abode, the only Christian brother whose sympathy and co-operation had ever cheered their labors. Though bearing the name of Wesley, and attached to that denomination, his truly Catholic spirit knew no distinction of name or party; but wherever a true disciple of his Master was found, he embraced him, in the genuine spirit of Christian charity and fellowship. For more than twenty years he had fulfilled the arduous duties of his calling, with the untiring energy, the benevolence and zeal of an early disciple; and now, when his hair was silvered, and his strong frame slightly bowed by advancing years, his words of kindness and his deeds of love still

shed their gentle influence, and the name of father Barnam was reverenced in the hearts of all.

The medical skill and unwearied attention of Mr. Barnam, had carried his young friend safely through the crisis of his disorder, but it left him so exhausted by debility, that his prostrate strength could never be renewed. His earnest desire to be conveyed to his home, was complied with, and he reached it only to breathe his last sigh on the bosom of his faithful and devoted wife. A sweet serenity seemed to possess his soul, but his words were inaudible; once he said with much difficulty, "Anna, my beloved wife, weep not for me as one without hope; when the first bitterness of grief is past, you will perceive that God is merciful in all his dispensations; and oh! may you be enabled to say, in the spirit of our Saviour, 'I am not alone, for the Father is with me.'"

The entrance to the dark valley seemed bright with celestial light, and with a smile of peace upon his lips, he gently fell asleep in Jesus.

Many months after the death of Mr. Maywood, Anna thus wrote to her parents, who had affectionately urged her to return to her country and friends.

"My dear panents, I am sure, will not doubt that I fully appreciate their kind sympathy and tender solicitude. I dare not trust myself to express how deeply I feel their kindness; how fondly my heart yearns to see them once more on earth! But they will remember, that when I consented, freely, cheerfully, and with a full conviction of the responsibility and sacrifice which the step involved, to share the duties of a missionary life, I resolved faithfully to fulfil that relation, and, in weal or wo, to remain true to the sacred trust. God has seen fit to remove from me the strong arm on which I leaned; but his own thand has been held out for my support, and it has led me safely through the trials which overwhelmed me. Sorrow has brought me nearer to the source of consolation, and experience of the uncertainty of life urges me to a more faithful discharge of its remaining duties.

"Do not think of me, dear friends, as one forsaken and cast down; cheerfulness has returned to my beant, and the song of thankagiving rises daily to my lips. I bless God that he made me the partner of one so pure, so spiritually minded, as say beloved Henry; I feel that my own sent was elevated by communion with this; and, though so carly called away, I cannot think his life was spent in wain, for the blessing of God follows every below which is faithfully performed, and with an abundant and pure leve to God and man. In following out the plans which he had formed, in training my child to walk in his father's staps, and in the active superintendence of the school, and of my family,

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which embraces a large number of young inquirers, waiting on my instructions, I find ample occupation, and abundant sources of interest and enjoyment. The school prospers, beyond our expectations. Rachel has become an efficient teacher, and our kind-hearted, pious father Barnam often comes to speak to us the word of life, and to cheer our hearts by his Christian sympathy. I am often warned, by the languor and debility of my frame, that I too may be early called to my rest; but while the day lasts, I would work diligently in my Master's service."

For nearly two years after this period, Mrs. Maywood continued her active exertions in the school, and from house to house, among the poor people, over whom she contrived to exercise a beneficial influence. Yet, though she continued to do good, with a cheerful alacrity which never yielded to fatigue, with a firmness of purpose which knew no discouragement, and a fervent devotion to her work that never changed or faltered, the heavy responsibility of her position was deeply felt, and her health gradually became sacrificed to her unwearied exertions. The influence of the climate, too, was unfavorable; but so gradual was the change from vigor to decay, so imperceptibly her step grew languid, and the rose of health yielded to the hectic of disease, that she stood on the borders of the grave before she was herself aware of, or others perceived, the extent and hopelessness of the change.

The last months of her life were cheered by the presence of a beloved brother who had come to her with anxious and tender remembrances from her early home. In vain he urged her to return with him and try the effect of change, and the influence of her native air.

"My dear home," she said, "lives in my memory as the scene of early and heartfelt happiness; the circle of pure affections; the hallowed spot where my religious affections were first kindled into life. But, oh! my brother, it is here that I have consecrated my life to duty and to God; in that church, while strength is given me, I would meet and worship with the humble children of our Father, who are now waking to spiritual life: in this school, where I have so long labored with trusty faith, I would still be found, while my hands can minister, or my voice encourage.

"Everything here reminds me of him whom I loved so well, and who so truly deserved to be remembered. If I know my own heart, I have not mourned for him with the selfish sorrow of unbelief, but his spirit has seemed ever near me, and like a gentle influence it surrounds he at all times, and encourages my feeble steps, whenever they falter in he path of duty."

When no longer able to follow her usual employments, Mrs. May-

wood imparted a good counsel, and shed a bright example of calm submission and unwavering faith on all around her. Gently her earthly tabernacle was dissolved, and beautifully the pure, celestial spirit shone out amidst its ruins.

She sat for the last time, pillowed on a couch, and looked forth from the vine-covered verandah which she loved so well, upon the glorious face of nature. Rachel tenderly supported her; her brother and father Barnam were there, and the children nestled lovingly by her side. She gazed long upon the scene; and her face was radiant with inward peace.

"It is here," she said, "I would wish to close my eyes on the fair face of earth, so lovely, so heaven-inspiring is the tranquil scene. But I would wait calmly my appointed time; no fear disturbs my peace, for I have learned to look upon the grave, not as the boundary of earth's hopes, but, as the blessed portal of immortality. I have long since 'cast all my cares on Him who careth for me,' and I know that his kind Providence will still watch over all these children of his love. My good father Barnam, who has indeed been a father to me, I am sure will still visit these poor people, and continue to feed them with the bread of life. I feel an earnest faith that God will raise up faithful teachers to supply our place and carry on our labors. Oh that my child may be gifted with the spirit of grace, and anointed for that blessed work!"

In the pleasant garden, where they had passed so many tranquil hours, and beneath the cheerful trees which their hands had planted, the young missionaries were laid, side by side, and rested peacefully from the burden of life's toil. The flowers of every season come forth to deck the swelling mounds, the sweet airs of heaven breathe softly round them, and the rejoicing sunshine sheds its light upon their early grave. Long will their memory live, in the hearts of those whom they led to a newer and diviner life. And they have not lived in vain, for themselves or others. The sacrifice of every devoted spirit is accepted by our Heavenly Father, and the influence of every good work is felt, long after the heart which prompted, and the hand which performed it, are forgotten in the tide of oblivion.

H. V. C.

[&]quot;Ir is seldom that a secure answer is given to any theory, or system, except by one who exhausts, and lays before you, the good in it."

THE HAUNTED SPRING.*

INTRODUCTION.

In a quiet English vale -

TO THE LADY OF ASSILTED.

Where the clang of trade is mute, Where wood-sorrel silvery pale Dots the mossy forest root. And the shyest birds that be, Build and nestle fearlessly -Sparkling from beneath a hill. Bubbles forth a shady rill, Over whose transparent source A humble arch of stone-work gray. Plumed with tufts of golden gorse, Keeps the noontide heat away. Many a century has flown O'er its wrinkled centre stone; Yet a sign thereon remains, Uneffaced by wintry rains. Graven as by magic power, The semblance of a star-like flower. O'er whose antique mysteries. Blue bells in the opening spring. Bend their studious, azure eyes, With nod and busy whispering. Guileless peasant hands around The fountain, and the stone, have bound A wreath of legend, fresh, and sweet, As the wild flowers at their feet: A story of that simpler day When fairies bore a living name: Ere the lily diadem, Golden horn and charmed ring. Moonlight dance and revelling Vanished from our woods away. Still the villagers do tell How sometimes through that sylvan dell

[&]quot;Though this poem is not here quite original, we apprehend that few of our mondom have seen it, and that all of them will admire it.

Elfin voices rung along Now in language, now in song -Only heard by childhood's ear. And as fountain music clear, Like to graver votaries they Have a hallowed hour and day. When they think the guardian fay --The dark-haired lady of Ashlynn Who dwelleth all the year unseen, At the first faint peep of dawn, Sits beside that graven stone, And the springing water blesses With the waving of her treeses. The eighth mild moon that April numbers Wakes the rustic girls who dwell Round about the Ashlynn well. Early from their healthful alumbers; For upon that fated day, She who crowned with budding May, Barefoot, through the dew, doth bring Her pitcher earliest to the spring. And sprinkle glistening drops upon The quaintly sculptured centre-stone; If she sees the gentle sprite Hovering in the pearly light, Or her cadenced accents hear, She is lucky all the year! Through the fields with patterings low. I have heard them come and go -On the hill-side, through the brake, Fearless they of elf or snake; For the fairies keep at home All the noxious things that roam -Red-lipped, merry-hearted band! Each with pitcher in her hand, Hurrying, breathless, one and all, Where the mountain ashes tall. Moist with last eve's rain unbind Their light leaves to the loving wind, And bow their courteous sprays to win Kisses from the bright Ashlynn.

"T was from childish lips I caught
The story of that haunted spot:
Ere the sun o'ertopped the hill—
Ere the mist had left the rill—
When the birds had just begun
To warble softly one by one,

Each beneath his curtains light. Murmuring of the dreams of night -On the turf beneath the tree, A little maiden stood by me. Telling with quick, eager breath Half in fear, and all in faith. How the fairv's heart was wen. Long years back, by Esther Donne; And how thenceforth, she loved to grace Every child of mortal race; To guard them in the solitude Of moorland bleak, or tangled wood; To watch them as they sat at play Among warm heaps of summer hay; Or o'er their mightly pillow strew Blossoms white and fragrant dews And while she spake, — in that sweet tone Whose limpid gush is childhood's own,-Of little Eether's innocence, Her gray eyes' changeful eloquence, Locks of golden waxed brown, Small bare feet and homespun gown, Imaged her heroine's form so well, She seemed but of herself to tell.

An orphan child is Esther Donne,
A maiden twelve years old,
From day to day receiveth she
The bitter bread of charity,
From grudging hands and cold!

The glow-worms on her mother's grave,
Shine peaceful through the night:
Her sailor father long hath lain
Where faintly heaves the Indian main
Oppressed by sultry light.

A blithe true heart has Esther Donne, A clear and sunny brow; The very erone who year by year, With taunt and chiding sheltereth her, Feels yet their joyous glow.

Wise sayings, knows she many a one, And saws of country lore; On want and seatless misery She pours the ready sympathy, Which is her treasure store. Though rough words be her only meed,
Her voice is sweet and mild;
Nor have hard toil, and harder fare,
O'ershadowed with a cloud of care
The simple hearted child.

She brings the cresses from the brook,
The posies from the wood;
For neatness and small housewifery
A gentle household fairy she,
Who witcheth all for goods

Through dim woods path at gray of dawn,
Does little Esther go,
With pitcher on her arm to bring
Fresh water from the glittering spring
Where tallest cowslips grow.

And as upon her pleasant way
She sings and carols free,
Lo! sighing with a heavy moan,
A stranger lady sits alone,
Beneath a broad oak tree.

A slender creature, sweet and lithe,
With arm and ankle bare,
With mist white robe, and anklet rings,
And virgin pearl in glistening strings
Among her sweeping hair.

And 'neath those locks whose ebon tide
In cloudy richness flows,
She bends upon the forest brook,
That speechless, dull, bewildered look,
Which tells of year-long woes.

Quick ceases Esther's careless song, Her childish heart beats loud; Awhile she stands in wondering fear; Then slowly, softly, draws she near That form by sorrow bowed.

"Lady! lady! tell me why
Thou dost moan so heavily?"
And with timid hand she presses
On the heavy, shiring tresses.

As starts the buoyant hazel bough
Back from the loosened grasp,
So sudden doth the lady rise,
With frowning brow and flashing eyes,
From Esther's pitying grasp.

And with imperious hand she waves
The little maid away;
But Esther, who had often seen
Impatient sorrow's fretful mien,
Presumeth yet to stay.

"O beauteous lady! well I know
I cannot charm away thy wo,
But grief, though ne'er so freshly swelling,
Loses something in the telling.

"And when too oft some idle thing More than it ought, my heart doth wring, I speak of it, to clouds and trees, To thee, I would be one of these."

The wrinkles on the frowning brow Grew smoother while she spake, And half a glance the lady threw On those soft eyes, whose kindly dew Was glimmering for her sake.

> "Lady! lady! may I know Wherefore thou art grieving so?" Like a silver matin bell, Fitfully the answer fell:

"Feeble child of wrath and doom!
From the crystal caves I come
In the sleepy Indian sea;
'Mid whose fretted coral shelves,
Troops of joyous water elves
Witch the stars with minstrelsy."

Then Esther did not shrink or fly,
Though pale her dimpled cheek;
With holy childhood's trustful gaze
She stood in listening eagerness
To hear the lady speak.

Feeble child of toil and pain!

Unto me thy race hath been
A blight — a plague spot of decay!
Bitter fruit the day shall bear

When the evil seed of care,
Turned to cross my mournful way.

"Fie! lady, fie!" the maiden said —
Vengeful heart hath nettle smart!

Vengeful brain soweth pain!

Who shall smite in God his stead?"

With finger raised, and brow erect,
The little teacher stood;
And when the fairy spoke again,
Her lip had less of scorn than pain,
Her glance was tear-subdued.

"Mortal! in thy voice there lies —
In thy gesture, in thy eyes —
Such a strange persuading charm,
To win away my thoughts from harm,
That I almost would declare
The rayless depth of my despair;
Heedless of the ties that bind
Thee to baneful human kind."

And Esther answered with a smile,
"Ah, lady, well 'tis said,
Wild wood leaf to fresh wound's grief,
Simple spell brings sure relief,
If right its sense be read."

[To be concluded.]

REV. JAMES KAY.

"He giveth his beloved sleep."

THE departure of a father in the ministry from his distant charge to render up his stewardship into the hands which gave it deserves some notice. No matter if his life was spent in extreme seclusion, and his days were darkened by frequent infirmity, and his countenance was familiar to but few among us: still, that he was a ripened Christian, a devoted lover of his kind, a self-sacrificing missionary, one "dear-vol. IV.

ly beloved" in all the relations of life, entitles him to a warm place in our hearts.

Mr. Kay was born near Bury, England, a flourishing community, having some historical associations, and memorable also as the birth-place of Sir Robert Peel. His father, a highly educated man, was quite unable to provide anything for those who were to come after him; but his excellent mother, left a widow while James was an infant, made amends by her systematic economy, and realized the desire of her heart in the thorough education of her only son.

At the age of seventeen, he gave her heart the only pain which he ever gave: he became deeply impressed by religious obligations, and his earnest nature turned away from the stately forms of his mother's church to unite itself wholly with a dissenter's service; and, by and by, it was his happiness to bring his only sister and her husband to the same altar, where they remained.

It was natural that the encouragements of others to enter the ministry should be answered by his own fervid desire to do good. And after suitable study he was settled over a dissenting society of Calvinistic views in Kendal, Westmoreland county. Kendal is an old manufacturing place, having twelve houses of worship and nearly as many thousand inhabitants. Here Mr. Kay hoped to spend his days as a tale that is told: here he married; here he was permitted to see five little ones gather around his family-board; here he enjoyed the love and secured the confidence of an excellent and affectionate people.

But, these waters were not always to course on thus tranquilly. His mind was naturally inquiring. With great reverence for the past, resting firmly on what he had tried and not found wanting, he was all his life long reaching forward to better things. He soon came to doubt the soundness of views which he had taken greatly on trust; and, after a conflict so severe as to terminate in an alarming sickness, he felt obliged to abandon Calvinism and his Calvinistic society, and go forth from his warm home, and crowded comforts, and cheering prospects, like the patriarch, knowing not whither he went. His wife could not for some time unite in his sentiments, but she showed her truthfulness by encouraging him to obey his conscience at all cost, and trust his future and the future of his family to his heavenly Father's care.

When he resigned his pastoral charge and went to preach in a hall, some of his hearers followed him: but the greater part looked upon him with horror as one wholly given over to the wiles of the devil. No one could believe who had not seen it, how confidence can change instantly to distrust, and love to loathing, by your avowing a religious seatiment somewhat differing from that of your friends. The people too,

amongst whom he ministered, were more obstinately conservative than any of our countrymen; English Protestantism has seldom done itself much justice as a progressive spirit; when outward circumstances have carried it along, it has moved a little, but it has lost much life by the emigration of so many inquiring minds to this more congenial clime.

Mr. Kay was extremely sensitive to the good opinions of those he esteemed; and, it was a bitter and somewhat unexpected cross, to be shunned as if he had sinned the deadly sin. But, the more signal the victory of such a gentle and loving nature over itself! There was never any resentment at the evil said of him; never any murmor at the hardships he had to meet. He was obliged to add a select school of boys to his other labors that his family might not suffer; and, when his health gave way under the burden, he tried farming, but found that his strength was not adequate to his support by the rugged toil of the field. He at length took charge of a Unitarian church in Hindly, Lancashire, a small society, we suppose, in a retired place. Here again, he would gladly have spent his days, for he loved his native land; but, his large family of six boys and four girls made it imperative for him to provide for the future as he could not upon their limited support. Two friends of his on this side of the water, Mr. Campbell of Pittsburg, and Mr. Little of Washington, advised him to join them, in America, and set before him the advantages to himself and his family in such an interesting view, that, in 1821, he found a new home in the New World.

The deep interest which Mr. Kay took in the life and labors of Dr. Priestley, induced him to visit his resting place, the scene of his last efforts upon earth, the quiet and secluded spot where most of his own strength was to be spent in the same cause. The exquisite scenery around Northumberland, the number of English emigrants, many of them the intimate friends and personal followers of Dr. Priestley, the warm, welcome and urgent invitation which they all gave our friend, induced him to pitch his tent by the side of these still waters. And, for more than a quarter of a century, he has broken the bread of life and breathed forth the Gospel spirit of peace upon this little flock, who now must wander as sheep without a shepherd until one by one they are gathered home to the Shepherd of souls.

Mr. Kay did not confine his labors to this single field; his nature was too active, his faith too ardent, his sense of duty too lofty to satisfy him with doing less than all he could. And, until the pest of that country, intermittent fever, disabled him, he was in the habit of holding services wherever he could find a hearing, and for no return but the sense of doing good. His services were to a great degree extemporaneous, in a fatherly tone as we should udge from his common in-

tercourse, and designed eminently to make men kinder, purer, truer, and therefore happier. But, for many years, his sufferings have been such as to leave him only an occasional interview with his people as their spiritual teacher. His head was sorely affected by his disease, and there was an entire depression of the nervous system, making him greatly dependent for comfort on the warm affections of his loving friends and his devoted children. With such well-earnt blessings his quiver was full. Only one grief weighed upon his mind; we can well understand it at our own distance from the older home of Liberal Christianity; the little church, which he had so dearly loved and so faithfully served, he saw about to be an expiring light on a distant watch-tower. At one period, when his disease began to get the mastery over him, his applications to our Association for some young man to make good his post, were very urgent; but we suppose none could be found willing to devote himself to such wearing labor so far away. We hope that Meadville will bear this afflicted society in mind, and devote some of its strength to their relief.

Two weeks before his death, he made one of a delightful family party at Trout Burr in the Alleghanies, and the mountain scenery breathed into him a new life, and made the "old man eloquent." But, it was only a brief rally of nature before yielding to the disease which had slowly worn out his energies. Several others were seized with fever around him, and, on the seventeenth of September, he was struck down with an attack which all felt to be fatal. He breathed his last on the Wednesday following at his daughter's house in Williamsport, in the arms of his children, and cheered through his intervals of sensibility by their sympathy and the tender assiduities of his devoted wife.

Mr. Kay reminded us of Dr. Tuckerman. He was equally winning in his manners, equally absorbed in the great subject of religion, equally sustained through the pressure of constant infirmity. In natural talents, pulpit address, general views of life and men, there was, I should think, as much resemblance as was possible in minds so differently educated. He has gone to his rest in a good old age. More than the allotted threescore and ten have fulfilled his mission to mankind. The sunset has been coming on slowly and serenely. He felt that he was going to his rest, and was thankful that his sufferings would soon be succeeded by exalted and abiding joys. No cloud rested upon his future: no painful memory upon his past.

"Thou art gone to the grave; and, its mansions foreaking Perhaps thy tried spirit in doubt lingered long; But, the sunshine of heaven beamed bright on thy waking, And the song that thou heard'st was the seraphim's song."

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THE TRUE PURPOSE OF MAN'S LIFE.

A SERMON, BY REV. W. R. ALGER.

PHILIPPIANS ifi. 14. I press towards the mark for the prize of the high calling . of God in Christ Jesus.

When Paul wrote these words he was in prison at Rome, with the prospect of a violent death before him. Yet lifted in mind above the perishing things of the hour, with the calm sublimity of a Christian's faith, he fixed his gaze upon the eternal world and labored that the welfare of his soul might be secure when the anguish of his body's martyrdem was over. To win the prize of heaven by deserving the love of God, was the object to which Paul consecrated his talents and devoted his "I press towards the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus," is the inspiring declaration of him to whom it was "Christ to live and gain to die." And now, as we make his words the basis of our thoughts, let us try to catch something of his spirit and make his aims our own.

What is the mark towards which we ought to press? what is the prize for which we ought to labor? what is the purpose of life? This is the subject suggested by the text. And surely no question more solemnly interwoven with all that makes up the good or ill of our being ever claimed our attention. O, there are hours, calm and mouraful hours of lonely thought which come to us all sometimes, when our souls yearn to pierce the oppressive mystery that enshrouds the world of our life; when the divinity stirs within us and we look around and anxiously ask. Why are we here, and what noble things shall we do to prove that we are the sens of God? But the awful mechanism of nature moves dumbly on, and no voice breaks from the silent heavens to speak of a higher home, no light bursts from the gloomy grave to suggest a longer life. Still it is not wise in us to stifle these anxious questionings, and we cannot always if we would. The problem of life continually forces itself upon our attention and demands a solution. When we listen to the marmur of the ancient river, when we gaze upon the brow of the distant mountain, when we lose the friend we love, when we pause in the village grave-yard and look on those meaning mounds, when we reflect that at every tick of the watch fifty human souls have passed into etermity, when we trace the foetsteps of history among the tombs of dead generations, when we remember that every half century eight hundred 43*

millions of beings like ourselves, vanish from the face of the earth, the intense question that forever haunts us, is, For what purpose is man placed here? what is the object of this life? A two-feld evil results from giving this question an erroneous answer, or from not answering it at all. First, the perversion of talent and the waste of toil. It is a moderate estimate that declares nine tenths of the time and labor of men to be wasted in pursuits which are false and foolish, when viewed, as they generally are, as ends, and not as means to an ulterior and nobler object. But if every one fully appreciated the true purpose of life all this would cause. The evils that now scearge mankind would disappear. The golden age would be upon us. The kingdom of heaven would be established on earth, and God's will be done here as it is done above. Second, to obtain no reply when we inquire for what purpose are we here, given rise to uncertainty, fear and misery. How many men wander through this bright world as in a fearful maze, tossed hither and thither at the sport of circumstance; not knowing what they ought to do; now, imagining themselves the immortal peers of the angels, and now, believing that they are brothers of the insensible clod. Sometimes contemplating the magnitude of the universe, they exclaim with awe, "O Lord, what is man, that thou art mindful of him?" Sometimes, beholding the unbroken order of nature's works, they shudder with dread lost an iron fatalism governs all things, remoraelessly crushing the generations of men into nothing. At one time, elated upon the giddy pinnacle of success, they cry aloud in glee, "Let us eat, drink and be merry, for we have much goods laid up for many years." At another time, felled to the earth by the blows of grief, they grope about in despair, as if this goodly world were one vast dungeon along whose awful vaults the radiance of God's love never streamed. Blessed be the name of the Lord that this need not be so! Praise be unto our God, that when the "wise men of the East" had failed to solve the problem of our being, the Star of Bethlehem rose to guide them into "the Way, the Truth and the Life!" No longer now need there be any pervension of our powers or any waste of our labors. No langer now need we be termented with uncertainty and fear. The humblest man that lives can now clearly know the purpose of his being here, and cheered and ennobled by a consciousness of the dignity of his destiny. contentedly toil on. For Christ has lived! His teachings revent our destiny; his life illustrates our duty; his resurrection confirms our faith and stamps his mission with the seal of the truth of God. The true purpose of life now standa nevealed, clear and glorious, where every one may read it who will. The Gospel of Christ is a clue which guides so plainly through the labyrinth of life, "that the wayfiring man though

a fool need not err therein." And yet how many of us celdly turn our backs upon the mercy which beseeches us to receive joy for fear, and peace for trouble, and instead of making this world a vale of tears and the tomb of the dead, to live in it as the beautiful palace our Father has prepared for us until we come home. Oh, it is sad to think that so few of us, even now, appreciate the deathless powers wrapt up in our souls and the spiritual glories that hang over us! that only here and there one or two truly live, while the vast multitudes, absorbed in the petty pursuits of the hour, and all unconscious of the grand mysteries that move around them, strain and fret and worry, and at length stumble into their graves and are forgotten, while the marmuring tide of being still beaves as before.

The man who sets before himself one grand purpose as the result of all his days and labors, and then concentrates upon it his energies of thought and action, will, in all probability, achieve something far greater than he who has no aims save those suggested and accomplished from week to week. The mere pursuit of false objects in life is always painful and repulsive; the only pleasure is in their enjoyment when possessed. The beautiful characteristic of the true purpose of life is that not only its attainment is happiness and glory, but also the toils we undergo in its passent are pleasant and self-rewarding, so that whenever our labors step none can be lost. The pleasure of luxury too, is superficial and transitory. But the pleasure of a character in harmony with God's, penetrates to the very depths of our being and thrills along the line of immortality.

There is, there can be but one thing truly worthy to be made the purpose of a man's whole life. But men really live for a hundred different purposes. He therefore who does not try to discover what that one object is, has but a single chance of falling upon it, against innumerable chances of missing it: as in the deluge there were ten theusaud places where men might be drowned, but on all the wide waste of waters floated only one ark where they might be saved. The man who spends his days in the pursuit of an unworthy object will find himself compelled to say when he is laid low to die: "Oh, I have toiled for a vision which now mocks me and vanishes; I have seriven for bubbles which now break in my hands! Alas, I have equandered my life for nanght." And he who does not first satisfy himself what the real purpose of life is, and then bring his labors year by year to bear upon its accomplishment, is as unwise, viewed aright, as the merchant who should sail out in his ship upon a voyage of adventure to a distant port, freightless and pennyless, and should then possitive wassel to de drifted hither and thither by wind and tide, now exceping among

perilous islands, and now grinding upon dangerous sheals within sight of breakers; for on the sea of existence we are all sailing from this world to another. And the result of the momentous voyage, our reception and condition at its end, will depend, not upon a lucky, or an unfortunate chance, but upon the regular operation of God's laws according to our deserts; not upon the palaces we have reared and the coffers we have stuffed with gold; but upon the spiritual character, the immortality we have builded up for ourselves, the intellect we have filled with wise thoughts and adorned with lofty strength; the heart we have crowded with sweet deeds of charity and made beautiful with feelings of generous love.

1. There is a class of men who give themselves up almost wholly to the gratification of their sensual desires, who live merely the animal life of the body and seem to recognize hardly anything else but their five senses and the objects which appeal to them. They are only honest or virtuous from fear and for the sake of appearance. They are dishonest and dissolute whenever they think it will not be detected. Rarely, if ever, do they remember the soul, or God; and the very highest ideal rule of their actions is "selfishness well understood." These men are indeed "of the earth, earthy." All their better impulses are swallowed up in sensuality. They lay up no treasures in heaven. They seem to have nothing which can reach beyond this world, and some philosophers have thought that such persons, having no material for another life, would perish utterly at the grave. If we could lift up the veil which shrouds from mortal eyes the reality, the inner life, I think we should shudder at the revelation of the numbers and the character of this class of men. They are to be found among rich and peor, in palace and in hovel, in our parlors and in our streets. Some of them can be recognized by the fearful handwriting upon their exteriors. But meny mere conceal their loathsome life of sense and sin beneath a sleek outside. "Oh fools and blind," to think there is not an eye which can see to the very centre of their souls! "Oh fools and blind," to think there are not laws whose invisible clutches can reach secret guilt. They miserably lose all that is beautiful and pleasant in the present, and forever blast the bright prospects that promise in the future. They defeat their own ends by blighting their happiness and causing themselves to be haramed and stung by an upbraiding conscience. And finally, at a premature day, the mere wrecks of what they were, and the horrible mockeries of what they might have been, they unwillingly sink into an ambanared grave. This class of men everloak both the surpose of life, mend the means of its attainment.

2. Another class is made up of persons of superior minds, sultivated

tastes and keen sensibilities, who live a life of intellect and affection, who surround themselves with the refinements of culture, friendship and honor, and pass their days in searching out and enjoying the grand and lovely things of philosophy, literature and art, but who do it without reference to immortality and God. They live within this world and for this world in all its high things of mind and matter. They are content to enjoy all the blessings of God without ever lifting up their hearts in gratitude to him from whom they come. They are too well satisfied with the delights of their experienced life to trouble themselves about one which they have not experienced. The objection to the lives of this class of men lies not so much in what they do, as in what they leave undone. They are too wise to debase themselves into beasts by a merely bodily life, but not wise enough to aim all their efforts beyond the highest life attainable here to a higher and immortal one hereafter. They are too wise to neglect and not try to find out all they can of the instructions and beauties of this world, but not wise enough to value them simply as means to one grand end beyond them all. They are too wise to live in sin for the body; but not wise enough to become complete and consistent Christians. The deficiency of this class of men is four-fold. First, the only life which can give us entire satisfaction when we come to lay it down, is one which we have consciously lived in harmony with the will of God, and always striven to make preparatory to the one we wish to live in heaven. Second; the man who does not cherish a real active belief in the goodness of God and the immortality of the soul, is deprived of one of the strongest safeguards against temptation. Third; he also loses the noblest encouragement and the most exciting motive he can have amid the labors of life. And fourth, he is left prostrate and defenceless in the time of trial and we. In that hour when the tempest beats sorely on him he can find peace and comfort no where else but in the promises of the Christian religion and the friendship of the Christian's God. A living faith in the teachings of the Saviour will enable him to look up cheerfully and say, "Father, thy will be done!" But if he have not that faith, when some dear one entwined with the very fibres of his heart falls from his side into the voiceless tomb, and when the summons comes for him too, to go, miserable man, with all his wiedom how unwise does he then seem! The true Christian is ready to meet whatever may happen, because his eye is firmly fixed on that heaven to which God will soon admit him. His hopes and plans tend steadily to that, as the needle points through all hours to the pole. The merely good and wise man is liable at any moment to be smitten to the earth, without a solace, because he enly looks to the future world when driven to it by adversity; as the vane

never points to the north save when blown that way by the wind. This class of men forget the purpose of life, absorbed in the means by which it should be accomplished.

3. A third class consists of men who feel remorseful for being joyful, guilty for being happy, the disciples of a mistaken system of philosophy, falsely called spiritualism. The old heathen idea of the eternal hostility of spirit and matter, in a diluted form, with other corruptions, was early introduced among Christians. Manifesting itself in the doctrine that earth and heaven were necessarily at . war, that the body was altogether evil, it was the origin of those mea who shut themselves up in solitude, and by musing and mortification strove to propitiate the favor of an angry Deity. Such persons are rare among us. Asceticism is not the danger of our times. But if it does not exist in practice, to any great extent, it does in theory. principle which led to it is still vaguely recognized by four fifths of Christendom. The doctrine that we are to win happiness hereafter by suffering voluntary pain and refusing innocent pleasure here, is revolting to common sense, opposed to the wisdom and goodness of God, and contrary to the teachings and example of Christ, our model. And it is much to be lamented that such a doctrine should ever have been attributed to Christianity, because it tends to prejudice sensible and thinking men against the Gospel itself. Men are not made good by tormenting their bodies, but by cultivating their better affections. They are not made wise by idle dreams and mystic reveries, but by improving the means of instruction placed around them. A good God, and not a bad devil, made this world, and made us, and put us here. And the only way to prepare for a future life and for better things is to live well in the present and make a wise use of the things we already have. This is not done by heaping suffering upon our heads, folding our arms and hating everything within us and about us. No; the Christian doctrine of life is not that everything below is evil, that this earthly scene should be all a battle, but it says there is good to be cherished as well as evil to be overcome; peace as well as war; as important a place for culture as there is for discipline. The man, who, for the sake of pleasing God, spurns away the world while he lives in it, and will not touch its pleasures nor look at its beauties, shows a devotion to principle which deserves our deepest admiration. He also betrays a mistake in regard to the true way of acquiring the end he seeks, which must receive our sincerest pity. He shuns the error of serving this world, and falls into the error of refusing to use it. This class of men, devoted to the object of life, mistake and neglect to use the means of obtaining it. 4. The last class we notice, is composed of true Christians, persons who

understand the purpose of life and faithfully live for it. The man who represents this class enters heaven before he leaves the earth. While passing through the earth-life he uses and enjoys its blessings for the advantage of the immortal life. Living in the present for the future. he makes everything he leaves behind yield its tribute of good before it goes. In the consciousness of being alive now, he does not forget that he must die soon. The standard of his rectitude is God's will. The motive and object of his endeavors are, to win and to assist others in winning, the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus - an unending life of happiness in heaven. He thankfully receives the pleasant gifts of Providence, plucks every flower of the spring as he passes by, vet, ever thinking and acting with immortality in view, strives to make his life an example of the holy religion he professes. Such a man realizes the ideal set before us all by Christianity, and thrice blest is he in life and death. While he is in the world he is above the world. He has sources of happiness it did not give and cannot take away. feels that innocence is the sweetest treasure that ever man possessed: that honesty is a better defence in life's battle than a shield of triple brass or a coat of linked steel; that hatred and selfishness, like scorpione, sting the bosom that nourishes them, and that love is a fountain of bliss, keeping forever fresh the flowers of the heart. His reliance is placed upon a foundation which cannot be moved. If death call away his bosom friends, they have only gone before him to a brighter clime where they will soon greet again. If clouds gather over him, if sickness and misfortune fall on him, he can say with quiet resignation:-"They were all sent in kindness; in a little while the storm will be over and I shall go home to my Father and meet the loved ones who left me long ago." He feels that the best of the Christian poets sang truly, as well as beautifully, when he said,

"Oh, there is never sorrow of heart
That shall lack a timely end,
If but to God we turn, and ask
Of him to be our friend!"

This class of men wisely use everything God has given them here as means to achieve the true purpose of life.

Who would not be such a man? so firm in trial! so supported in adversity! so faithful always! And what is the reason there are not more such men? Why are not you and I such men? Ah! it is because we are absorbed by a low and selfish, yet an overmastering worldliness! Because we do not keep before us "the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." O that our 'immortality' did 'brood over us like the day!' But, floating down

the sparkling river of life, we are attracted by the brilliant bubbles that dance upon its surface; we are pleased by the green palms that wave upon its brinks; we are enchanted by the warbling of birds on the islands along whose shores we glide; and, entirely taken up by these things, we forget the purpose of our voyage and the very port to which we are bound! The demands of earth and sense upon our attention are so loud and so exclusive that we have neither time nor inclination to listen to the still small voice of the conscience. We are not one tenth part so mindful of our souls as we are of our bedies: for,

"Could we new charms to age impart,
And fashion with renewing art
The human face,
As we can clothe the soul with light,
And make the glorious spirit bright
With heavenly grace,

How busily each passing hour
Should we exert that magic power!
What ardor show
To deck the sensual slave of sin;
Yet leave the freeborn soul within,
In weeds of woe!"

In the light of that Gospel which not only says, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord," but also, "It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God," let every man determine to which one of these four classes he will belong, for in one or the other of them be must be numbered, although he is free to choose which it shall be.

Christianity proclaims with a voice from beyond the sky, that the purpose of this life is to prepare a wise and kindly affectioned soul for an immortal life in heaven. This is to be done by imitating our Saviour, exemplifying his life in our conduct, and forming his character in our souls. Reason teaches us that the most transient and insignificant things may indeed be valuable means to something farther, but that nothing which is not eternal is worthy to be considered as an end and labored for as such. It also teaches us that any proposed end deserves our attention and toil, just in proportion to its certainty, its duration, and its value and dignity in itself. Now to acquire a just and pure character which shall win the approbation of God, is certainly the very highest and noblest object a man can set before himself. It will last longer than yonder sun, and it is as sure, if he only prayerfully and earnestly seeks it, as the alternations of day and night. The other objects to which men devote themselves, are unworthy of the trouble of the soul and

degrade its high abilities. They are as uncertain and fickle as the inconstant winds, and after three score years and ten they vanish like the mocking fiends of a dream. We may toil ever so faithfully all our days, for wealth, fame, power, and yet die as poor and weak and unknown as we began. And if we are successful, our triumphs may be spatched from our grasp at any instant. But, if we set our hearts on knowledge and piety, we may be certain of obtaining our wishes and they cannot be taken away from us. What a man is, is always safely in his own power, what he has, trembles in incessant jeopardy. storm may sink your ship, fire may burn your house, a villain may defraud you of your gold, slander may blacken your fair fame, and the insatiable grave be robbing you of wife, children and friends. But wisdom and virtue, the love of truth and the love of God, no thief can steal, no fraud filch, no fire burn, no storm devastate, no calamity blast, and even death itself, only elevate to a higher sphere and crown with a nobler empire. And yet men do not realize this. They will not think about it, although it is as evidently true as the law of gravitation.

Reader, if you determine to make the real purpose of life your aim, if you live henceforth in the light of immortality, and not solely with reference to the poor possessions of a day, if in all the tumult and enticement of the world you keep your hands clean and your heart pure, if having the blessings of the earth you yet beware of becoming so absorbed by them as to forget the blessings of heaven, all will be well with you. Believe it, there is nothing else so expedient for you and so much your duty, as to fill your heart with the spirit and your mind with the wisdom of your Saviour, and side by side with your brothers travel cheerfully on life's way, walking with industry in the path of righteousness, entwining prayer with your left arm and peace with your right, and looking up to heaven in the morning and the evening with a thanksgiving of love. Believe it, you can do nothing else so beautiful and so wise as to kneel humbly down, and from the midst of your frailty and sins pray to your Father in heaven to smile upon you as you resolve to "press towards the mark for the prize of His high calling in Christ Jesus," giving him your heart by sincerely devoting yourself to the fulfilment of the true purpose of life, which is the formation of a perfect character. This must be the true purpose of life, because no other purpose is noble enough for the dignity of your nature, no other aim is worthy of your life-long toil.

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VOL. IV.

INTELLIGENCE.

ORDINATION AT BROOKLINE, MASS. — On Wednesday, October 6, 1847, Mr. Frederick Newman Knapp, recently of the Cambridge Divinity School, was ordained as Colleague Pastor with Rev. Dr. Pierce of Brookline, — the single ministry of the latter having extended over a period of fifty years. The services were as follows: — Introductory Prayer, by Rev. Mr. Willis of Walpole, N, H.; Reading the Scriptures, by Rev. Mr. Whitney of Brighton; Sermon, by Rev. Mr. Bellows of New York city; Prayer of Ordination, by Rev. Dr. Putnam of Roxbury; Charge, by Rev. Dr. Pierce, the Senior Pastor; Right Hand of Fellowship, by Rev. Mr. Hill of Waltham; Concluding Prayer, by Rev. Mr. Higginson of Newburyport. A liberal collation was provided for the Society and guests, at a Hall, after the religious exercises.

ORDINATION AT WARE, MASS. — Mr. George S. Ball, of the Meadville Theological School, was ordained as Minister of the Unitarian Society recently gathered and now flourishing in Ware, October 13, 1847. Introductory Prayer, by Rev. Mr. Nute of Petersham; Reading the Scriptures, by Rev. Mr. Loring of Andover; Sermon, by Rev. Mr. Hill of Worcester; Prayer of Orfination, by Rev. Mr. Wellington of Templeton; Right Hand of Fellowship, by Rev. Mr. Nightingale of Cabotville; Charge, by Rev. Mr. Lincoln of Fitchburg; Address to the People, by Rev. Mr. Greene of Brookfield; Concluding Prayer, by Rev. Mr. Withington of Leominster.

DEDICATION OF A FREE CHURCH IN NEW YORK CITY.—"The opening and dedication of the large Hall in Sixteenth Street, provided by the Association for the use of the new Free Unitarian Church, Oct. 3, 1847, was an occasion of deep interest. A large congregation, embracing a quota from each of the two elegr churches, the worshippers who attend at the new, and a number of strangers of other denominations, filled the Hall at an early hour: and the neatness of the house, and its appropriateness in all respects, attracted much attention. Mr. Ferris, the Pastor, attended by Rev. Mr. Mr. Balch of the Universalist Church, eccupied the pulpit; Mr. Balch making the Introductory Prayer. Mr. Bellows preached the Sermon of Dedication."

Convention at Salem. — The general autumnal Convention of Unitarian ministers and laymen at Salem, held its first session in the Chapel of the Church in Barton Square, on Tuesday, October 19, 1847, at 4 o'clock, P. M. The Convention was called to order by Rev. S. Osgood, in behalf of the Committee of Arrangements. Hon. S. Fairbanks was chosen Moderator, and G. F. Thayer, Esq., Secretary pro tem. Prayer was offered by Rev. Jason Whitman. Rev. Dr. Putnam, L. G. Pray, Esq., and Rev. S. Osgood were appointed a committee to nominate the officers of the Convention. This committee reported for President, Hon. Samuel Hoar; for Vice Presidents, Rev. John Pierpont, Hon. Robert Rantoul, Rev. E. B. Hall, and Hon. Albert Fearing; for Secretaries, Rev. A. A. Livermore, and Francis Alger, Esq.; and these gentlemen were elected. Adjourned. At 5 o'clock, a hospitable entertainment was provided at Hamilton Hall, by the ladies of the Unitarian Societies of Salem.

Tuesday evening. - Religious services were held at Mechanic Hall, in the presence of a large assembly, at 7 o'clock. Prayer was offered by Rev. C. Stetson. The sermon, by Rev. F. A. Farley, commenced with an appropriate reference to the fraternal sympathies and sacred objects of the occasion. A controversial intent and all assumption of ecclesiastical authority were disclaimed, and our advantage in this respect was alluded to. The preacher then announced as his text 1 Corinthians x. 15: "I speak as to wise men; judge ve what I say;" and presented the subject of denominational action and organization. The subject is prominent and important, and just now before the community. We are a Christian body, in fact, and this is a fair opporturatty to resist the stabs at our denominational existence. The position that "the most natural and legitimate advance of Unitarian principles was prior to 1815," must be called in question. Dr. Channing in 1828, the year that he said, "I am no organ of a sect," made a speech before the American Unitarian Association, identifying himself with that body. Unitarian principles made more advance, and secured more respect, after the formation of the American Unitarian Association, than before. Denominationalism cannot alienate "scholars and thinkers" unless it degenerates into sectarianism, of which, among us, there is no danger. We have never regarded our ism as more than a temporary instrument. Besides, scholars and thinkers are not always the best judges of religious truth. There is some danger of a pride of intellect among us. -Ecclesiastical councils we have in common with other sects. Too often, it is true, they are but "galvanic imitations." Let them be made real where they exist. And they have nothing to do with the main question. - It is admitted that some evils, such as those of proselytism and extravagance, have existed to an unfortunate degree; but they exist in equal measure among others. No one will deny that "a too absorbed devotion to denominational objects" injurus and narrows the soul; we do not ask that, but avoid it. The objection that denominationalism interferes with the worthy objects of Liberal Christianity, wants evidence. Orthodoxy is not more indefinite now than it always was. Unitarians must always be individual, and whoever is a bigot among them, is so in

direct opposition to his professions. The distinction between denominationalism and sectarianism is not "verbal," but substantial. Sectarianism has a good side, and sense, as well as a bad. To confound the two things is incorrect and deceptive. Make men believe that holiness of life is the grand object, and our work as a denomination is accomplished. But we are not perfect. As a denomination we have faults, just as, as individuals we have sins. We must mingle conservatism with progress; outgrow fears and doubts, and a pride of individualism. Let us hold to our denomination, only that we may be more truly disciples of Christ. The time for affirmation has come. Above all, let us rise above the narrow bounds of sect, into a larger spirit of liberty and love. The mighty spirits of the dead urge us to this. May their mantle descend upon us, clothing us in truth, rightequeness and love!

Our readers at a distance may better understand the points of the sermon, if they are informed that it was designed as a reply, somewhat in detail, to a "Letter to Dr. Gannett," lately published in the "Christian Register."

After prayer by Rev. Mr. Farley, and a third singing, the assembly was dispersed.

Wednesday morning. — Assembled at the East Church, (Rev. Dr. Flint's,) at 9 o'clock. Prayer was offered by Rev. Calvin Lincoln. In behalf of the Committee of Arrangements, Rev. S. Osgood offered a brief set of rules for the government of the Convention, and resolutions suggesting topics for discussion. On the question of the adoption of the rules, some debate arose between Rev. S. Osgood, H. H. Fuller, Esq., and Hon. S. Fairbanks. These were adopted as follows: "1. Each speaker shall be requested to confine his remarks within fifteen minutes, and in case of his exceeding that time he shall be informed of the fact by the President. 2. If two or more members rise to speak, he who has not spoken upon the resolution in question shall have the floor in preference over those who have spoken. 3. The question whether a resolution or question be a subject of discussion shall be immediately taken without debate. 4. No amendment of a resolution shall be considered in order unless submitted in writing."—The resolutions were then taken up in order, and discussed. On the first, reading thus,—

"Resolved, That, assembling in this place, distinguished for more than two centuries by the principle of congregational independence, we deem this a proper occasion for reaffirming our respect for that principle, our conviction of its happy bearing upon whatever is best in our New England institutions and character, and that we should seriously urge upon our churches the infortance of quickening the religious life of the individual parish by every means that shall promote its freedom and order, its zeal and influence,"—

nemarks were made by Rev. J. Whitman, who dwelt on the importance of the pastor's private influence, in his own sphere, according to his own modes of action, and his carrying out practically all the views and principles he may imbibe at occasions like this. In doing this, there is no infringement of his liberty by any denominational organization. So should every individual, in every parish, labor. Here ministers and laymen are on common ground. Parish

life depends on individual life. Let us carry home this lesson of duty. The first Resolve was then adopted. The second read thus:

"Resolved, That, congratulating ourselves upon the large measure of fraternal co-operation that we have enjoyed one with the other; upon the ground of a liberal faith, and determined to continue that co-operation, we cordially rejoice in the increasing manifestation of a congenial spirit, in various Christian quarters, earnestly desire a true catholicity of communion, and upon the broad basis of the Gospel fervently hope to give and receive a Christian fellowship, that shall be as cheering as it is enlarged."

This was spoken to by Rev. H. W. Bellows, who thought that it presented the great question of the day, for us; that we are now enjoying a most favorable opportunity for asserting our principles; that the growing good opinion of other sects is a reason for strengthening, not weakening, our denomination; that we need to apply religion more than we ever have in its strictness, to the sins of the people and the times, not substituting civilization for Christianity; that we must go more thoroughly into social reforms; that we want plainer and more practical preaching, and a more earnest piety. He added that indications in the place of his own residence, and in various theological reviews, reveal a more liberal style of thinking and feeling, in other denominations. Rev. A.B. Muzzey followed, advocating a great charity of sentiment, alluding to our encouraging prospects, rejoicing in Mr. Bellows' confessions, insisting on more attention to internal, and less to external matters, appealing to the liberality of the rich for more extensive appropriations for the diffusion of our opinions, referring to the deplorable state of the country in relation to war and slavery, and exhorting to new zeal. Rev. C. Stetson observed that it was the grand peculiarity of Jesus that he set forth not things to be believed, but things to be done. Christianity is pre-eminently the religion of principles. This is the fundamental idea of Unitarianism. One class of our duties we discharge at home; another we discharge socially. To this latter extent only are we a sect. But we have not been wholly liberal or tolerant. Some that are eloquent for social reform in the Fall, use the thunder of earnest men that they sneered at in the Spring. We must be not only liberal, but consistently liberal. This, or else a creed and conformity. - Christianity is too much colored by the conventional and fashionable notions of the world, as we are colored by the light of the stained windows of this church. It is said that ministers cannot preach the truth of the Gospel, because the world do not love to hear it. Then you must not pretend to preach the Gospel at all. Somebody has said that no minister has any right to preach anything that is disagreeable to anybody! We are a proselyting people politically and morally. Aaron presented the first "available candidate" in the shape of a golden calf. Men would respect an honest and independent party, if they did not join it. If the offence must come, from declaring the truth, let it come. S. St. John, Esq. alluded to his conversion from Calvinism, — the main instrument of which was "Ware's Formation of the Christian Character." He thought we should hold to distinctive Unitarianism, and even the name, and wished the resolve might be

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medified to that effect. H. H. Fuller, Esq. resisted the idea of abandoning any organization, or dissolving our associations, spoke of the advance of our views and the decline of Calvinism with satisfaction, and maintained that the laity are as willing to hear independent and reformatory preaching, as the clergy to afford it. Rev. C. Stetson made a correction on a misunderstanding of his remarks, which remarks were founded on facts under his own observation. Rev. J. F. Clarke thought we were enjoying a great gain, and showing a real and legitimate progress, by returning more and more to the great elementary principles of the Gospel, and sharing in the noble movements of the age. We do not come here to rejoice that Dr. Bushnell (whose name had been mentioned by one speaker,) is going to become a Unitarian. Probably he is not going to become one. But we should rejoice in the large liberty of that gentleman, and other gentlemen in other sects, - rejoice that they are growing, and teaching each other. We need broader principles of union, and more expanded sympathies. Rev. Jones Very insisted that we should occupy no narrow ground, but be enlarged by the enlarging disposition of the times. We are the "exponent" of other sects, showing "the power to which they are to be raised." Rev. Dr. Flint suggested that we should not be too self-glorying. All the progress of the day is not due to us. We are all alike approximating more and more to the original simplicity and truth of the Great Teacher. Rev. S. Oagood referred to the ancient spirit of congregational freedom, as asserted by the Puritans, a spirit that has reigned over the spot where we are assembled for two hundred years. He declared that there is a longing for unity in all bodies, in Andover, Newton, New Haven. The voices from the old world that awaken a response in the heart of New England are the voices of liberal souls, Arnold, Foster, Neander. The resolutions had been said to have the quality of milk and water. It is to be hoped that the only foundation for this charge lies in the fact that the "water of life" that flows through them is mingled with the "milk of human kindness." We will welcome and respect catholic Christianity wherever it appears. Let us hasten the coming of a larger and more cordial communion. The only ground of that communion is Christ, - the Christ of the New Testament, the Christ of the soul, the Light of the Church, and the medium of communication between man and Ged. Rev. Dr. Parkman recalled attention to former days, the days of Higginson and Brewster. He passed to compliment the laity of our churches, as worthy descendants of the parishioners of those venerable preachers. Rev. A. Hill believed we are not to boast, but to be thankful that Providence is leading us forward. This leading of Providence is indicated by our material Improvements; by which a starving nation is aided. The world's convention too was a sign of a union which is promised, though that scheme failed through sectarianism. We need to take advantage of these signs — be earnest like Moore who died so nobly at his work. Rev. J. Whitman said that the Unitarian movement was Providential. Our Unitarian Association so arose and has progressed, changed and was modified. An open and distinct avowal of our sentiments promotes union. The progress of reform has mightily helped us.

Let us not be troubled about union with other denominations, but go to our own great mission, drink in the spirit of Christ, and do his work. The second resolution was then adopted. Prayer was offered by Rev. M. G. Thomas, a hymn was sung, and the meeting adjourned.

Wednesday afternoon. — The hour of the meeting at the First Church, (Rev. Mr. Stone's,) was two o'clock. Prayer was offered by Rev. H. A. Miles. The third resolution was read, as follows:—

"Resolved, That we deem Christianity as essentially diffusive in its spirit, and that while we rejoice to unite with our fellow Christians of every name in common labors of piety and charity, we are called to do an especial work in our own peculiar field, and are in duty bound to strive to extend the principles that we hold dear, especially by circulating the writings of our gifted fathers, such as Channing and Ware, and by sustaining more generously than hitherto the Association that has been continued with such usefulness amongst us."

Speeches were made by Rev. W. G. Eliot, G. G. Channing, Esq., S. St. John, Esq., and Rev. J. F. Clarke, which we did not hear. Rev. A. B. Fuller presented proofs from his own personal experience, of the great spiritual benefit of circulating Channing's works and our views generally. Rev. E. B. Hall proposed a subscription on the spot, for the circulation of Channing's writings; Rev. Mr. Fuller added, for supplying public libraries with those writings. Rev. Dr. Gannett referred to recent movements in behalf of the American Unitarian Association, to the hope that has been felt, to our disappointment in Rev. Mr. Eliot's declining the office of Secretary of the Association; and then stated, as a most encouraging and animating fact, that, since the last anniversary of that body in May, a subscription had been obtained for it in Boston of 2680 dollars, which will liquidate the existing debt; also, that a new and improved description of tracts had been engaged, that something had been done towards engaging the co-operation of the different Unitarian Ministerial Associations, and two legacies of a thousand dollars each had been left for the A. U. A. within a year. Dr. G. went on to say that the purposes and objects of the Association are such as to entitle it to the sympathy and respect of enlightened and influential men. The object of the early founders of that body was not sectarian or narrow or dogmatical; but it was to supplant a false sectarianism by a true. There is a want of such an institution now; as much now as twenty years ago; - a tract, missionary and education society. We must have it, and use it, or be false to our duty. And there is no valid objection to it. None has been exhibited. Supposed objections to it rest on an exaggeration of its past imperfections. Sectarianism, in a good sense, is a good thing. Is such an institution false to the genius and mission of Unitarian Christianity? No; for we hold that the utmost freedom is compatible with the strongest sympathy and co-operation. Our design is not to promote a selfish individualism. Christianity is to be applied to men's hearts and lives, not by single voices, but by associated action. Nature teaches the same lesson in the united beams of the stars, and the mighty waters of confluent rivers. As liberal Christians, then, it becomes us to labor heartily for the support and extension of the American Unitarian Association. Rev. Mr. Hinchs of London observed, that he did not represent any distinct class in his own country. The liberal Christians of England do not, cannot represent one another, nor agree in respect to modes of action, or church government. The very question of denominational bands that seems to be so prominent here is now agitated in England. There is difference of opinion upon it there as well as here. He would recognize the same distinction between two kinds of sectarianism drawn by Dr. Gannett. He then proceeded to state the grounds of his attachment to Unitarian principles, in a clear and fervent manner; and concluded by assuring the Unitarians in this country of the deep respect and sympathy of their English brethren. The resolution was adopted, and the fourth taken up:

"Resolved, That whilst we value Christianity for the peculiar authority and sanctions of its revelations, we regard them, in connection with all its doctrines and institutions, as the means of cherishing practical religion and establishing the kingdom of God among men; and that the great indifference with which so large a portion of the Christian world treat the great social vices and oppressions of our time, moves us to bear our testimony more earnestly than ever, in behalf of the piety and humanity of the Gospel, and against the spirit of warfare, slavery, general excess and discord."

Rev. J. Pierpont spoke on the application of the truth to practical life and to humane reforms. Unitarianism does its legitimate work in the school for ragged children, the redemption of the slave, the rescue of the sensual and the drunkard. Ecclesiastical history furnishes no record of great movements originated by the rich and fashionable, only by the poor and toiling. We cannot well report a speech almost entirely composed of brilliant points and pregnant antitheses, and can only indicate the direction it took. Rev. M. G. Thomas succeeded, adverting to the inconsistency of our Christianity with the great evils of the times. Moses Grant, Esq. hoped the plain word intemperance would be substituted for the mild and general term "excess," because we should call things by their right names. The word intemperance was inserted. Rev. H.W. Bellows offered an explanation of his remarks in the morning, and deprecated a division of the body into a reformatory and a spiritual party. The resolution was adopted. Rev. J. F. Clarke, in the name of a friend, introduced a resolution recommending that the body memorialize Congress on the subject of the Mexican war, and praying for a withdrawal of our armies from Mexico, and a consation of hostilities. It was referred to the business committee, by Mr. Clarke himself. After prayer was offered by Rev. J. Weiss, and a hymne was sung, the meeting adjourned.

At 5 o'clock, a most bountiful prefusion of tea and other refreshments was provided for the immense multitude, at Hamilton Hall, by the ladies, where hospitality seemed to be unbounded. Several pleasant and humorous addresses were made at the tables, complimentary and thankful, by Rev. Dr. Parkman, C. Stetzen, H. W. Bellows, and S. Osgood, — at the invitation of Hon. S. C. Phillips, (who performed, throughout the whole Convention, the duty of a host in behalf of the Salem friends, in a very graceful and dignified manner.) This

incident, with the felicitous observations, was one of the most agreeable of the whole occasion.

Wednesday evening. - At Mechanic Hall, religious services were held at 7 o'clock. The devotional exercise was conducted by Rev. Dr. Gannett. The sermon, by Rev. G. W. Briggs, was from Luke xii. 32: "Fear not, little flock, for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." It was in an hour of danger and suffering that Jesus said this. He had the human heart before him, and all forms of life. He must meet error of doctrine, and the sins of the life. How differently from other teachers he met both! Error he meets indirectly, sweeping it away by announcing true and immutable and universal truths. Sin he meets directly. He makes it tremble and flee away before the simple majesty of the holy Truth he proclaims. From Christ's method and wisdom we learn our duty at this day. We have errors to meet, errors of philosophy and theology. We are not to encounter them by imperfect attempts at argument, but by wakening the spirit of truth, - love, conscience. We must have something that goes far deeper down than controversy; into feelings. attitudes of thought, wants, that logic cannot reach. There is always a diviner way than controversy. There are principles that are the life of every system. It was before the assertion of these, from Christ's lips, that all philosophies bowed themselves. Present the idea of the Father, and all alienations must die. Instead of discussing, and contending about, regeneration, appeal to the experience and consciousness of the soul which always knows that it needs regeneration. Let God's spirit brood over the chaos of human opinions, and the chaos is changed to order. — Pass on to the removal of sins. Christ appeals to the conscience, beginning with the exposure of special sins, and from them going on to the universal. Every word probed the wound. Let me see religion moving through the world with the broad charity of the Redeemer on its brow, and no philosophy can draw me into unbelief. Apply the principle to that great miracle of healing, the temperance reform. A burning love, deep in the soul, works it. So of slavery. Even that giant evil must yield before an intense, living spirit of freedom, in believing men. Even the Pope, claiming dominion over temporal princes, gives example of but a perversion of the truth that all things should be subjected to Christ. The heart of the world longs for a theology that shall express universal truths. Ascend into a true spirituality and all questions between sect and sect dwindle into shadows. He alone can promote a real union who shall unfold the universal theology of the spirit. That will bring on the end of war, and the brotherhood of nations. Outwardly we may seem feeble, when we are growing into a life and spirit that is universal. "Fear not, little flock, for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." After a prayer from Rev. Mr. Briggs, and a hymn, the exercises were closed. The fervor of the preacher, we fail, of course, to convey.

Thursday Morning. — Session in the church at Barton Square, at 8 1-2 o'clock. Prayer was offered by Rev. E. B. Hall. A Committee of Arrangements was appointed for the next Autumnal Convention, consisting of Rev. A.

Hill, Rev. J. W. Thompson, Rev. G. E. Ellis, H. B. Rogers, Esq., and C. S. Davies, Esq. The fifth Resolution was then taken up, reading thus:—

"Resolved, That we regard the prevalent pursuit of wealth and prominence of materialistic influences with solicitude, but not with despair, and that in this our nineteenth century, we deem it to be peculiarly the mission of Christianity to lift the minds of the people above the thraldom of second causes to the worship of the Great First Cause, alike by an enlarged spiritual faith and an earnest practical devotion."

This called forth remarks from Rev. M. G. Thomas, who pointed out the strenuous necessity of exchanging the present waste and misuse of wealth and worldly goods for a holy consecration of it to the improvement and cultivation of the immortal soul, and the furtherance of Christ's kingdom. Rev. C. Lincoln followed, earnestly pleading for the great necessity of a spiritual regeneration, as the indispensable condition of all good works, and for a living piety as the basis of all practical reforms. Rev. R. Sanger continued the same strain of remark. Rev. H. W. Bellows considered the love of money the great peril of this country and age, and the great obstacle to spiritual renewal and the work of the ministry. We are in danger of falling into the deplorable condition of France at the close of the last century. We almost idolize our civilization. Social ambition and the pursuit of wealth are absorbing the attention of men, especially in our large cities. Rich men buy everything else but their own time, and the freedom of their minds for spiritual discipline. He referred to a recent interview with Albert Gallatin, a retired scientific man, whose science is made to subserve Christian truth and a spiritual culture. While science acknowledges her allegiance to Christianity, let not that Christianity suffer from the worldliness of the world. Rev. C. Palfrey ascribed the great attention paid to material interests to the position of the world and the opportunities of the age. It is the work of the century to develop, to a remarkable degree, material resources and physical powers. The real question is whether this shall be done in a selfish and earthly, or in a humane and devout spirit. Every laborer should go daily to his work, making his care for the outward only a means of perfecting his interior life, and of serving God. This rule may reconcile all the difficulties of the case. Rev. A. B. Muzzey could not help believing that it is the express design of Providence that the vast material resources around us shall be developed. Christ's teaching is that worldly prosperity itself is not to be condemned, but the wrong use of it, and the selfish temper it may beget. He says not "Woe to the rich." but "woe to them that trust in riches." Religion is to be introduced into all spheres; and business enterprise is to be sanctified by a pious heart. Rev. C. Stetson thought that there is no real issue between those who urge the supreme importance of detaching the soul from mammonish pursuits and idolatry, and those who engage heartily in practical reforms, who feel for the slave as bound with him, and strive for the deliverance of mankind from those external burdens that wrong and debase the soul. The advocates of social reform cling as

closely as any to the doctrine of personal, and spiritual renewal, and other great central principles of the Gospel, which are the root of the divine life. On the wild olive of modern worldliness, the spirit that believes supremely in the indefinite extension of Anglo-Saxondom, in stocks and railroads, we can never expect to graft the beneficent spirit of Christian reform. Can a man. with Christ's renewing spirit in him, whip a slave to unpaid toil, or shoot bullets into a human body, the innocent child, his brother and sister? and it is no more Christian to send a colonel from your own county, and pay him and welcome him when he returns, than to go in your own person. 'The virtues, and the sincerity, of those who follow only the Christianity of society, are to be respected. But they may still lack the Christianity of Christ. The grand purpose of the ministry is to implant in the soul the living spirit of Christ, which is the spirit of justice and humanity, no less than of devotion and piety. Rev. S. Osgood confessed that there was much claiming admiration in the energetic enterprise of business men, and that the gigantic efforts of the children of the world overshadow the pigmy plans of the children of light. Changes go on every day under our eyes, which disclose the vitality of secular enterprise. Are we as faithful, energetic, persisting? The old Christian system had power. The prelacy of the present day has power, in the intelligence and faith of its adherents. Where are we to get a truer and better power? In the increased spirituality of our teachings; in the increased spirituality of our lives. The laity bear a fair standard of comparison with the clergy. We must preach from a higher moral position. The laity are not afraid of close preaching, not afraid of being hit. A Southern man said he liked a certain preacher because he made him feel as if the devil was crowding him into the corner of his pew. Many would agree with him. Among all the horizontal lines of the age, let there be a hand pointing upward to God, and heaven, and good angels. The Resolution was adopted. A Resolution was introduced by the committee, that "mourning with grief the war now waged with Mexico, we feel called on to utter our remonstrance boldly and openly, and that we appoint a committee to draw up a respectful memorial to Congress, and solicit signatures." S. Greely, Esq., advocated its adoption, asked the countenance of the clergy to sustain the conscientious and faithful politicians of the country, in their opposition to continuing the war. He added an assurance that the laity are really for the most pungent preaching the clergy can give. Rev. Dr. Gannett objected to the Resolve, that it is without precedent in the proceedings of these Conventions, that the memorial cannot be reported, that it may alienate some persons from our Conventions. Rev. J. F. Clarke hoped, for duty's sake and consistency's sake, the Resolve would not be wholly lost or laid aside. The Resolve was laid on the table, and on motion of Rev. R. C. Waterston a meeting was called to be held immediately after this, to consider it. A Resolution was then introduced, declaring the entire harmony of the body, amidst all diversities of opinion, whether on doctrine or modes of action. Dr. Putnam re-affirmed and supported this; dwelling on the beauty of our diversities, and the essential agreement of all of us, present and absent. Some of us plead for action, some for the spirit; some are conservative, and some radical; some work for denominationalism,—and as the word is defined here, there is nobody to resist or hinder them. We are one; in all the circles of human society, there is not a body more harmonious, affectionate, fraternal, than this. We have all sorts; we need all sorts; each member has his office, and cannot be spared. Let us differ with all our might, and yet cherish mutual respect and love. The Resolve was adopted. Under the last Resolve, reading thus:—

"Resolved, That, recognizing with tender and solemn interest the decease of lamented brethren, Rev. Dr. Peabody and others, we deeply sympathize with their bereaved families, and express our gratitude to divine Providence for the power of their lives and the treasure of their memories."

Rev. J. H. Morrison paid a most touching and feeling and solemn tribute to the memory of the dead. Out of a feeling and moved heart he spoke affecting words of sorrow, of submission, of gratitude, - recalling the beloved and respected images of Moore, Niles and Peabody, holding up their virtues for imitation, and their holy example as a blessing to our lives, a support to our sufferings, a promise to our hope, and a light to our path. The Resolution was adopted. In behalf of the Unitarians of Salem. Rev. J. W. Thompson, in appropriate terms, rendered an acknowledgment to all present for their presence and assistance throughout the occasion; for the words of freedom, righteousness and love, that had been spoken; for the Christian manliness, kindness and courtesy that have been exhibited; and addressed other fervent, parting salutations to the assembly. Rev. S. Osgood moved the thanks of the assembly for the elegant hospitality of our friends - brothers and sisters - in Salem, and for the unbroken hours of pleasure and edification that we have enjoyed here; which, as amended on motion of Rev. A. B. Muzzey, was passed unanimously. Prayer was offered by Rev. Dr. Putnam, a hymn was sung, a vote of thanks was proposed and passed to the venerable President, for the dignity, urbanity and impartiality with which he presided over the deliberations of the body; and the Convention finally adjourned.

AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION. — A special meeting of this body was held in Boston, in the chapel of the "Church of the Saviour," on Bedford St., Oct. 21, the President in the chair. A letter was received from Rev. W. G. Eliot, elected last May to the office of Secretary of the A. U. A., while he was in Europe. In this letter, Mr. Eliot declined serving as Secretary. Some unsuccessful attempts were made to elect a person to that office, and the whole subject was finally referred to the Executive Committee.

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SWEDENBORG.

BY REV. SAMUEL OSGOOD.

[Concluded from last No.]

Swedenborg died at a time when the world was on the eve of a crisis, a conflict between faith and scepticism such as had never before appeared. The work that has been the very Bible of infidels, D'Holbach's "System of Nature," had just appeared, and thousands were glorying in the doctrine that removed all mystery from creation, rejected spiritual existences, and resolved the universe into matter and motion as ultimate powers. The Swede might well yearn to complete his own great work in vindication of spiritual realities upon the basis of nature.

Considerable attention was excited during his life by his alleged revelations; and in Sweden, at one time, efforts were made to suppress the publication of his doctrines. Yet the number of his avowed followers was quite small - not more than fifty, according to his estimate as given in reply to a question addressed to him, although the date of this Various causes have tended to give more interest reply is not stated. to his system within a few years than has ever been felt before. Among thinking men, and obviously not a few such have adopted the New Church doctrines, the principal attraction has been found in the fact that Swedenborg promises to reconcile the truths of revelation with the laws of nature, the supernatural with the natural, and give a comprehensive view of the universe that ranges through the earths, heavens and hells, and traces the same divine laws in every sphere of existence, rom the inorganic clay up to the essence of the Godhead. The ma-VOL. IV. 45

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jority of his followers may be attracted by the strangeness of his memorable relations, and love of the marvellous may combine with the natural yearning for minute knowledge of the invisible world and the state of the dead, to give charm to his revelations of futurity. Yet the scientific claims of the system are the chief reliance of its most accredited apologists. A class of persons moreover who do not receive the more dogmatic articles of the Swedenborgian creed, profess great respect for its philosophical basis, and there is obviously a disposition among the followers of Mesmer, Fourier, and sometimes even of Hahneman to confirm their theories by the speculations of the Swede.

The ground of his claim to philosophic depth is sufficiently obvious, whatever may be thought of its validity. Swedenborg was evidently a scientific mystic - a man into whose whole mind the study of nature and man had wrought such an influence as to affect every faculty of his being, whether reason, imagination, social affections or religious sentiment. His theological system is a vast, and in some respects, a not unworthy effort to construct a theory of the universe upon the basis of Christianity. He recognized a soul in all things, and if in this he is a dreamer, his dream is wiser than that of the materialist who recognizes a soul nowhere. His system of nature underlies all his theological doctrines and memorable relations. His theology is his science of nature in a transfigured form. He regarded the sun with its heat and light, as the mighty agency through which God created the earths of the universe. The visible luminary was the emblem and external manifestation of a spiritual sun, whose heat and light are the divine love and wisdom from which the spiritual worlds were formed. Upon the correspondencies or analogies connected with the sun and with man the chief principles of his creed rest. He regarded man as the crown of creation, a universe in miniature. Man is made to be the mystical hieroglyphic of God. To decipher him is to have the key to celestial wisdom, for all things above and below, in heaven and earth, stand in strict correspondence with the constitution of man.

The theological doctrines of Swedenborg are all based upon the same principles. God is as the sun, existing in a trinity, not of persons, but of attributes. Love, Wisdom, Power, like Heat, Light, and Activity. Man has faculties of freedom and rationality from God, and although full of evil tendencies on account of the corrupting influences inherited from his fathers, he does not necessarily sin, but by the use of his powers and opportunities may overcome the evil within him. To aid man in this work, the Christian religion was sent. Man had become so corrupt as to open the gates of hell itself, and allow the fiends themselves to wander at will through the spheres of life and the chambers

of the mind. In Christ, God himself took human form to rebuke the powers of darkness, and restore order. To God thus condescending, man may draw near with new confidence, and by faith and love may be brought into harmony with himself, his neighbor and his Maker. What true living here begins death consummates. As the soul is within the body, so is the spiritual world within the natural, and after death, the soul, with its spiritual faculties, by its own nature, enters the spiritual, and joins either the infernal or the celestial state according to its sphere of life or ruling affections, whether good or evil, of the world and self, or of God and the neighbor.

Such is the merest general statement of the Swedenborgian theology. It is obvious that its leading principles are by no means new. Its doctrine of the Godhead differs little from that of the ancient Sabellius. His view of the value of charity, as none of his followers deny, is but the simple truth of the Gospel and the constant theme of holy men. The relation of the soul to the spiritual world as set forth by him is as familiar as the analogy of insect transformations.

The novelty as well as the distinctive character of his theology, consists not so much in the spirit of his general doctrines, as in their systematic combination, and in the claim set up by the founder to special authority as an interpreter of Scripture and a seer into the invisible world. If all that is claimed is to be yielded, the consequence is obvious. He becomes the only authentic teacher of divinity. We are to look upon Christianity only through his eyes; and dissent from his declarations implies either inability to verify his truths by our own reason, or wilful rejection of their obligation over us when they are thus verified.

His followers, although urging his claims upon scientific grounds, appeal strongly to his authority as an interpreter of Scripture. Indeed they look upon his knowledge of Scripture as the summit of science, exhibiting the true meaning or inner sense within the letter, as natural philosophy exhibits the laws of nature within the visible and sometimes contradictory phenomena of the senses. Obviously in order to substantiate his claim to be the authoritative interpreter of Scripture, he must do one of two things: either give interpretations that commend themselves to the reason of his readers, or he must work miracles in order to establish his claims to divine commission that shall hold reason in allegiance and call for implicit faith. To working miracles he laid no claim. As to the self-evident character of his interpretations, few recognize it. To most intelligent readers, his method of interpreting Scripture, though often ingenious, and sometimes not without depth, is frequently very arbitrary, and apparently without any foundation in the

nature of things. There is something in every page of the Arcana Celestia and Apocalypse Revealed, that appears to reflect the expositor's idiosyncracy rather than the sacred writer's meaning.

But the great stumbling block lies before us in the visions of the spiritual world. The sincerity of his statements we cannot for a moment question. Nor can we regard him, as the author of the tract upon "Swedenborg and Spinoza" does, as conveying abstract truths in mystical language, and speaking of principles and affections as spiritual beings, and thus giving a false impression to the casual reader. No. He evidently thought his mind so opened that he was permitted to see and converse with angels, and even with the God himself. How then explain this singular phenomenon? Believe that all things are as he describes them — that heaven and hell correspond to his statements and that the departed and angels appear and speak as he says? spiritual world is too much like himself to allow us to think so. There is a certain monotonous mesmerism about all his revelations. His characters talk in his own peculiar style. As has been truly said, both ancients and moderns Swedenborgianize, and are little more than images through which the seer himself unconsciously speaks. He seems to us sometimes to make mistakes in his statement of historical facts and views of historical characters. He shows in his visions of Heaven and Hell something of the bias of his peculiar prejudices, as Dante does in his visions of the same realms. He treats Luther and Calvin in pretty much the same manner as the Tuscan poet treats his political and theological adversaries. In more respects than one, the "Heaven and Hell" of the Swedish seer may be called the Divina Commedia not of a poet, whose fancies look like facts, but of a philosophical mystic, whose reveries stand for realities.

The nature of his visions does not puzzle us nearly as much as their constancy and extent. In these latter respects they are without parallel. In the degree, and not in the kind, the wonder consists. Other mystic devotees have had their marvellous revelations to boast of. The ascetic saints from St. Anthony to St. Francis have passed their lives as among angels and devils. Luther had his vision of Satan, Loyola saw Christ and the Blessed Virgin, and even the logical Edwards had a beatific view of the Trinity. All men who dwell intensely upon any class of objects are more or less haunted as with their visible presence. Generally, the visions bear the mark of the seer's own peculiarities. It was so with the Swede. As Herder has said: "Swedenborg's celestial mystery was in this, that he saw and believed honestly the phantasies which sprang from his own inmost being. His convictions made him realize the appearances within himself, and

brought them before his senses. Heaven and Hell were from him and within him; a magic lantern of his own thoughts."

Very evidently to us his whole system of the spiritual world is a sublimation of his theory of nature. Let any one read the work that marks his transition from the philosopher to the seer, and perceive at once the tendency of the author's mind. The book on the "Worship and Love of God," seems to pretend to be no more than a philosophical romance, a philosopher's reverie of Creation, such a prose-poem as the author of the Vestiges of Creation might be supposed to write in some dreamy haze, or under the influence of some opiate draught. Its descriptions of the creation of man and the first experience of the infant soul claim no more validity as absolute truths than Buffon's story of the first man, or the speculations of Davy in his "Consolations of Travel," This book has evidently puzzled the followers of Swedenborg. Although printed after his professed illumination, they always and probably with justice state that it was written previously. Is this book connected at all with the ambiguity attached to the date of his illumination, which is sometimes fixed in 1743, when the work was composed, and sometimes at 1745, when it was published? The author's followers often quote its statements with favor, especially his declaration that seven planets were originally created from the sun; and at that time Herschell had not discovered the seventh. When the planet of Leverrier and the five asteroids were created, we are not informed in that or any subsequent revelation of the seer.

We might select many of his alleged discoveries in science for criticism, but we do not deem it necessary for our present purpose. That he did make important discoveries we do not question. It is only of his claim to supernatural insight that we are now speaking.

In treating of the man who aimed to reduce the analogies of the. universe to a complete Science of Correspondencies, we may be allowed to borrow an illustration from natural philosophy. The phenomena of the mirage are well known. An object out of sight is reflected upon the mists or clouds. Thus in 1822, Captain Scoresby saw in the heavens the image of his father's ship, the Fame, at a distance of thirty miles. Sometimes the image is double - the one vertical — the other reverse. To us Swedenborg appears to have seen the world of nature which he had so intently studied, as it were in mirage. The natural kingdoms rose before him in his visions as if transfigured, glorified. Everything, that he had recognized in man and nature had its correspondence in heaven or hell. Heaven was nature in its true order, exalted into the vertical mirage. Hell was that same nature perverted as in the reverse image. The theologian 45*

was but the philosopher in mystical reverie—the seer but the man of science in beatific rapture. Illustrate this comparison by the not uncommon facts of magnetic trance, and the marvel lessens, although it does not disappear.

As to the morale of Swedenborg's system, it is generally pure and high. There are some drawbacks to this statement, we are aware, and in some of his views of "Conjugial Relations," he needs quite as much as the largest charity can grant to explain his apparent laxities into apiritual imagery. Some passages of his own early history may perhaps illustrate what many are disposed to call the erotic character of his heaven. Disappointed love, with his celibate life, may have led him to look upon the union that is to be hereafter, too much in the light of earthly affections. This tendency his followers disclaim, however, and maintain the paramount purity of the very statements that have been so severely animadverted upon.

However this may be, the general tendency of the system seems favorable to practical goodness. Unlike most of the visionaries who claim to make divine communications, he is pretty sure to commend an every day virtue when dealing with the strangest marvels. From all that he has written, the central doctrine of "Life" shines out. To this he always comes back, whether in his theological speculations or mystical visions. If he talks of heaven and angels, he never fails to urge a spirit of faith and charity as the path to heaven's gate and angelic communion. Whatever we may think of his revelations of the spiritual world, we cannot but feel ourselves more impressed with its reality by the tone of his teachings, and in spite of his unadorned and frequently dull style, we always find something in his pages that makes a mark upon our minds. We can never leave him without thinking that the lost and loved are brought nearer to us by the interview.

He has tried to do for our time what Zoroaster and Manes seem to have attempted in their age. The theosophist of Sweden strove to blend all sciences into one and with the light of the eighteenth century, as well as the aid of a divine illumination, he sought to exhibit the created universe as a vast Pantheon, in which every anomaly may be reconciled, and every dark feature may be justified to all willing to receive the truth. He distances every rival theosophist of whatever age in the range of his thought and the magnitude of his structure.

Over some of his pages we are made to think of the comprehensiveness of Bacon or Leibnitz, and the consecutiveness of Spinoza or Kant. Again we read and we are reminded of the visible darkness of Jacob Boehme, and at times need large charity to keep out of our thoughts the fancied prophets and kings who utter their oracles and

wield their sceptres under the eye of attendants little prone to respect their ravings or obey their decrees.

To analyze the mind of Swedenborg is no easy task. That he was charitable, conscientious, reverent, single-hearted, there can be little doubt. That he labored indefatigably for what he considered the highest good of his race we are not disposed to question. It is his intellectual character that presents the puzzling problem. Whatever may be our view of his gifts, his wisdom or his hallucination, the facts of his history remain the same. Living at an age when nature was opening such wonders, and gifted with a singular power of tracing analogies, he was so inebriated by knowledge as to defy all the limitations of human infirmity, and hoped to see by science what the patriarch saw by faith, the ladder that unites earth with heaven, and on which angels come and go. His passion was for omniscience. Whilst this may commend him to the class of persons who deify human reason and who talk of a science of the universe as no very difficult thing, it will have a very different effect upon those who believe it to be a mark of true wisdom to pretend to know but in part. To these our modern Prometheus in his attempt to scale the heavens will seem at least quite as likely to have lost himself in the clouds as to have reached the empyreal blaze.

THE HAUNTED SPRING.

[Concluded.]

From hips of sorrow wan—
Once more the lady bent her look
Downward on the reedy brook,
And mournfully began:
Seven lonely years ago—
Seven years of wandering wo—
At our solemn festival
I was blithest, brightest, fleetest,
Of the ocean daughters all;
I sang clearest, I danced featest;
And such favor did I win,
That the blue-eyed fairy queen,
With a quaint and mystic rite,
Drew a wondrous thrysolite

Then breathing forth a weary sigh,

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From her tendrilled tresses bright,
And with soft smile bending low,
Clasped it on my glowing brow;
From that talismanic stone,
And the star-flower graved thereon,
All the evil things that hide
In earth, or air, or ocean tide,

Tremblingly
Shrink and flee,
Vanquished by its mastery!

Oh, with what exulting pride, Then I skimmed the dreaming sea! Dived among the glancing waves -Floated through the thundering caves -Tossed aloft the feathery spray ---Chased the nautilus at play -Bathed me in the moonbeam white, All enjoyment, all delight; Till one burning, breathless day, I beheld upon my way, Fast becalmed, a noble ship, Like a golden swan asleep, Brooding on the golden water. To the simple ocean daughter First she seemed a sight of fear, Then a theme for wonderment; Then a thing to linger near, As the soft swell came and went, Till the day and night I passed, Toying with my plaything vast; Through her massy chain-work leaping. In her wavy canvass sleeping, On her tall spars lightly sitting, Round her dark hull swiftly flitting; And I learned to love with her The merry, bright-eyed mariner Who, upon that windless sea, Listened every eve for me, When my glad song rose afar, With the earliest rising star. Wo is me! wo is me! Soon was naught so dear as he! Hour by hour a calmer life

Stole along my restless limbs; Moonlight revel, gamesome strife, Seemed but irksome fever dreams; In my song there was a tone

To our elfin race unknown; And my very speech grew strange, Sobered by a human change. Wo's the night! wo's the night! When beneath the pole-star bright I gave away my chrysolite! My precious magic chrysolite! For a breath of soothing air -A loving look, a promise fair; Ever more to stay by me. In the azure realms of sea! And at dawning of the day, The great ship spread her sounding wings To the breeze that morning brings; And rushed along their crisped way Bearing off for ave, with her, My heedless, perjured mariner! Soon by babbling wave to wave --Soon from echoing cave to cave-Low 'twas whispering, wide 'twas known That my talisman was gone! Laughter ran along the sea, Pointing fingers mocked at me, Wild eyes shone with wicked glee, And my jealous sister's malice. Brimmed the overflowing chalice, Whispering that the treasure given Brooked not touch of mortal leaven:

Nor would stay Even a day. With the son of human clay: And the laws of our existence Held my spirit from resistance, Bound my palsied limbs from flight, Crushed me with the chain of might, Till a thirst of vengeance came, Born by suffering, nursed by shame; A desire whose burning madness Vanquished all my spirit's sadness, And endued my sluggish life With a pulse of fiery strife. In the darkness of the moon Lay the sea-world, glassy black, When I looked — the mad typhoon On the fated vessel's track! Shrieking with a fierce halloo!

Swift the monster tempest flew, O'er the shuddering waters passed. Rent the sail, and sprang the mast, Snapped the cable, burst the deck, Made the ship a helpless wreck! And from off their slippery hold Dashed the wretches faint and cold. Who to floating fragments clung, With cramped sinews anguish-strung! Every soul that terror-driven, Cried that night to livid heaven. Every soul with bubbling breath, Sank in foaming whirls of death, Ere the storm-wind hied again Sated to his ocean den! Then in stern and silent mood, At the throne of Doom I stood; There to hear the dark decree Of ancient ages passed on me; The decree of awful ban, Stamped upon the love of man! Thoughtfully with saddened mien Spake the gentle fairy queen; And her breeze-like voice I heard, With a tear in every word, Slowly uttering over me The unchangeable decree.

"Child of ocean, guilty spirit! Heavy sentence dost thou merit: Thou that, reckless of thy pride, Hast the mighty laws defied! Yet thou shalt not undergo All the depths of threatened wo. Till a chastening ordeal prove Thee an outcast from our love. Erring child! from this day forth, Wander o'er the breast of Earth! Mingle with the mortal race That hath lured thee to transgress; And with thoughts of bitter yearning To thy native waters turning, By each lake and brook and river, Weep, lament, and linger ever! Not to lose the homesick pain, Not to meet our eyes again, Till thy darkling sense can pierce

The wisdom of this magic verse:
What goes blindfold through the world,
Yet, for aye rejoices?
What is mute, yet sings to God
As with angel voices?
What is feeble as a child,

Yet the strong o'erthroweth? What is purest of the pure,

Yet of evil groweth?
Till this knot thou dost unravel,
Waste thy days in awful travel!
Hence depart, thy doom fulfill!"
And — I am a wanderer still.
Hate and sorrow at my heart,
Slow I come, and sad depart,
And the voice of human kind
Wakes the record on my mind,
As on yon gray rock the rain,
Freshens every tortuous stain;
And the riddle still unread,
Hangs like hope above my head;
Mocking with uncertain glare
Even the calmness of despair;

Till so desolate am I
In my homeless misery,
That remorse, and pride, and scorn
Have their bitterness outworn:
And while gazing on thy face,
Where for me
Glows sympathy,

Glows sympathy,
I forgive — I almost bless
The daughter of the perjured race!"

The fairy ceased — and on the air
A moment's silence fell;
Then like bird-songs after rain,
Esther's blithesome voice again
Wavered through the dell:
"Cheer thee lady! sorrow not,
As hopeless of relief;
Happiest moments come and fade,
Longest day hath evening shade,
So it is with grief!

" Oft when creeps the wintry cold, My threadbare mantle through, I whisper as the frost wind roameth, Stay awhile — spring-tide cometh — Lady, say so too.

"And though so poor a child as I
Hath but homely wit,
Yet our country proverb says;
Midge goes free where chafer stays,
Coarsest gloves may fit.

"Then, lady, let me seek to read
Thy riddle, if I may;
For true it is as heaven's light,
The darkest moment of the night
Comes just ere dawn of day."

With clasped hands the lady rose,
With trembling lips she cried,
"If thou the mystery canst unfold,
Take what thou wilt, oh child, of gold,
And fame, and worldly pride,"

"Nay, lady, on the hill-top high,
Builds not the gray-winged dove;
Ten years' wealth, for one day's health;
Pomp and show breed care and stealth;
I'll read thy verse for love,

That which blindfold through the world Goes, and yet rejoices, Is forbearing charity, Whose good deeds though hid they be, Sing with angel voices.

That which with an infant's hand Stubborn pride o'erthroweth, Is forgetfulness of wrong, Which with blossoms pure and strong From injustice groweth.

"And new farewell! the sun in up,
The sky grows golden red;
And there is wrath at home for me;
But who, on maying bent, will see
The rain-cloud everticad?

"Lady, farewell!" as from a trance,
"The fairy woke and smiled;
"Yet one more deed of grace," she said,
"Yet one, my precious child!"

"Come hither, when tomorrow's dawn Bids forth the honey bee: And where the mountain sakes tall O'erhang you streamlet's tinkling fall, There sit and wait for me."

This Esther promised — and away
With hasty step she ran,
To pass the day in wonted care,
Te seothe, to labor and forbear,
Nor think new it began.

In Oberon's royal hall that night
Was held a banquet high;
The elves were gathered small and great,
And the fair queen sat throned in state,
The eve star of the sky.

Who bore that night the jewelled cup?
Who poured the amber wine?
Who danced amid the perfumed light,
With crown of flashing chrysolite,
Graved with a mystic sign?

She that had read the antique verse,
And earned her pardon well;
She on whose brow in meed of praise
Titania's gracious hand again
Had clasped the guardian spell.

And when her graceful dance was done
The wanderer of earth
Low at the severeign's foot-stool kneeled,
And with soft, pleasing accents filled
The pause of ringing mirth.

"O great has been thy love, my queen!
And little my desert;
Yet one more boon I dure to crave,
Before I neek my native wave,
And join my sistem' sport.

But for a lonely mortal child, My task were yet undone; A mortal child revealed to me, That the forgiven injury Is treasure hardly won!

Give me a blessing, then, sweet queen,
To wreath around her head;
And grant me power to guard the dell,
Upon whose green and mossy swell
My latest tear was shed.

There let thine elves an arch uprear
Above a humble rill;
And on the stone which crowns the span
Bid them portray my talisman,
By force of magic skill.

That when bright drops by childhood's hand
Are sprinkled o'er its face,
That simple rite may summon me
Even from the distant Eastern sea,
To love, protect and bless!"

The fair queen bent her lilied brow,
And forth in eager zeal,
With hoop and clang, and merry shout,
Careered the busy elfin rout,
To do their sovereign's will.

And Esther told in after years
How at the dawn of day,
She saw amid the misty light,
Even like a lingering dream of night,
That arch of stone work gray.

And how the stranger lady came,
In robe of cloudy gold,
And spake and smiled, and on her head
A fairy gift at parting laid,
But what she never told.

Perhaps 't was for a promise given,
Perhaps for idle fear;
But, Esther to her dying day
When questioned close would only say,
"Placked likes soon grow sere."

Then as her life grew ripe, some said
That beauty was the boon;
And some when riches fell on her,
Deemed she had gained the metal rare,
Launched earthward from the moon.

And when she chose a loving mate,
And ruled a sun-bright home,
'T was said she had by magic art,
The power to sway a husband's heart
As wind the light sea foam.

But those who saw her in her age,
And loved her, silver-haired,
And marked the sweet smile beaming on
The childlike trust, the cheerful tone,
Which lengthened years had spared,

They knew the boon which Esther Donne
Won from the dark-haired fay,
Was that her spirit's fervent youth,
Her wisdom sweet, her fearless truth
Should never know decay."

IRISH SUFFERING AND ITS REMEDY.

BY REV. HERMAN SNOW.

Among the many objects of philanthropic interest of the present day, perhaps no one has higher claims upon our attention than the condition and prospects of the Irish poor. The bare statement of their privations and sufferings, were it not supported by the most unquestionable authority, would be absolutely incredible. And this remark applies not only to those appalling facts which have recently been brought before the public; but also to the whole history of famine and wretchedness among that people for many years past. Starvation is by no means a new thing in Ireland, but it has been an event of frequent occurrence. In the year 1835 the attention of the English government was so far attracted towards the evil as to induce the appointment of a "Committee of Enquiry;" from whose report as noticed in the London Quarterly for December of that year, we make the following summary of facts.

Speaking of orphans the report says that "They are very numerous, especially since the cholera swept off so many of their poor. There is no provision for them. What becomes of them is scarcely known; some get shelter among friends and relations, some support themselves imperfectly by begging, others starve."

The condition of the widows and their families is thus described: "They are seldom half fed. One meal of potatoes a day is the utmost they can expect, eked out often with unwholsome weeds."

One man testifies as follows:—"About five or six years ago, during a season of distress, I gave a kind of soup to some of them every evening. One evening they came before the soup was ready and waited in the yard. Some cabbage stumps that were thrown out of the kitchen were lying about; the pigs and fowls had picked them quite bare. I saw myself some six or eight of the poor women turn their faces toward the wall and eat the stumps the pigs had left!"

Of their aged the report states that "They have usually been supported by their children, who give them a corner and a bit." If sickly and in want of nicer food than potatoes, they die, for none other is to be had, and well were it if they had enough of that to keep life in them. But the custom of supporting their parents which used to be the pride of the Irish, is fast decaying, from the pressure of the times and incapacity." One witness asserts that "The custom of turning out the aged father is now so common that the contrary is the exception."

Of the sick it is said that no fund exists for their relief. "If the disease is contagious they are either put out of the cabin into a temperary hut, or the rest of the family leave it and them. Any nourishment the neighbors may give is then left at the door, and the poor creatures crawl out and take it in. But if the disease is not contagious, they are charitably tended by friends and neighbors of their own class, who will share their last potato with them."

One medical witness says:—"I am quite sure that many scores of such perish every year for want of proper sustenance. Our diseases themselves are evidently caused by cold and hunger and nakedness! The poor man regaining his appetite, on recovering, finds nothing to eat; a little food would restore him, but he sinks for want of it." And the words of another are as follows:—"In many instances when I have spoken of gruel as necessary for the patient, I have been told that I might as well order them claret, because they had neither the materials to make it nor the turf to boil it. I have frequently found the sick lying on the bare, damp ground, without any covering."

Of the able-bodied men who are out of work, the report states, that, "Throughout the whole of Ireland, it appears that employment is not

only scarce, but is hardly to be obtained by any, for a part of the year, varying from three to six months; — being the interval between the last sowing and the gathering of the crops; or from June to August; and again from December to February."

Mr. Lyons, the priest of one parish, makes the following statement:

"According to a census which I made two years ago, there were in this parish 751 men who had no shoes, and were unable to procure them; out of a population of 9000, there were 3,136 persons, make and female, who, within five years, had not purchased any important article of clothing, as a gown, a coat, &c.; as to night covering, of 1,618 families, the entire population, 1,011 have only one blanket each, such as it is; 299 families have no blanket at all!"

The number of beggars strolling through the country at all times, is represented as immense. "One hundred and twenty will call at my house in a day," says one of the witnesses. "In small towns, from two to three hundred are spoken of as being constantly about the streets."

One other quotation is necessary to give anything like an adequate outline of the wretched condition of those unhappy people at the time of making this report.

"The sort of potatoe generally used," says the report, "is the 'lumper,' as it grows more abundantly, and requires less manure than other descriptions." One witness says: "If it were not for the plentiful produce of this potatoe, the scarcity of the summer that has just passed, would have been starvation." It is of a soft, watery quality, and is both unwholesome and unpalatable food; pigs will not thrive upon it." Several other witnesses agree "that in ordinary seasons there is one fifth of the population who have not a sufficiency even of this unwholesome food; and years of scarcity are so frequent, that they must enter largely into any calculation of the general condition of the people."

Such are some of the melancholy facts made known by this report in regard to the condition of the poor of Ireland twelve years age. What it has been during the past season it is not necessary that we should now describe. The public papers for the last six or eight months have been filled with well authenticated accounts of a famine which for magnitude and severity stands wholly unparallelled in the history of modern times. And whoever has read these thrilling accounts of utter wretchedness, even unto the most cruel and lingering of all deaths,—not of individuals only, but of whole families,—fathers and mothers dying in the presence of their children, and children perishing is sight of their parents; wheever, we say, has read the accounts of scenes.

like these, which have been so constantly before the public, for many months past, and considers that they are not the accounts of solitary instances, but of many thousands of a similar character, can have no need of a repetition of those horrors upon these pages, in order to make him understand the greatness of the evil which our brethren upon the other side of the water have suffered. The fact however may here be stated, that it has been estimated that nearly 2,090,000 or about one fourth of the whole population of Ireland may fairly be considered as the victims of this one famine.

But what gives a still darker shade to the picture, is the obvious fact that such scenes are liable to a continual repetition, unless some permanent and effectual mode of relief shall be devised. To send out food during the time of distress, as has been recently done by our community, can only tend somewhat to lighten the calamity for the time being. Starvation will still be liable to return to that unhappy land upon the first material failure of the crops. Thus it has been in times past, and thus it must be in the future, unless some wise and efficient course be pursued to avert such a fearful destiny.

What then shall we say? Must the Christian philanthropist turn away with an aching heart, and in utter despair at the magnitude of the swil before him? Must the conviction be forced upon him that so large a portion of the human family are decomed to live on amid so much setual privation and suffering, and with such a wretched prospect constantly before them? We think not. We do not believe that God has given over any pertion of his children to such a hopeless condition. Most than is the relief to be afforded?

No deput a most important means of this relief is wholly or mainly beyond our reach. The seat of the malady is in those false and oppressive institutions under which Ireland has long suffered. We trust that a reform is at hand which will do souch towards vindicating the right of the common people to their share of those blessings of life which have been so unjustly and cruelly kept from them by a heartless aristocracy. In this reform we of this country may have but little to de. But something there is that we may and should do in this work. We can use our influence to break down those selfish barriers that have been raised against the tide of immigration which is setting so naturally and powerfully in the direction of this our own wide spread land of planty. Who can doubt that this determination to emigrate is a natural and wise one, on the part of those wretched sufferess? Is it not plain that this is the only prospect of immediate and permanent relief? And, who that understands, though in but a small degree, the spirit of Christ, does not see that if we would be true to that divine spirit, we must not

turn them back from our shores, but gladly receive them and do the best we can for them, even though it cause us some trouble and expense? To us the case seems clear that, if we would follow the Christian course, so far from striving to keep back these our most unfortunate brethren, we should rather encourage them to leave their home of famine and weetchedness, and to come to this land of abundance, where, whatever else may befall them, they may be sure that the hand of the diligent shall never lack bread. We would welcome them to the blessings of general intelligence, of universal education and sound morels, where, in the end, as we may trust, their darkened understandings may become enlightened, and their oppressed, dagraded souls be made to stand forth in the broad day-light of civil and religious liberty.

But in the way of this Christian course of conduct there are, as we are well aware, various prejudices and objections which have become firmly fixed in the public mind. Some of these, it is true, are entitled to a serious and faithful consideration, inasmuch as they relate to the moval and religious well-being of our community; but the most of them are of a narrow, selfish character, and therefore entitled to but little weight when viewed by the light of Christianity. It is proposed in the remainder of this article to bestow upon these popular objections a brief examination.

There are two of them which are easily disposed of. For, when it is said that our mechanics are likely to suffer from thus being brought into a competition with foreign labor, we have only to point to the well known fact that but few of these Irish immigrants are mechanics, whilst the great body of them are common laborers, just such as are wanted to work in our harbors, help build our rail roads, factories, &c. And when we are told that the political affairs of our country are likely to suffer when such a multitude of ignorant foreigness are admitted to vote at our elections, we have only to suply that this evil is by no means a necessary consequence of the course we are advocating; for have we not a perfect right so to alter our naturalization laws that none of them shall be permitted to vote until they have been here long enough to become fully qualified for voting?

There are other objections however upon which it will be necessary to dwell more at length, as they are manifestly more plausible, and no doubt their influence is much more widely felt in our community.

One of these objections is as follows: it is urged that the necessary tendency of this continual influx of a foreign population is to subject us to an enormous tax for the support of the poor; that in fact our nountry is fast becoming but little sless than a general almshouse for European supports.

To this objection we would remark, in the first place, that by far the greater part of these poverty-stricken and suffering emigrants whose approach to our shores is so much dreaded, are paupers only from necessity. It is not from any deficiency or fault on their part. They are able-bodied and willing to make any exertions of which human nature is capable, to render their condition comfortable, or even to provide the means of a scanty subsistence. But they have been borne down and almost crushed by a combination of wrongs and sufferings of which we in this highly favored country can form no adequate conception.

Such being the case they can hardly be considered as of that class of persons whose presence among us should be regarded as a public calamity. Although paupers in Europe, it is by no means unreasonable to suppose that in America they could become independent and useful members of society.

Reason and observation alike combine in teaching us that this is but the natural result of such a change of condition. The man who can toil on faithfully without yielding to discouragement or despair when starvation stares him in the face — when poverty and utter destitution threaten the peace, nay, the very existence of all those who are dear to him, surely he is not the one most likely to remain long in a state of dependence when the way to comfort and even wealth lies open before him. It is when we are hedged in by difficulties, — when our path is obstructed by obstacles apparently insurmountable, that our spirits sink and our energies forsake us. But when hope revives, strength returns also, and our powers resume their wonted activity. So it is with the poor immigrant. Accustomed as he is to endure the severest hardships and privations, when he escapes from his unhappy situation and enters upon a scene where smiles of encouragement greet him, a new life is infused into him, and he becomes strong and efficient.

Experience we apprehend will fully sustain us in this conclusion. There has been, as far as we have been able to ascertain, no peculiar indisposition to labor on the part of the immigrants who have arrived in this country. On the contrary they have, in many cases, manifested no small degree of industry and perseverance, so that in some parts of the country, as in Pennsylvania and in many of the Middle and Western States, large numbers of them have become independent, and not a few wealthy. In this vicinity, however, the case is somewhat different, as, owing to the high price of land and other causes, they have been compelled, for the most part, to depend upon labor by the day for the support of themselves and their families.

If anything more is wanted to prove the industrious character of this class of people, or at least one portion of them, we have only to near

to the report from which we have already made large extracts, where, in relation to this topic we find the following words:

"There is no want of industry among this class, (i. e. the Irish poor,) as all the witnesses declare."

And again, in the language of one of the witnesses: "They want and hope for nothing but employment. Hundreds would think it good wages to be made sure of one good meal of potatoes a day for themselves and their families, in return for their labor."

Shall we refuse the sympathies of our hearts, or if need be, the aid of our purses, to those who have been so fortunate as to escape from such a scene of calamity, and to find their way to our own favored land? It is a question of dollars and cents against want, suffering, and even starvation, and who that has a human heart can hesitate which way to decide?

There is, however, another objection of far more serious import, inasmuch as it relates not to the mere matter of dollars and cents, but to the moral well being of our community. It is thought by many, and doubtless with some degree of truth, that a more than ordinary degree of vice and crime mingles with the stream of poverty and ignorance which is continually pouring into our country from foreign quarters. And hence it is feared that the moral health of our community is seriously endangered. Were we to consider this objection with reference to our own welfare only, it would indeed be formidable and even unanswerable. But it should be borne in mind, that as Christians and philanthropists we are bound to take a more enlarged view of the case. We should remember that, as no individual Christian has a right to confine his attention exclusively to his own spiritual advancement, but is bound by the principles of his religion to seek the welfare of others also, so the same rule applies to whole communities of Christians; and each, in addition to a vigilant attention to its own concerns, is bound to take an interest in, and as far as may be, to promote the welfare of every other community.

The field of Christ is the world, and no selfish regulations which may be adopted by one part of it, can impair in the least the universality of its obligations. To the eye of true Christian philanthropy it makes no difference where the evil exists. It regards with perfect impartiality every human being, and scatters its blessings indiscriminately upon all that come within its influence, regardless of the petty distinctions of caste and country. It knows no favoritism, — no exaltation of one at the expense of another portion of God's children; but like a wise and good parent, it seeks only to promote the harmony and well being of the whole.

These remarks, founded upon the essential nature and spirit of Christianity, will assist us in affixing its due weight to the objection now under consideration. For if it be true that the welfare of humanity at large is the object to be aimed at, then the question before us assumes a clear and definite form. It is simply this: — Whether the system of foreign immigration is to increase, or to diminish, the amount of vice and crime in the world.

Were the immigrants in question chiefly, or to any considerable extent, composed of hardened villains, of rogues by profession, - then the objection would indeed be insurmountable, for no one, as we apprehend, would feel impelled to regard it as a Christian duty to make our fair and happy country a mere receptacle for the criminals of Europe, a substitute, as it were, for Botany Bay. But we apprehend that this is far from being the case. We are confident that there is no uncommon mixture of the inveterately hardened and depraved among this class of people. Such as these, who make a business of preying upon the community, find for the most part more encouragement in the vast and densely populated cities on the other side of the Atlantic. But the character of the great body of those foreigners who seek our shores is widely different from this. It is true that in many cases their consciences have become blunted and their moral powers weakened; but this is more through the influence of ignorance and extreme want then from any inherent evil disposition of the heart.

What wonder that the sacred laws of property should sometimes be forgotten, when the other alternative is a starving family? And how many of us, who call ourselves enlightened Christians, would be likely to act differently, under similar circumstances?

We do not intend by this to apologize for crime. We know that the principles of Christ are inflexible and should bear a man safely and triumphantly through all the circumstances of life, however difficult and trying they may sometimes be. But we would ask, if the imperfect state of morals among these people may not find some palliation in the circumstances of their condition? and also, whether, with the change of these circumstances, which takes place on their removal to this country, a change of character likewise might not reasonably be expected?

But there is still another objection existing in the community, and which has perhaps more influence than all the others combined, as it appeals directly to those most powerful biases of perverted human sature, — religious prejudice and intolerance.

It is said that these immigrants are mostly Catholics, under the complete control of the Pope of Rome, and that their coming here is but

one of the developments of a mighty scheme whose end is the subversion of the liberties of our country into an entire subjection to his own papal sway. Such is the substance of a multitude of vague and undefined notions which have obtained currency among a large portion of the inhabitants of our land, to the no small detriment of those poor fugitives from starvation. We confess that we can have but little respect for such uncharitableness and bigotry. We can find no excuse whatever for those who suffer themselves to be influenced by such unkind suspicions, except it be a gross ignorance in regard to some of the important facts of the case. But there are those who certainly ought to know better, who still lend their influence to keep alive and augment these illiberal prejudices. Some of these have shown a zeal in this direction worthy of a better cause. They have gone about delivering lectures and taking up contributions to help put down the Catholics, and that too during the recent fearful season of famine, when all those whose Christian feelings were stronger than their sectarian ones, were striving to raise money to send bread to the same proscribed class of Christians. These same zealous partisans have also made themselves active in getting up an alliance, and in establishing religious papers against Poperv; and in all these efforts - justifying the means. probably, by the end, - they have not hesitated to deal pretty largely in misrepresentation. By these and similar measures have the seeds of religious intolerance become widely disseminated throughout our community, until, in the minds of many, the name of Catholic has become intimately associated with all that is odious and fearful. By such, the increase of the Catholic church in this country is regarded as an omen of startling import. It is closely connected in their minds with visions of a re-appearance of the inquisition with all the attendant horrors of a most cruel martyrdom. Now, all such fears as these are manifestly idle and ungenerous. No doubt the Pope and all his faithful subjects would be glad to see their church prosper in this country. It cannot indeed be otherwise, since they regard theirs as the true church. that there is any deep laid scheme to accomplish this wish (which they entertain in common with all other denominations of Christians) - first by cunning, and afterwards by violence and bloodshed, like that which was witnessed in the dark ages, - is a supposition which is, to say the least, exceedingly improbable. The Head of the Church of Rome has certainly more wisdom than to set his heart upon such an impossibility. Besides, it can surely be no very great stretch of charity to believe that there is too much humanity even in the Pope to permit such a desire to be entertained. Especially may this remark be made in regard to the present incumbent of the papal dignity, who seems to be governed by a policy far more liberal and enlightened than is that of some denominations of Protestant Christians.

The fact is that it is not only unfair but unwise, for Protestants thus to insist on identifying Catholicism as it now is with Catholicism as it was in an age of darkness and superstition, and to make its present adherents responsible for the misdeeds of their predecessors. Protestantism itself could not stand such a test, for it is a plain matter of history that the blood of martyrs has been shed under this rule as well as tander that of Catholicism.

The true state of the case as it now stands, seems to be this: - That we have good reason to believe that the age of martyrdom among Christians is irretrievably past, - that the spirit of pure Christianity has so far diffused itself throughout the world as utterly to forbid that any sect, or even the so called "mother church" herself should dare again to adopt such rigorous measures towards those who are deemed heretical. The spirit which in the dark ages of Christianity manifested itself in outward persecution and bloodshed, has now become very much medified in its character and changed in its form. It now finds utterance only in fearful words of warning, or in open and unqualified denunciation, - the results of an assumed superiority or infallibility. Nor is this imperious and exclusive spirit by any means confined to the Catholic Church, but in the country she has many and powerful rivals in this respect. In fact it is often difficult to decide which has the strongest claim to our wonder and contempt, - the mock thunderings of the Vatican, or the no less arrogant fulminations of some of our modern self-constituted oracles of infallibility; and it is also no less a question of doubt into whose hands it would be safest to fall, were nither intrusted with unlimited power.

The human mind will not much longer submit to the shackles of ecclesiastical dominion, even in the mitigated form in which it now prevails. The authority and power of the Church of Rome itself are fast melting away, beneath the growing brightness of the light of truth and knowledge. Even now, little else than the form of her ancient grandeur remains. The outline of the body exists in all its high dimensions; but the muscles, the sinews, the life itself and all those qualities which are capable of giving it strength and activity are very much weakened, or entirely destroyed.

These remarks apply with peculiar force to Catholicism as it exists in this country. Here, although its members may increase rapidly by the continual accessions from foreign lands, yet is its essential apirit ampidly departing.

It may, and doubtless will continue to exist, but it must be in a modi-

fied form. Its most objectionable features cannot withstand the continued contact with our free and enlightened population, but one by one they must necessarily disappear, until nothing is left that need be feared or regarded with suspicion.

If these observations are correct, we have no reason to regard with distrust the increase of the Catholic fath in this country, but should rather look upon it as an object to be desired, for there can be no doubt that it exercises an important and beneficial influence over the Irish,—an influence which no other form of religion could command. Let them come, then, and bring their religion with them, for it is dear to their hearts, and it will surely do them good, until, in the process of time, they shall become prepared for a better and more pure form of Christian faith.

But let us look at this objection for a moment from another point of view. Suppose that our reasoning thus far has been fallacious, and that there is in reality great danger to be apprehended from the Catholic influence in this country: what course should then be adopted? What steps should be taken, according to the dictates of true wisdom, to prevent the threatened calamity? Would it be to single out all who hold such sentiments as fit marks for unkindness and suspicion?

Surely not; for there is good reason to believe that such a course would have a direct and powerful tendency in the opposite direction. that it would be the means of bringing about the evil instead of avoiding it. Such, at least, is the lesson taught us by the history of the past, and we have every reason to believe that this would be verified by the experience of the future, in the case now under consideration. Misrepresentation and injustice may prevail for a time over a sect or party, but when these are fully exposed, as they surely will be at some time, a speedy and powerful reaction inevitably follows. Besides, the direct tendency of persecution is to promote harmony and sympathy among the party persecuted, and thus their strength is greatly increased. hence, if you wish to advance the cause of Catholicism in this country, if you wish to increase the number of its adherents, you have only to curtail their privileges,-to keep alive the popular prejudices against them; to destroy their convents and desecrate their churches; in short. to do all that you can to widen the breach between them and their neighbors, and to make them a separate and despised people. But on the contrary, if you would stay the progress of this religion, - if you would cure the Catholics of their superstition and lessen their attachment to those heathenish forms and absurd doctrines, and introduce them to more just and rational views of our religion, you must as the first step make manifest the superior excellence of that form which you

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hold, by the manner in which it induces you to treat them. You must first show them that yours is a religion of liberality and love, and not of bigotry and bitterness.

We have now done with these objections which are so often urged against the free reception of foreign immigrants — especially the Irish Catholics — into our country. We have dwelt upon them somewhat at length because public opinion seems to be wrong upon these points, and we would do our part towards setting it right. It is true that such objections, when viewed only with the eye of policy and a selfish nationality, may not be without their importance; but when we stand upon the Christian ground, when we remember that we are all brothers, the children of the same Heavenly Father, who is himself no respecter of persons or of nations; when we regard the subject in this light, these objections must be regarded as entitled to but very little weight. Especially will this appear to be the case when we remember from what a vast burden of human misery immigration affords relief.

The conclusion to which we arrive upon the whole subject is this:— That the Creator has provided ample means for the comfortable sustenance of all his creatures, and that it is the duty of the Christian philanthropist to aid as far as possible the plain manifestations of the divine will by endeavoring to produce a more equal distribution of the human family over the face of the earth. It is in this way, and in this way only, that a sure and permanent relief can be afforded to that terrible suffering which arises from the want of the actual necessaries of life.

God has granted unto us a widely extended country; a country of vast, of inexhaustible resources. It is probable that the whole population of Europe, besides our own, might easily be sustained here were all our waste lands redeemed from their present condition and brought into a fair state of cultivation. What then have we to do with our needy, suffering brother when he arrives upon our shores, but to take him by the hand, and whilst we speak the words of cheerful encouragement, point out to him the way in which he may soon be able, not only to support himself, but also to raise bread for others. It is true that he may sometimes require a little aid from our purse to begin with, but in most cases the kindly word of sympathy and of judicious advice will be all that is necessary. This is indeed the kind of aid which the immigrant, when he first lands, most needs. He is, for the most part, wholly ignorant of the resources, the geography and the peculiar manners of our country, and he needs most of all some true friend who is able and willing to direct him. And this suggests the particular point to which the efforts of the benevolent should now be directed in order to accomplish the greatest good with the smallest means.

be some efficient measures adopted to the end that the immigrant may fall into the hands of the wise and well disposed, instead of becoming the immediate victim of unprincipled sharpers, as is now too often the There can be no doubt but that a little effort made in this direction would be productive of great good. We rejoice that something has already been done in this way: let the good work be persevered in, and it will not be long before this action shall be so efficient that all of this class who land upon our shores may receive the necessary aid and direction to enable them to become firmly and prosperously established in their new home. The great evil is that they are prone to remain in the large cities. This should be prevented as far as possible, and they should be so guided and advised that they may find their way to the rich and extensive lands of the West, and there is no fear but that they will then soon learn to take care of themselves. And though they themselves may not in most cases become sufficiently enlightened for this, yet shall their children grow up to be good and useful citizens, than whom no one shall be more firmly attached to the land which gave him birth, or more ready to make sacrifices for its prosperity and peace.

NEWS FROM MEXICO,

"Well, I guess we've got some news, now, neighbor. My papers have got it. I dare say yours won't come out with it for a week to come, for fear it's a hoax. Terrible afraid of being hoaxed! For my part, I'd rather take my risk of that, and hear all that's going."

"Have n't had a minute to look into my paper, as yet," said John Hammond, wiping his forehead and letting the emery wheel on which he was polishing a many cornered article, (the use of which nobody but himself could understand,) fly idly round, a moment or two.

"Not read your paper!" cried Jonathan. "Not yet read your paper, and it is quite sundown. But one can't expect much patriotism of you, with your odd notions. My country first, my business next, say I."

"Wife, can you leave the cradle, and help me a while?" asked John, putting his mouth to a tin tube.

"I wish you would not undertake so many little jobs, John. It an't profitable; you must deny people," said Mrs. Hammond, coming into

the workshop, with a smiling face, however, and a tow cloth tire, with long sleeves, over her clean calico gown.

- "See what it is to be a Jack at all trades," said Jonathan.
- "And good at none?" inquired Mrs. Hammond, archly.
- "O, for that, Hammond's a universal genus, I call him," said the visitor, leaning upon an old wooden clock, which occupied the only chair. "He looks upon the things of others, as his own, as the apostle would have him, and if they are any ways out of kilter, his fingers just itch to be at them, you see."
- "My neighbors need not worry," returned Hammond, laughing. "I won't clutch what don't belong to me, under pretence of bettering it. That sort of tinkering I leave to bigger folks. Humph."
- "What do you mean? A queer, out o' the way old covey you are; a body don't know what you're driving at one half the time. Well, about this news, if I rightly ———"
- "Husband, do tell me what you have done with the pumice? How you came to put it on that high shelf, I can't guess, for my part. If he had not been gone so long this morning, Jonathan, I should not have had this work to do," said the wife, looking very well pleased, however.
- "Don't scold," cried John, with a shrug of comic repentance. "Won't do so again. I'll sit at my lathe, and let folks' houses burn down. What business of mine is it? I'm such a queer, out of the way old fellow, you know, neighbor."
- "I know, but old Goody Gooch tells everybody that but for John Hammond, all her crazy old stuff, her chairs and tables, and her creaking bedstead, so grand with its high posts, would have been broken to bits under the name of saving 'em. One man with a head is worth twenty thousand with nothing but hands," cried Jonathan, nodding at John.
 - " Humph!" said John.
- "Jonathan was puzzled at the significant sound. What it signified, he was certain was beyond his sagacity; whether it was approbation or contempt, he would fain know.
 - "Then you don't think so!" a little angrily.
- "I? O yes. I was only surprised to hear such a maxim from you."
 - "Why, John!" said Mrs. Hammond, reddening. "Be civil."
- "Certain. I only meant that Jonathan Fogg is one of those who care little whether a man has a head, provided he is at the head. Tell him to toss a looking-glass out of the window, he'd cry 'Hurra,' and do it, if he saw others doing the like."

- "Very likely," said Jonathan, whirling his hat, which escaped from his hand, and overturned an oil-feeder. "A hurra will make me do almost anything."
- "Yet, left to yourself, you would not do a wrong thing for your right hand."
 - "Well, I would n't," said Jonathan.
 - "I am sure he would n't," said Mrs. Hammond, warmly.
 - "He would n't, no sooner than I would," echoed John, cordially.
- "Here, John, give me hold; I can brighten that brass as well as you can. You take a look at your newspaper, will you, just to see what they have given you, the cautious lag-behinds Come, move along."
 - "No, no; I'm in no hurry. Time enough, when my work's done."
- "Well, then, I must tell you. We 've as good as got California and New Mexico"
- "Very bad news, if it is true," said John, seriously. But his wife laughed. "If!" she repeated softly. "If!" echoed Jonathan, laughing at John, with all his might.
- "I tell you it's about settled. There's a letter from somebody's correspondent, I forget names, but very straight, by way of Cape Horn—says—Well, I don't rightly remember—but you know, we, that is, government—"
 - " And you ---- "
- "Are sending men, and Paixhan guns, and Colt's revolvers, and everything else which the Mexican soldiers——"
 - "And women and children -----"
- "Can't stand. All opposition will be crushed, for the orders from Washington are, that the day of mercy is past, and instead of going further at present, the army is to punish the cities they have in their hands, till ——"
 - "Your news seems to be in the future, yet."
 - "Well; they're sure of California and New Mexico, to begin with."
 - " Humph!" said John.
- "Why, we'll make free states of them, you know, John; it an't robbery, it's annexation."
 - "Free states? They 're free states already."
- "True; suppose they are; but they 'll be better regulated under our wise government, which has not its equal, they say, in the world, nor never had. So where's the harm? It's better for them."
- "Oho. The eleventh commandment, I never learned before. It rather goes against the eighth. But no matter. I think I'll annex your clock. It had better be mine than yours: at least, in my judgment." I can regulate it best. I don't want it, to be sure. It will only be a VOL. IV.

bother, all things considered. But I ought to have it, and I will. That's what you've got to come to, soon or late.

- "Why, the clock is mine, any way you can fix it. If it were gold, instead of wood, I'd risk your taking it."
- "But I'd go to Squire Thomas, and get up a quarrel with you of some sort or other. Easy enough, that. Once enemies, it would be honest in me to take it. Eh?"
- "Read your paper; come. Let's see what it has got to say," said Fogg, pointing to the shelf where it lay among some tools within his reach.
- "Take it yourself, and look at it. Nobody hinders you. Did you think you should rob me in doing it? You have a mighty reverence for the rights of property, I think."
- "You ought to lend him your spectacles," said Mrs. Hammond to her husband, with a meaning smile.
- "Too old for me," said Jonathan. "I never use any but those which magnify."
- "You don't want any, I conclude," said John, "for reading the common papers. The stories are big enough without, usually."
- "We'll see what sort o' stories I shall find in your oracle here," said Jonathan, with a nod.
- "I have no oracle but my Bible," said John. "I don't take anything else for Gospel. I like this paper, just so far as I judge it is for the right against the wrong. And just so far, I should like yours, or any other one. I am not led by the nose by great talk about patriotism. It is such an old cloak, that I can see what is underneath, through the holes."
- "Aha, look o' here! Look o' here!" says Jonathan, after a few moments silent exercise of lips, eyes and fore finger on one of the columns. "When I asked your advice about leaving the shop to my wife, and enlisting, you said now you can't deny it volunteers need never look to make their fortune. You said hard knocks and their wages would be all they'd get, you'd be bound, unless it was a pension for a lost limb."
- "Well; so I did. I did not mean the officers. For them the bloody trade is the best paid trade there is, no doubt. In time of peace, I am glad of it. They are a kind of police, you see; not that in this country an armed police is often wanted, but then I'm for having them respectable, so as not to be an armed mob, instead of a security against mobs. You see ——"
- "Well, well. The common men, you said, I, myself, I would get nothing ----"

- "To pay for an uneasy death-bed ——"
- "Who told you I should be killed, hey?"
- "Why, I was supposing you to die in your bed, after all, but troubled in conscience."
- "Other men go, thousands of them, so I should not think so much of that. It can't be that so many—But look here, I say. Here's the city of Mexico, alone, gives \$150,000 to Scott and the army,—let's see, it says—in consideration of the protection afforded by them. I might have had the handling of some of it; what do you say now?"
- "A polite mode of pillage," observed Mrs. Hammond. "You would not have fingered a dollar of it, though, and been flogged, if you undertook to rob on your own hook."
- "Pillage? It is a voluntary contribution, and all very proper, and fair."
- "Suppose I have got you down, and there is nobody to help. You do not know that I may not trample you to death the next minute. I obligingly offer to protect you against myself. Give me a hundred dollars, and I will not rob your house of everything in it, which might be disreputable for me in open day. It is dog cheap; you get off for a small part of the whole. You shall do it; I am the strongest. You voluntarily engage, but I still keep you prostrate, and may trample you yet, when the day of mercy is past."
- "You don't see the thing in a fair light, Johnny. It is the Mexican robbers, I hear, that the city needs protection against, not the honorable, gentlemanly volunteers."
- "Ah? That alters the case. It is vastly civil of Scott and the rest, to go so far to protect the city of Mexico, and they have nought to do with the distressed state of the country, which makes protection needful."
- "There again, must I tell you, Mexico begun the war, or their country would never have been overrun?"
- "You don't make me swallow that," said Hammond. "You have a more accommodating gullet than I."
 - "They shed the first blood."
 - "Fact?"
- "I have always taken it for granted, without any particular evidence, to be sure."
- "Well; let us take it for granted, then. Now look out at this window. My land is Texas, yours Mexico. See that fence, between your yard and mine. I say it is in the wrong place; ought to run three feet further your way, and give me that row of apple trees. You say no, and bid me prove my title. Knowing it to be defective, I resolve to move the fence by force, instead. You find me in your enclosure, digging

post holes; you put me in some fear at first, but I rally, and give you a cruel beating, and your family are not particularly spared, when they are within reach of my blows. Now this is a great deal of unnecessary trouble on my part, to say nothing of some bruises, therefore you must give me the best part of your garden in payment, with your great gate, and anything else I may happen to want."

"That is being hanged, and paying forty shillings," said Jonathan, laughing."

"You who would not wrong a poor customer of even the odd half cent in change, can you uphold this mean, greedy policy in your country?" said Mrs. Hammond, with her cheeks all glowing with emotion. "Will you, when the blood of men, women and children, and of our own men, led like sheep to the slaughter, cries from the ground,— can you look up to God, and say, 'Be it on my head! It is my war! I aphold it! I'll do my best to continue it!""

"No; I wash my bands of it. I never was consulted, a poor man like me! It is no deed of mine. I believe that is what everybody wants to say, even they that give orders. They only excuse it, as far as I see. I would stop it, Mrs. Hammond, if it was in my power, just as quick as you would."

- "He would," says John, "I have no doubt of it."
- "But they won't ask my advice, I guess, nor yours, John. We an't the President, nor Congress."
 - "Every drop helps to swell a rising wave," said John, earnestly.
- "Our people are beginning to see the true nature of this war. They are an honest people, a noble and a Christian people, and acts done in their name will not pass long without judgment."
- "The crime was so huge, they could not see it at once," said Mrs.
- "And there is no danger," said John, "if honest fellows, like Jonathan Fogg, once begin to question upon the right and the wrong, instead of following a popular call, heels over head, without looking before them."

[&]quot;WE can never come into the true style of living that God has appointed for us until we regard each generation as hovering over the next, acting itself into the next, and casting thus a type of character in the next, before it comes to act for itself."

FAITH IN GOD.

A SERMON, BY REV. JOHN WEISS.

MARK xi. 22. Have faith in God.

The feeling of love must always precede an act of faith. The child yields implicit obedience to the parent, and also believes that its obedience is not misplaced, because its whole being is bound up in the parent's life, and the greater has absorbed the less. The affection is so thorough, that it is rather an expression of the parent's life, than a self-poised existence. Therefore its most natural and earliest act is an act of faith. This is the history of childrens' faith as it comes under our cognizance; and it is one of the few natural facts which we are allowed to carry out, and presuppose that the same is true of our relations to the Infinite. They are only the child's history acted upon a broader stage and with more imposing appointments. There can be no pure and permanent faith in God which is not founded upon an entire love of God; an unquestioning and spontaneous love, which has no distrust or hesitation, come what will to pass, because perfect love has cast out fear, and its eldest offspring, unbelief.

In our calm and lucid moments, when we have lost nothing, when we have suffered nothing, when the worldly fit is not on us, we love to listen to no statement more than to this one, and we find nothing that is more naturally susceptible of entire belief. All nature, at such times, seems to prophecy it; our own instinct interprets her, without the mediation of thought or speech. All children are beautiful parables, constantly impressing us with the philosophy of faith; and their touching devotion to us whom they have seen, lifts our affections only one step higher, and confirms our faith in the Father whom we have not seen. We feel that we are living in Him, and are renewed by the constant pulses of his own existence, as the colony receives all its best and most congenial impulses from the mother-country, far out of sight beyond the seas, the spreading sails of whose ships carry to and fro glad intercourse, like the wings of angels. It seems that God never intended we should lose this love and faith, for it never ceases to be the condition of our life. Europe may colonize the East and the West, sending out, like a mighty heart in the centre, its throbbing filaments and red arteries over every meridian. But the children thus born, soon revolt

through the very strength they have borrowed, and for love and faith substitute defiance and opposition, becoming in their turn new hearts and centres of a larger life. And our own children may quietly secede from us, or forcibly revolt from their earliest allegiance. It is the law of life that such separations shall ensue, because life proceeds by generations, or with a pulsing movement, for the perfection of the race. But there is no law of nature that constrains us to rebel against the creative energy, which is never content with giving us our shape and our momentum, but creates us daily. Herein is the law of history and experience precisely inverted; for the very moment that we secede from the mother-country whose perpetual colonies we are, that moment we droop and deteriorate. This heavenly patriotism we never can outgrow.

I said that in our calm and lucid moments, when nothing has gone wrong with us, when Providence seems to tolerate even our wildest caprices, we like this philosophy of faith; and in the glow of our content we renew the oaths of our allegiance, pledging implicit reliance upon Him who floods us so magnificently with his bounteous presence. But such serene, intoxicating days do not visit us often in a season; it is difficult to remember when the sky had an untainted blue from dawn till evening, and the least stain of vapor, spoiled children that we are, clouds our faith and chills our affection. A single reverse, the bitterness of a single moment, when Providence seems like a moody parent. to be mocking us and fretting our content, will shadow our brows with a sallen doubt, and plant in our hearts a dishonorable and disloyal suspicios. And it turns out that our affection was only content and natural satisfaction with the order of Providence; and our faith in it only such reserved confidence as we place in men so long as they do not thwart us. Our preconceived estimation of what was due to us, as beings bern for happiness, and our acquired jealousness for gifts that were always vastly more sumptuous either than our gratitude or our deserts, has destroyed our humility, and caused us to forget that we are only colonies of God.

This selfishness and grasping disposition, as if we were the world's centre towards which all good things ought to gravitate, united with the speiled disposition of children never yet healthily disappointed, leads to that common arraignment of God's love and justice, which we often hear from persons otherwise amiable and upright. They have too long enjoyed immunity from reverses, or they have not devoutly referred the gifts to the Giver, or they have enjoyed them with a too selfish and eager happiness, forgetting that the fairest finite things bear the mortal stamp of mutability and loss. What is that affection worth which does

not resign the best things to Him who lends us the faintest breath we draw, or the finest feeling that thrills us? What is that faith-worth which is turned into a suspicion of foul play, and a jaundiced discontent. at the first subtraction from that great sum of happiness, of which we are the unauthorized possessors? How far will our affection or our faith sustain us; and what bounds should we be disposed to set to the dispensations of providence, if we could dictate the amount of its inter-Selfish as we are, deprayed as our luxuries of thought and feeling have made us, should we be disposed to resign a single throb of pleasure, or permit ourselves to be educated and ennobled by a single Well for us that God legislates for himself, and does not permit even our most fervent prayers to bias his consummate prudence. Well for us that He treats us according to our needs, and despises our most cherished wishes. Have faith in God. In your moments of calmness and reflection, when passion is mute and feelings are devout, can you review your past life, and dwell upon its changing lights and shadows, without admiring, even to enthusiasm, the perfect sagacity and the infinite love in which all its moods have been invented? If you know your own faults and propensities at all, can you fail to see how God has condescended to your state, and graduated the expressions of His will to the precise character of every fleeting moment: how He has given you light when light was needed, and shadow now when you see that shadow was most needed, so that, after all, the checquered scene of the past lies in your heart like the memory of a summer day, whose shadows brace the strength the sunshine diminishes? You cannot fail to see this now. though at the time you might have thought the shade too chilling, or the fruits too tardy in their ripening, or the labor too harassing. All these things have built you up into your present manhood or womanhood: all these varied elements created the nobility you now enjoy. If you could see the features of yourself, as they would have been without the ministry of toils and sorrows, you would disown their weak and characterless expression, and you would rejoice that exposure had given you bold outlines, and that a hard-pushed spirit had been developed from its own expedients. The bland air and sunshine cannot carve the dead marble into the likeness of a Jove or a martyr; the biting chisel-strokes must subdue the shapelessness and compel rude angles to assume the tone of divinity. Have faith in God, when you see that His most doubtful providences have made you what you are. How then can you disbelieve Him, and refuse your full affection under the constraint of present sorrows?

Learn a parable from nature. Was the solid earth on which you stand, and from whose bosom you compel your daily bread, constructed

in magic stillness and with all the luxury of quiet growth? Did it rise out of the bosom of old Chaos like a mist, and has it softly assumed its present colossal lineaments, like the genii escaping from the coffer? Or have not periods of calm development been interrupted by volcanic powers and fierce disruptions, not to retard, not to annihilate, but to assist its growth? "This firm globe which we inhabit," is a majestic testimony to the wisdom of God, confirming by its present use and beauty, that His very earthquakes, deluges and storms are ministers of His affection, and that His constant striving is, to better the condition of all things. So are true men and women, yea, even the angels of heaven, created out of their first void and chaos, like the earth, by force as well as by quiet, by violent transitions as well as by peaceful unfoldings, by rude contrasts as well as by luxurious harmonies. faith in God! Our creation is not yet complete; we are like the planets which have not yet been made habitable and fruitful, and God's husbandry has not yet been exhausted upon us. How far below the ideal of a perfect manhood we yet linger. What rude and shapeless characters, what untempered clay! The growth that we have achieved, only renders more apparent our present imperfection - not half made up, with souls still puny in the premature proportions of men and women. Welcome to us be everything that completes our education, and creates full-grown souls within us. Welcome the sudden throes of grief as well as the most quiet ministry of joy. We have a faith that the foulest and gloomiest weather in the year conspires, no less than the intoxicating breath of summer, to ripen the cold seeds into the rich. billowy sheen of the harvest. The keen blast from the north is in your grain and your fruitage, no less than the soft gales from the south. God is a consummate chemist, and the ground needs His snow as much as his sunshine. Have faith in God! You often regret the discomfort of the winter, and you sometimes think that the sun is a laggard with his spring. Will you then sourly refuse to return smile for smile with the summer, and to leave your harvests rotting on the ground as though they were "alien corn," because the frost helped to make them? Have faith in God! In the whole of nature, nowhere can you find a flaw. And the natural world but faintly represents the harmonies of the spiritual. Do not despise that greatest of God's gifts, a character, because your losses went to make it. What is the presence to us of wife, or lover or child, loved however dotingly and blindly, compared with that death of old sins, that birth of soul and principle, that calling out of all the angel there is in us, through their loss! Short sighted men and women, to prefer these fleshly presences, as if affection did not exist unless it

were embodied — to prefer these to the immortality of character, to the divinity of well-knit principles and wills!

"What is excellent,
As God lives, is permanent:
Hearts are dust, hearts' loves remain,
Heart's love will meet thee again.
Revere the Maker: fetch thine eye
Up to his style, and manners of the sky.
Not of adamant and gold
Built he heaven, stark and cold:
No, but a nest of bending reeds,
Flowering grass and scented weeds:
Built of tears and sacred flames,
And virtue reaching to its aims:
Built of furtherance and pursuing,
Not of spent deeds, but of doing."

Is there not profound meaning, as well as beauty, in the lines which say

"Waters with tears of ancient sorrow Apples of Eden ripe tomorrow!"

Have faith in God, whether you have lost, are losing, or shall lose. His Providence looks for the vindication of the tears of sorrow it causes us, in the apples of Eden, in the characters and virtues, "ripe tomorrow."

So much at present with respect to our selfishness, which not only robs us of our faith in God, but mutilates and depresses the character He seeks to make after his own image. But we are not wholly selfish, and sometimes our want of faith in God results from something better than that ignoble passion. And if we stopped here, we should miss a fact which is impressively instructive for us. We are lovers of virtue, and in our better moments we are its devotees. We can appreciate it at all times, and we are alive to the contrast between our state and our desires. Therefore the very hope of goodness there is within us, sometimes makes us distrust the Providence of God, when we feel the old sins recurring day after day, notwithstanding the prayers and tears of our contrition, as if a habit were stronger than the presence of God, as if our love of goodness were incessantly to be mocked by the actual bitter taste of transgression. The man who is struggling against habits which have taken a remorseless hold of body or of spirit, falls into frequent despondency when he sees his degradation so much stronger

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than his aspiration, when the sin seems to have conquered even the citadel of his will by its stealthy approaches, till it seems to him that he has reached the lower deep where his falling impetus overcomes the attraction of God and heaven. He has prayed to God to repair the ravages of his strength, and to restore him, for the purposes of struggle, some of the health and tenacity of his old manhood; and vet, although that prayer may have ended in a throb of joy and hope, the next occasion sees him again the besotted victim of the sin he hates while he enjoys it. Is there then no God, and are there some prodigal children destined never to return? Is there really a place or a condition in God's universe to which His presence is as strange as the sun to polar ice, and in which, if men reach it, they are victims of the obstinate and deadly frost? Look abroad, O doubting sinner, and learn of Nature another parable as hopeful and thrilling as the parable of the prodigal, or the tears of the Magdalen. Tell me if you can find a single promise of nature, a single aspiration of a single seed to break its prison and enjoy the freedom of the soil, which is ever lost or defeated. Tell me, if the latest spring ever yet refused to usher in its harvest, except where man has placed his ban upon earth's products. Have faith in God! The secret of growth is persistency. Neither by night nor by day does the blade cease aspiring. The whole lesson taught by nature is that of hope and stubborn endeavor; the earth is in travail always and everywhere - even within the frozen circle delicate mosses bloom upon the snow. There is no break or pause in nature: neither is there in your spirit, if you have faith in your own hopes and wishes, and that is having faith in God.

Nor have we any right to despond at the spectacle of vice in others. We often look upon faces whence every reminiscence of youth and innocence has been erased, by the plough-marks and scathing brands of passion: where the lines of hope and softness have stiffened into the impudence of vice, and the poor children of depravity startle and cow us with the fierceness of their crime. And yet is there no future for them save a miserable appendix to the present? Are we so base ourselves, as to stand in the presence of such, and to whisper to ourselves, Lost, lost? No - never lost - none but an atheist can believe that a soul is ever lost. Read Nature again. Can you annihilate a particle of matter, can you even change its structure and original type, or divert it from its destination? Then how much more true is it that no particle of God's essence, no soul with the Maker's mark stamping it through and through, can ever be lost, or eternally diverted from its destiny. Have faith in God! There is another life, where Christ himself will call the children of sin around him and instruct them, where the angel who was once a prodigal, and that angel who was once a Magdalen, will cry to them: Look on us! and be not faithless but believing. God's love is perfect. How then can vice be sure that it is irreclaimable. As surely as all the swamps and deserts of this planet are destined to yield to the enterprise and culture of resistless man, so surely will all the waste places of humanity be restored, and the broken links renewed. Have faith in God, and beware lest the publicans and harlots feel God's love before ourselves.

And finally, my friends, we must have faith in virtue aud in truth, whatever may be the complexion of the times. When we despond we fall into a practical atheism far more pernicious than that of the intellect, because it palsies our efforts, and makes the cause of our despondency more vigorous. It has been well said that "all doubt and despondency are surrender to the devil." Since the world was, no times have been so bad that God has thoroughly deserted them. No decay of public virtue, no hatred of men and causes, no crimes clothed in the sacred ermine of justice and seeking to rule out of men's affairs God's mercy, can ever fright Him from His post at the heart and centre, whence the swift red current of health will suffuse the surface, and animate our efforts and our hopes. Even while we doubt, God is seeking to convince us; the signs of better times are more apparent to Him than to us: nor have we any right to deny His providence in our affairs, merely because we cannot tell whence it cometh nor whither it goeth. So is every one, so is every thing, that is born of the Spirit.

[&]quot;A RECENT traveller gives an account that when he was walking on the beach in Brazil, he overtook a colored woman with a tray on her head. Being asked what she had to sell, she lowered the tray and with reverent tenderness uncovered it. It was the lifeless form of her babe, covered by a neat white robe, with a garland round the head, and flowers within the little hands that lay clasped upon its bosom. 'Is that your child?' said the traveller. 'It was mine a few days ago,' she replied, 'but the Madonna has it for her little angel now.' 'How beautifully you have laid it out,' said he. She added cheerfully, 'Ah, what is that to the bright wings it wears in Heaven?'"

TRUE REPOSE.

When the busy day is done,
And the West with purple glows,
O'er the landscape, one by one,
Steal the shadows of repose.

Labor's weary children sleep;
Flowers their dewy eyelids close:
Birds are hushed, and breezes creep,—
Nature yieldeth to repose.

But the ring-dove in her nest, And the foldings of the rose, And the wearied body's rest,— These are not the true repose.

Fervid thoughts that rise to heaven
While the gushing prayer outflows,
Mingle ever sweet hopes given
Of a last and long repose.

Not the stillness of the grave,
Which nor love nor duty owes,
Not the dul_I rest of the slave,—
But the soul's serene repose.

Strength in trial, hope in grief, Heart possessed 'mid toils and foes, Meek farewell to pleasures brief, Spirit seeking not repose;

Soaring, seraph-winged, above Low desires and earthly woes, Trust, self-sacrifice and love,— These alone are true repose.

TRUST IN GOD.

" Is not the Lord among us? none evil can come upon us." MICAH.

ONE of the most beautiful traits in the Christian character is its entire trustfulness in God, as the Father, Judge and Friend of the human soul. The highest idea of the paternal character centres in God. father pitieth his children," even so doth the Lord regard the weak, the sinful, the repentant; and through his spirit, peace is diffused amid the elements of strife. We walk confidently day by day surrounded by numberless perils. The very bodies with which our spirits are clothed, are so wonderfully made that we are living miracles unto ourselves; and our greatest marvel is, that these "harps of thousand strings" should be kept in tune so long, when at times the smallest mischance lays the whole machinery prostrate forever. Surrounded by the all-pervading presence, we live in the glad memories of the past, the bright realities of the present, and the glowing hopes of the future, and enjoy the full cup of blessings presented by the unseen hand. Gratitude dictates a constant acknowledgment of the Source from whence this security proceeds. "Is not the Lord among us?" Who but He sustained us through the helpless season of infancy, the reckless, impulsive period of youth, and the warfare with temptation which marks the approach of life's responsibilities and cares? When, as now, many of the old landmarks vacillate, and new systems, social, political and religious, are causing the old ones to tremble to their very foundations, what shall calm the turbulence of feeling and bring it back to quietude when it can judge and decide deliberately, but a perfect confidence that the "Lord is among us?" He may not move, as of old, upon the face of the waters, but He is in their depths controlling and purifying them.

Out of chaos sprang this world of order and beauty. The whirlwind, it is said, purifies the atmosphere through which it pursues its devastating way; and it may be, from this chaos of conflicting opinions, from this whirlwind of excited passions, there may arise a holy order and a sublimer virtue.

"Is God among us? then none evil can come upon us." With a sense of his intimate presence comes a feeling of such deep and abiding trustfulness, that the sting of evil is removed, and we feel that all sorrows and trials are light compared with the withdrawal of His sympathy from the struggling soul. Social disorder may take from us

the security of home, talent and ingenuity may strive to undermine the foundations of faith and hope, fortune may turn her gilded sceptre from our pathway, friends may grow cold or act the traitor's part, death may enter our household and wring from our embraces the dearest and best, but, having felt that the Lord is among us, we faint not as the shadows lengthen in our journey.

"Oh yes! I remember my Saviour," said the dying man, whose memory upon other subjects seemed totally eclipsed. He had trusted where betrayal was impossible — had leaned, not upon a broken reed, but upon the Rock of ages, and the night which had settled upon his intellectual faculties would have been rayless but for one star which broke upon the darkness; it was the Star of Bethlehem, serene and hope-giving upon the waste of years.

Trust in God, and contentment will diffuse itself through the soul, more grateful to the anxious and sorrowing feelings, than are the cool, balmy airs of evening to the fevered brow of care and disappointment.

H. J. W.

SONNET.

INVOCATION TO HEALTH.

Come to me, Health! Ah, wherefore dost thou fly?
And leave me writhing in the toils of Pain?—
Oh, wilt thou to my heart ne'er come again?
Upon my path so dark, thy beaming eye
Would dreary clouds dispel, that now o'erlie
My hopes, and wile the music from their strain,
And pile a nameless weight on arm and brain.
Oh!—for thy bounding step who may not sigh?
Thou leadest dreamy thought high up to deeds;
Arch, Tower and Temple, with thy hands are reared;
Wars, Navies, Nations, on their courses steered.—
Come to me, Health, with all thy summer breath
That round my faltering feet gives life to weeds,
And melt from out my blood the early frosts of death.

B. F. P.

THE LAST MONTH IN THE YEAR.

"One month more!"—I was sitting in my room, a snug study, just as yesterday was dropping into darkness. The afternoons are so short now, that they verge upon the evenings an hour or more before the supper bell rings. A fine time this for thought or idleness. The window curtains were down. The fire blazed brightly; and now and then upon the walls played some of those fantastic shapes, which flame and shadow delight to make. I had drawn my rocking chair near to the glowing grate, and sat there drinking in the quiet comfort of the hour and the gracious warmth, when — "One month more!" was spoken, so it seemed, within the apartment, not far from my elbow.

I started, of course, and looked round inquiringly. Nothing appeared. As far as eye could determine the room was vacant but for me. There was no doubt, however, about those words. Hear them I did, distinctly, yet tremblingly, as if a feeble, aged voice had uttered them.

While turning a hurried glance that searched the corners and groped under and behind the furniture, a dismal chill smote my limbs. Mysterious agencies were at work around, I felt sure of it. Something more than could be easily fathomed was going on. Who has not known such a feeling? Who has not shivered at an influence beyond his ken? The horrid view of the matter, that we shudder when a strange foot treads on the spot where we shall lie buried, is all nonsense. But there is more meaning, perhaps, than we wot of, in this peculiar, quick, sharp tremble and creeping of the flesh. If the belief holds any ground, that the departed visit us, making our dwellings their home and our presence their society, where is the folly in recognizing their coming with a shock of glad surprise; for I would insist that this cold touch of agitation carries with it something of the agreeable? It is my pleasure, at least, to explain the matter thus. My body thrills when invisible beings pass me in the street, or come and stand by my pillow, or follow me in my pursuits, or sit with me among my friends, or intrude upon my reveries.

Yes, I shook, not from cold, for the fire almost burnt my cheek. Soon,—at the end of a long-drawn breath—I perceived, it was no fancy,—I perceived a shaking together of the air before me; as we have seen the atmosphere sway dizzily over a stone wall or a slated roof, of a summer noon. Then the whirl of air resembled a wreath of mist, white and luminous, as if the moon shone on it instead of the firelight.

The wreath of mist took consistency by degrees and waved itself into form. Features grew out of it, that fell tegether slowly and became a face. It was the pallid, furrowed countenance of an old man, with hard lines about the mouth that implied sternness, but with a mildness in the sunken gray eye that told of gentleness and peace found seldom in this world. Long, white, patriarchal locks half covered the thin cheeks; and, lower down, they mingled with the flowing beard, and then faded away. And this was all. Only a wan and ancient head, as if taken from the picture of a saint, appeared, without drapery or any distinguishable figure.

There was little to affright the feeblest child in the appearance. I looked at it as I would look at a dream, a vision of the night; and, with a silent regard waited for those firm lips to speak again.

They did speak, while the gray eyes held mine in gaze reproachfully in accordance with the spirit of these words—

" My son," ---

I was about to interrupt the bodyless gentleman thus early by deprecating the relationship claimed by a phantom, when the old head bowed to my hidden thought, and continued,—

"My son, for I am one of those who stood Fathers to this great people."

This was a rather splendid assertion, but I could not gainsay it.

"Two centuries ago and more, a few weeks later in the year, we, Pilgrims, landed on these shores—a poor, faint company—ready to perish in the cold and snow and loneliness; and now our children are a countless race, that fill the land and hold vast power and are proud in wealth and glory, and can hardly find a solitude between the eastern and the western seas. We came with peace upon our lips, with sorrow at our hearts, with calm religious fervor for support; and now, this generation so forgets its ancestry, that war suits every tongue; and overweening boldness swells the nation's breast; while virtue's crown is reverenced at church, but passed neglected often, like a bauble in the streets."

The brow of the pale face grew very stern, and the eye lost its mildness, and gleamed out like angry fire.

"Ay, the scene we, humble outcasts, dared not dream of, is now before your sight. Prosperity is on the wind, and scatters seeds, ye think, for future years. But over the fair prospect spreads a shade, as when a heavy cloud goes flying over hill and field and stream; the shadow of dark wrong that grows apace and foretells future ruin. Were it not well the doom should fall? You say of those you love, better that they were in their graves than in their sins. I say so of a nation

that has fallen and disgraced her birth. Accept the truth and ponder it. Will the majestic oak stand fast when its gnarled roots are cut away?"

The feeble voice had grown full and sonorous, till it sounded out like a trumpet at the close. I would have attempted some reply, but the excited head shook itself to check my impulse, and continued in its former faltering tone.

"Yet one month more, and then the year will give its record up of bloodshed, sin, ambition, folly. Can there be a change in this brief time? Oh! can the whirling torrent glide so quickly to a smooth and gentle stream, reflecting beauty of the overhanging flower, and love of the overbending heavens? No! I have seen full many a change, but never one like this. 'T is all in vain!"

The murmur ceased. The bright gray eyes held mine no longer. The features faded; and the snow white hair waved away as it waved into view. I was alone as before.

But the charm, whatever it was, that had fixed my attention, was not all dissolved; so I sat without moving a finger, running over the words of rebuke which my visitor left me.

While I sat musing, the moon rose and threw her red glance against the eastern casement. I drew up the curtain and let her splendor stream across the room. When first seen, she was peering through the bare trees of a neighboring wood; but soon she ran up the sky an loverlooked them, and shone full and free upon my study wall.

Again I felt the weaving of a spell beside me. It was not the dancing together of the air as before; but the golden moonlight gathered into a sweet womanly shape, all its bright rays blending a costly beauty and a fairy contour that might have adorned Queen Mab.

Fair was the face and of exceeding innocence, young and untroubled. Tresses golden as the moonlight flowed o'er the round bright cheeks; and a curl or two fell to the shoulder, or hung round the neck like a chain, and lay at rest on the bosom. Eyes of the softest blue looked into mine. It was a vision of one of Guido's angels flown hither to bless me. Listen to the music of her voice! But you cannot hear it; you can only read her words.

"Ye watch the waxing and the waning moon; smile at her birth and sorrow at her dying, as if it were a sister's love that came with her and followed her departure. Home becomes more cheerful with her presence. Love stirs the heart deeper with her radiance; and care lightens its burden as she brings her consolations and repose. A type is yonder planet of the changing year. On different scales of being they proceed; but each illustrates all the other's course, unfolding pictures that we may not see, save in the light of fancies and of dreams."

She went on taking up the thread of the old man's strain; unwinding it, however, with a faint, sad smile, and not a frown.

"One little month — and the strong tide that now is ebbing will set in again. Upon a narrow beach of time the people stand, watching the surf flung off retreating waves, as if those little, tremulous, transient heaps of foam were the sole traces left of noble purposes now dead and gone. Why such desponding thought? Look forth! The ocean rolls its waters yet beyond the headlands; and, low as the tide may fall, even to the lowest mark, still are those waters heaving their white crests high to the stars that gild them, elsewhere if not here. And for a season only have they vanished. Linger — how short a space! —and you shall meet with all the brilliant hopes so lately lost. The waters will return. No night so dark but it will have a morrow. No grief so great but it can find a solace. No sin so deep but it may be forgiven."

Her tones grew most thrilling. They were like a chant of heaven; and her blue eyes looked tearful.

"Wash out the stains upon this holy land! It was not meant to be the home of slaves. It was not meant to be the field of war. Crime should not touch it with a single finger. Nor should the curse of coming days perch like a hungry vulture on its mountain-tops.

"It is not all in vain. There yet is time for Truth and Justice to lift up their heads. Hark! Hear ye not the bells that ring the New Year in? Lapt in the clouds of distance lies the unborn babe. Put off the veil of evil from your hearts! Recover Virtue's lamp, that ye may greet this darling child pure as herself, and light her tenderly along her infant way! Can I say more? Oh! prove it is not yet too late!"

I heard nothing further. The moon had risen, till her beams fell slanting on the carpet; and into them the vision swept, and glided back among the angels.

During the day I had been reading some account of the Pilgrims. When, remembering the fact, this morning, I looked back upon last evening's reverie, the mystery of my strange visitation was made clear. The old man's face belonged, in truth, to one of those stern patriarchs. I thought at first of Miles Standish. But he was a man of war, the captain of the band. It could not have been his face; for my visitor spoke of *Peace*. At any rate the sweet fair female figure was the image of his wife, who died in her youth, the gentle Rose, whom Weir has made so beautiful in his picture of the Embarcation at Leyden.

R. P. R.

INTELLIGENCE.

DEDICATION OF THE CHURCH OF THE SAVIOUR IN BOSTON.—The elegant and costly edifice, built on Bedford Street, and called the Church of the Saviour, was dedicated to God, on Wednesday, November 10, 1847. The services were as follows:—Introductory Prayer, hy Rev. Dr. Parkman of Boston; Selections from the Scriptures, by Rev. Mr. Huntington of Boston; Service with Responses; Prayer of Dedication, by Rev. Dr. Gannett of Boston; Sermon, by the Pastor, Rev. Mr. Waterston; Concluding Prayer, by Rev. Mr. Lothrop of Boston.

It is gratifying to learn that the Society do not feel embarrassed by any financial burdens, but that by the liberality of individuals and by the prosperity of the parish itself, they are placed in a secure and flourishing position. May the consecrated structure be filled with devout worshippers and true followers of Christ, and God's blessing rest on the People, the Minister, and the Sanctuary.

Memorial of Unitarians to Congress, on the Mexican War.—A meeting, growing originally out of suggestions made at the recent Convention in Salem, composed of Unitarian ministers and laymen, was held in the Chapel of the Church of the Saviour in Boston, October 28, 1847, to consider the propriety of memorializing the Congress of the United States on the subject of the present war between our government and Mexico. Rev. R. C. Waterston was chosen Chairman, and Rev. C. Palfrey, Secretary. After some discussion of different methods, and the adoption of appropriate resolutions, the following gentlemen were chosen a committee to prepare the memorial and circulate it for signatures:—Rev. Convers Francis, D. D., Rev. Ezra S. Gannett, D. D., Rev. William Ware, Rev. Caleb Stetson, Rev. Thomas T. Stone, Rev. Cazneau Palfrey, Rev. James F. Clarke, Rev. Samuel May, Jr., Rev. William H. Channing, and Lewis G. Pray, J. P. Blanchard, Charles F. Adams, Charles Sumner, George G. Channing, Stephen Fairbanks, John A. Andrew, Esqrs.

It must be regarded as one of the highest merits and a most honorable distinction of our body of Liberal Christians that they are uniformly found ready, not only to talk and resolve, but to act, decisively, for the promotion of the humane enterprises and philanthropic movements of the age. The memorial, which is accompanied by an eloquent address, is as follows:—

"To the Honorable the Senate of the United States: —

" the House of Representatives.

Solemnly impressed with the conviction, that the existing War between the United States and Mexico is in violation of the Will of God, who has made of one blood all nations — of the Christian Religion, which commands forbearance, forgiveness, mercy and love alike between States and persons — and of

hood, and therefore deliberately condemning it and uttering our protest against its continuance,

We, the undersigned, Ministers and Laymen of the Unitarian denomination, do as Christians, earnestly pray Congress and the Executive to take the necessary steps for securing an immediate and permanent peace with Mexico—by withdrawing the troops of this nation from her territory, restoring to her possession the provinces which we now occupy—offering the amplest atonement in our power for all wrongs which may have been inflicted by us—and appointing commissioners empowered to adjust questions in dispute between these two Sister Republics."

EXTRACTS.

THE MORMONS.—The Mormons are said to be in a flourishing condition in their new location on the fine lands of the Pottawattamie Purchase, above Council Bluffs, Missouri. They have planted immense fields of corn—to the extent, it is estimated, of 30,000 acres—and other grain and produce. They have built also a town called "Winter-quarters," which already contains a population of some 7,000 souls. This town is entirely picketted in.

Borrowed Sermons. — The Eclectic Review mentions a curious instance — one amongst many which might be cited — of the mode in which Dissenters often unwittingly support the Church, and are often admitted to its pulpits: — "Few have any conception of the extent to which the sermons of Nonconformists are preached in the churches of the Establishment. We know of a parish church, in which an Irish orator delivered, with great glory and much applause, the sermons of Messrs. Jay and Parsons. A leading minister among us went one afternoon into the church of a fashionable watering place, and heard himself preach!"

DESTITUTE CHILDREN. - There are three "Ragged Schools" in Newcastle, says the Gateshead Observer - the Gaol, the Workhouse, and the Ragged School in Sandgate. The Gaol, with its adjunct, the Police, costs the inhabitants, in round numbers, £10,000 every year. The Workhouse, with also the outdoor relief to the poor, costs them twice £10,000 in the same period. The Ragged School for Boys has not an annual income of £100! On the one side, what thrift! On the other, what a munificence of expenditure! One hundred pounds a-year for the education of the ragged children who swarm in the streets! Thirty thousand pounds for the never-ending struggle with pauperism and crime! Is it rash to predict that the outlay of one of the three ten thousands of pounds on the education of the poor, would enable the municipal and poor-law authorities to dispense with an equal sum in their dealings with the criminal and the pauper, and that, without spending a single penny beyond the amount now raised in rates, there would be much greater satisfaction in the appropriation of the money? We feel that we might go much farther without deserving the imputation of rashness. We might safely assert that the provision of schools for all the uneducated, just as provision is now made for the relief of all the poor and the detection and punishment of all the criminals, would not only not increase, but would diminish the burdens of the rate-paying inhabit.

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